

AY

GROWTH OF THE ROOSEVELT BOOM

CURRENT OPINION

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EDITED BY EDWARD J. WHEELER

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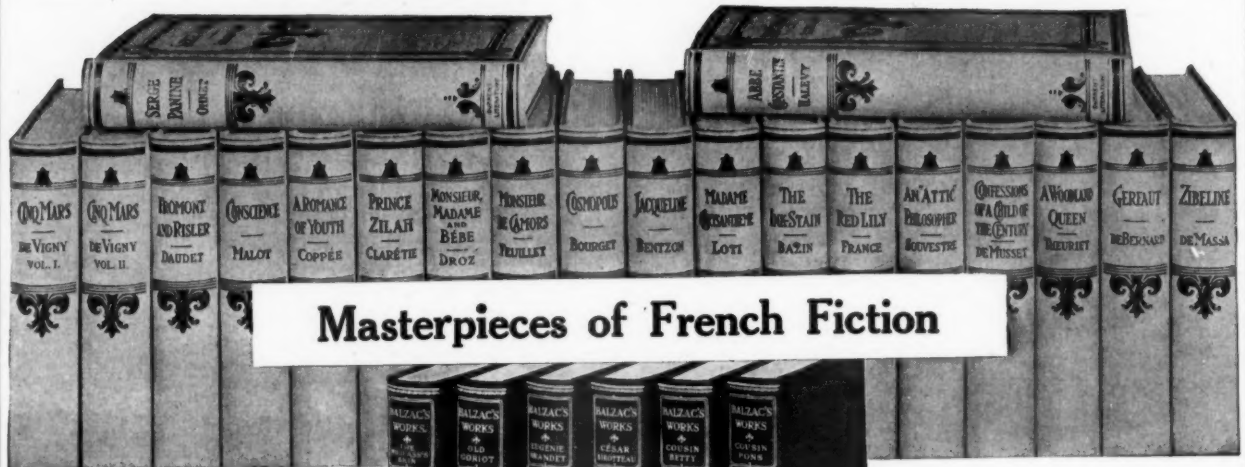
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CURRENT OPINION

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A REVIEW OF THE WORLD

THE CASE OF THE *SUSSEX*—THE LATEST CRISIS IN OUR RELATIONS WITH GERMANY

ARE we going to war with Germany? That is the question on the tip of every tongue as we go to press. The President's speech to Congress and Secretary Lansing's note of April 18th to von Jagow, almost identical in their wording, demand an abandonment not of submarine warfare but of the "present methods" pursued by Germany in waging that warfare. Whether the two things mean the same thing is open to discussion and it is quite possible that von Jagow may see fit to discuss it. The last paragraph of Lansing's note reads as follows:

"If it is still the purpose of the Imperial Government to prosecute relentless and indiscriminate warfare against vessels of commerce by the use of submarines, without regard to what the Government of the United States must consider the sacred and indisputable rules of international law and the universally recognized dictates of humanity, the Government of the United States is at last forced to the conclusion that there is but one course it can pursue. Unless the Imperial Government should now immediately declare and effect an abandonment of its present methods of submarine warfare against passenger and freight-carrying vessels, the Government of the United States can have no choice but to sever diplomatic relations with the German Empire altogether. This action the Government of the United States contemplates with the greatest reluctance, but feels constrained to take in behalf of humanity and the rights of neutral nations."

The severance of diplomatic relations is not war. The President can sever such relations. He cannot declare war. Congress alone can do that. There are, therefore, three possibilities still lying between us and war: (1) the possibility that von Jagow will succeed in forc-

ing us into further diplomatic discussion in regard to "present methods" of submarine warfare; (2) the possibility that even with relations severed no overt act may be committed that will force the President to call on Congress for any more serious step; (3) the possibility that Congress may refuse to declare war even if called on to do so.

Does the Note to Germany Mean War?

THE first effects of the President's course upon public sentiment are somewhat uncertain. In all directions there is manifest reluctance to go to war with Germany, and there is a manifest desire to stand by the President if he does not succeed in avoiding it. Congressman Mann stands out conspicuously by his criticism of the President's speech as "a hypocritical speech probably for campaign purposes." That criticism is denounced by the *N. Y. Sun* as an "outrageous lapse of patriotism" and "a petty attempt to make political capital in the face of an international situation of the gravest character." Senator Lodge says he does not think we ought to go to war on the President's message; but the President, he thinks, "could not possibly have done less under the circumstances." Senator Sherman, of Illinois, does not believe the message contains an adequate basis for a declaration of war. Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, does not believe war will ensue. As for the press of the country, there is the same disposition to hope that war may yet be averted. "Diplomacy," the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* is still saying, "has many resources and they have not been exhausted." The peaceful adjustment of the dispute, the *New Orleans Times-Picayune* believes, is "still easy."

It is incomprehensible to the N. Y. *American*—Hearst's paper—"why we should get into this war now after we have so long kept out of it." The Illinois *Staats-Zeitung*, unlike many of its German-American contemporaries, does not "even now believe that the President really wants war," and it is sure the nation does not want it. "The United States Government is not seeking war with Germany," says the N. Y. *World*; "the President is not seeking war. There can be no war unless Germany commits an overt act of war and if that is what Berlin is determined on, nothing that the United States can do will prevent it except at a price in shame and submission that no great nation will ever pay." The N. Y. *Mail*, most pro-German of the New York dailies printed in English, is less hopeful. The severing of diplomatic relations, it is certain, "means war within a month." If such a severance occurs, then all pledges from Germany will lapse, and there are bound to be cases in which American lives are lost. "In effect," says the *Mail*, "the President declares war, holding our first hostile act in suspense until an American loses his life in the European war zone traveling not on an American but on a British ship."

Vague Comment of the American Press on Our Proper Course.

PRIOR to the delivery of the President's address, the comment of the American press on the explanation made in regard to the *Sussex* by the German government was emphatic in its dissatisfaction or disgust and significantly vague as to the future course of action our nation should take. There was, in fact, a striking exhibition of what the pugilists call "side-stepping." There were many demands for action of some decisive sort, but when it came to specific declarations of what action was advisable, most of the comment trailed off into nebulous generalities. The Philadelphia *Ledger*, for instance, was clear in denouncing the German U-boat campaign as "in contempt and defiance of the United States," and a menace that "cannot be met by reason or justice." How, then, shall it be met? "It is for the government of this country to devise another way." The N. Y. *Press* was equally nebulous. It scouted the explanations of von Jagow and said: "With such a plea as that the United States Government ought to know what to do without hesitation and straight from the shoulder." Another editorial concluded with the sentence: "Either action or nothing." The Rochester *Post-Express* was certain that we have nothing to lose by "a determined stand for humanity and international law," and lest this may not seem specific enough, it added: "We can bind the great progressive nations to us by a fearless stand for the right." The Charleston *News and Courier* assured us that this country can not hope to avoid the issue by "shutting its eyes to the evidence," and that the President now can not honorably do otherwise than "refuse to dodge the issue." The Wichita *Eagle* deplored that we have a President who "does not know his own mind and is afraid to lead the people"; but it seemed clearer on what he must not do than on what he must do. He must not submit this question to Congress to be determined there. That would be the most dangerous course he could take. What, then, should be done? "We must take a firm stand or lose what little self-respect we have left"; also, "we must either act or surrender." The N. Y. *Evening Post* found the German

explanation "entitled to little more than contemptuous rejection," and after going over the various cases of submarine outrages it wound up with this indefinite counsel: "We have had something too much of all this, ever since the day of the monstrous crime of May 7. The time has come for making an end of it." The Chicago *Tribune* argued the matter in what is for it a strangely inconclusive way. Speaking of the suggestion that we should sever diplomatic relations with Germany, it said that "we cannot, without depreciation of the national moral stamina, censure Germany with a gesture." Such an attempt to conduct "a shopkeeper's war" would be despicable and would sacrifice our self-respect and the respect of future generations. If, on the other hand, we go into actual war with Germany, "to what issue," it asked, "would the war be fought? For the promotion of what American interests would it be undertaken?" It left these questions unanswered.

How the *Sussex* was Destroyed.

THE sinking of the *Sussex* is but one of a long series of attacks made since the revival of submarine warfare on March 1st. Ships aggregating more than 100,000 tons were destroyed in March, and the record for the first twelve days of April was 85,000 tons. Among the ships destroyed are Spanish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish ships, which were in many cases unarmed but presumably carrying contraband. The *Sussex*, a mail packet belonging to the State Railway Company, was running in the regular passenger service from Folkestone to Dieppe, on March 24th, carrying about 325 passengers, including a large number of women and children. Many Americans were aboard. She was struck about 2.50 P. M., and the whole forward part of the ship, back to the bridge, was blown off and all the passengers on that part of the ship were engulfed. The rest of the ship remained afloat until help arrived after many hours and she was towed into Boulogne. According to the report of the French Admiral, Grasset, the ship was "not possessed of any armament"; she was attacked without any warning; no submarine was seen, but the captain, the second officer, the deck officer and a number of passengers clearly saw the torpedo as it came on its course, and a vain effort was made to shift the course of the ship in time to avoid it. Pieces of phosphor bronze were picked up after the explosion, which, it is claimed, are fragments of a German torpedo. Such is the official French report and American naval attachés in London and Paris corroborate the French statements in most respects. The German government, in reply to our inquiries, admits that "in that region" on that same day, at 3.55 P. M. (middle European time, corresponding to 2.55 Western time), a German submarine, while submerged, torpedoed a ship which was taken to be a "mine layer of the recently built *Arabic* class." In the explosion, "the entire forward part of the ship was torn away to the bridge." The ship was not identified, but the German government concludes that it was not the *Sussex* because the submarine commander made a pencil sketch of the ship attacked (when he made the sketch is not stated), and comparison of the sketch and a picture of the *Sussex* printed in the London *Daily Graphic*, March 27th, "shows that the craft attacked is not identical with the *Sussex*." The German government therefore "must assume that the injury to the *Sussex* is attributable to another cause than an attack by a German submarine."

If, however, there remains any difference of opinion on the subject, that government is ready to submit the case to a mixed commission for the determination of the facts. Such is the case of the *Sussex*, and such, in the

words of the *Baltimore American*, "are the travesties of excuses that are employed in these days by the Germans in avoidance of the issues arising from their indiscriminate use of the submarines."

Germany is a wonderfully efficient nation, but is one of the poorest disavowers we have seen this season.—*Houston Post*.

If Pancho Villa was strictly up to date, he'd get out of his present muddle by a disavowal of that Columbus raid.—*Phila. Ledger*.

THE MYSTERIOUS GROWTH OF MR. ROOSEVELT'S PRESIDENTIAL BOOM

"THEY are going out to Chicago to nominate Roosevelt—and gosh! how they dread it!" This is the way the *New Haven Courier-Journal* outlines the situation in which the Republican leaders find themselves. In one month's time the Roosevelt "boom" has gathered a surprising amount of power, gathered it, so to speak, where the Germans get their nitrates—out of the air. A few months ago it couldn't be, a few weeks ago it might be, and now it is. No delegates are pledged to him. The various favorite sons have been gathering in the delegates but Roosevelt has refused to allow his name to be used. Hardly a Republican leader has said a word in favor of his candidacy, at least out loud. Mr. Von Meyer, Taft's secretary of the navy, has, indeed, said that, with world conditions as they are, Roosevelt "will be the psychological candidate"; but Von Meyer has not been regarded as a party leader when it comes to choosing candidates. Ex-Senator Root has gone so far as to eat luncheon with Roosevelt, and Judge Gary and General Leonard Wood also were present; but all that the public has been told of the occasion is that they talked about "preparedness." Nothing special has happened during the month. Nothing important has been said up to this writing. And yet the air is as full of Roosevelt predictions as El Paso has been of rumors of Mexican uprisings. Mr. Barnes of Albany still regards him as "an enemy of the American republic and the most pernicious influence in this country"; but Mr. Barnes has lost the dominant power in his own State committee, and it is noticeable that his freedom of expression is not being emulated by Senator Penrose or any other organization leaders. The *Cincinnati Times-Star*, owned by Mr. Taft's brother, scouts the idea that there is anything of vast importance in Mr. Root's taking luncheon with his former secretary of state, and insists that two-thirds of the delegates to Chicago are and will be opposed to Roosevelt. An attempt to stampede the convention for him has long been looked forward to, it observes, but he "is trying to run the Republican party off its feet by hip-hip-hurrah methods two months ahead of time." But there is a quaver of alarm discernible in the very vigor of its protestations.

Is the Eclipse of Hughes Partial or Total?

ONLY about four weeks ago the *Boston Transcript* declared that the nomination of Justice Hughes by the Republicans was as inevitable as the nomination of President Wilson by the Democrats. But now a paper as unfriendly to Roosevelt as the *Wisconsin Journal* remarks, "there is still some slumbering talk of Hughes, but it is fading. The people don't really know where

Hughes stands, and the party is not likely to take him without his declaration of principles." The same paper, an organ of La Follette, who lies awake nights singing hymns of hate to Roosevelt, says: "The Progressive party will do its business quickly. It will name Roosevelt. Then it will be up to the Republican party to take him or go down through division as they did in 1912. And they have no intention of going down through division again." The editor of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, who is happiest when he is hurling incandescent language at Oyster Bay, is very apprehensive. The election of Roosevelt again it would regard as "both revolution and treason." "Bryan proposed only to Mexicanize the currency; Roosevelt plans to Mexicanize the government." But it admits that "with Root to lead the way and Gary to foot the bills, the condottiere of Wall Street can probably dominate the coming national Republican convention." The *Brooklyn Citizen* (Dem.) thinks that the Republican party will disgrace itself by the nomination of Roosevelt, and he, if he accepts, will prove himself destitute of principle; but it notes all the same that "the change in his favor has indeed been one of the most significant swings of party feeling in the recent history of American politics." The *Topeka Capital* is a Republican paper (owned by Governor Capper), but it is dead



OF COURSE I DIDN'T DO IT—DIDN'T I PROMISE I WOULDN'T?

—Kirby in *New York World*

against Roosevelt's program of national defense and against his nomination. It admits, however, that the Roosevelt movement "is broadening out" and that "it is as remarkable as any thing in this unusual political



A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE

—Johnson in Saturday Evening Post.

situation that standpatters who most dislike and distrust Roosevelt say frankly that 'nobody can beat him if he is nominated.'"

"Colonel Roosevelt and No Pussyfooting."

THE two most significant utterances of the month have come from the N. Y. *Tribune* and *World*. The *Tribune* was a stout supporter of Taft in 1912. It has been for Root for 1916. Now it has come out unconditionally for Roosevelt. Referring to the latter's recent declaration that he ought not to be nominated if he is expected to "pussyfoot" on any issue he has raised, the *Tribune* opens a vigorous editorial thus: "Colonel Roosevelt and no 'pussyfooting'! The *Tribune*

likes this candidate and this issue." Root, it goes on to say, has been "practically eliminated." Hughes is not at liberty to speak out and if he were nominated he would have to accept an issue that means its most only in another man's hands. If he were nominated instead of the other man, Europe would conclude that we did not mean to go the limit but to temporize. The *Tribune* continues:

"No one else personifies the issue which the Republican party must make as he personifies it. No one else presents so effective an antithesis to Wilson as he. If we are Americans, real Americans, the Colonel is our man. While timid politicians were consulting the census books and counting the German vote he spoke and the country hearkened. He is the leader in the fight for Americanism, and we don't believe in changing leaders when we are going to the front."

The N. Y. *World* is one of the papers against which Mr. Roosevelt brought suit for libel years ago. It never misses a chance to plant a banderilla in any exposed part of his system. But, like the *Tribune*, it regards him as "inevitably the Republican candidate for President" this year. It reasons as follows: The Republicans have manufactured "a crooked and fraudulent issue" by their attacks on the President's foreign policy. Roosevelt promptly "stole the issue," and they cannot take it away from him. If they want to use it they must come to him, and they will. To nominate any other man now "can be interpreted only as proof of deceit and duplicity." He wants to settle our difficulties with Mexico and Germany by going to war with them and—we are following the *World* closely—to "Prussianize" the United States as to its army, its navy and its industries. His nomination would make a clean-cut issue between two schools of foreign policy and "he is the one answer the Republicans can honestly make to President Wilson."

T. R. beats all the conventions by making his platform first.—Columbus Evening Dispatch.

There will be a number of "punitive expeditions" to Chicago in June.—Los Angeles Times.

END OF THE CHASE AFTER VILLA

WHETHER Villa is dead and buried, which is a matter still in doubt as we write, or whether he is still very much alive, the punitive expedition seems to be practically at an end. By April 12th—five weeks after the first dash over the border—our troops had advanced as far as Parral, which is distant from Columbus, as the crow would fly, about 360 miles. The line of communications was then about 400 miles long; and within easy striking distance of that line Carranzista troops were stationed variously estimated all the way from 30,000 to 45,000 in number. These Mexican troops, while not interfering with the operations of our army, had apparently interfered just as little with the operations of Villa. He and his bandits had made their way in flight for hundreds of miles with but one serious encounter with the Carranzistas. On April 12th, even before the trouble at Parral, Carranza made formal protest against our expedition, declaring that it had not at any time received the consent of the Mexican government. This protest, it transpired, was but one of a series, the first having been registered two days after the expedition started. In it the First Chief stated

that he had merely consented to negotiate for a reciprocal arrangement for troops to pass the border, this arrangement to take effect only in case there should be a repetition of "frontier incidents such as that which occurred at Columbus." A few days before the protest of April 12th and the trouble at Parral, of the same date, the withdrawal of our troops was foreshadowed by the publication of the orders that had been issued a month before to General Funston. According to the published statement made by President Wilson, the American soldiers were sent into Mexico "with the single object of capturing him"—Villa—"and putting a stop to his forays." The orders sent to General Funston put the case somewhat differently. They ran thus: "In any event the work of these troops will be regarded as finished as soon as Villa's band or bands are known to be broken up." On April 17th, General Funston announced to the Associated Press that the advance troops had fallen back from Parral to Satevo and that the line would not be further lengthened unless a larger force was made available or the free use of the Mexican railways was permitted.

Carranza Requests the Withdrawal of Our Troops.

THE unfortunate part of the situation is that if the expedition ends now, it is probable that the Mexicans themselves are likely to attribute that fact to the fight at Parral and the subsequent retreat of our troops. The reports of that fight vary. Carranza's secretary of war, Obregon, in a message to the Mexican army, placed the blame on our troops for entering the town and camping on the plaza without advising with the town authorities. The citizens rose in anger and began the attack, as Carranza and Obregon admit, and the officers of the Carranzista garrison stationed there were unable to restrain "the mob." According to General Pershing's account, our troops were invited into the town by one of the officers, who accompanied them. The commander of the Carranza troops also joined them on the outskirts and accompanied them into the town. When the citizens began to jeer and throw stones, our troops retired from the town to a railway embankment. Here they were flanked by a force of Carranza troops, and retreated to Santa Cruz, unwilling to take any but a defensive attitude. They were pursued most of the way and two Americans were reported killed, six wounded and one missing. The Mexicans killed were estimated at forty. Immediately after this action came renewed requests from Carranza and his secretary of foreign affairs for the withdrawal of our soldiers. The retirement to Satevo, about fifty miles north of Parral, followed, and the announcement was made at Washington that we were ready to enter into negotiations for a complete withdrawal "within a reasonable time." There are dark hints that Carranza's officers prepared an ambush at Parral and that the attack was premeditated.

Wilson's Mexican Policy as the Target of Criticism.

THAT all this will be followed by an avalanch of criticism from the press is already clearly indicated. "The American people," says the *Birmingham Age-Herald*, "will not tolerate the suggestion that the troops be withdrawn now, with the specious explanation that their work has been accomplished by scattering Villa's band. The order was, 'Get Villa.'" The fate of Villa has become a minor affair, the *Chicago Tribune* now thinks. The entire Mexican policy needs to be placed on a basis of common sense. It goes on to say:

"The day of our reckoning is drawing inevitable nearer. The perverted and fallacious humanitarianism, the irresolu-

tion and inconsistency, the stubborn refusal to consider the political, economic, and ethnic facts of the Mexican problem which have made of the Wilson-Bryan Mexican policy the most complete fiasco in the history of our international relations, must be replaced by something more realistic, foresighted, and effectual. Either we shall bring peace and civilized order to Mexico or another nation or nations will."



"A FIGHT—AND I DIDN'T START IT!"

—Morris in *Harper's Weekly*

The *N. Y. Press*, commenting upon the belated publication of the orders issued to General Funston, remarks:

"It makes the flesh of the American people run cold to think that the Washington Administration deliberately may have left the door open to turn tail upon its duty in Mexico if it should find that the performance of this duty should threaten to expose the unpreparedness of this Administration to perform that or any other duty on foreign soil, should it present any serious aspect.

"It makes the flesh of the American people run cold to think that the Washington Administration is capable of quitting in Chihuahua as it quit in Vera Cruz.

"It makes the flesh of the American people run cold to realize what this would mean in the future to American property, to American lives, to American honor at stake in Mexico."

The *Cleveland Plain Dealer* also has a case of cold shivers as it contemplates withdrawal now. It says: "Any suggestion that the United States should now withdraw its troops from Mexican soil, because certain Villa bands have been dispersed, is a counsel fraught with peril. In plain words, it would mean a policy of scuttle. The withdrawal of troops now would be an incident in our national history that no American could look back upon with anything but shame." These quotations from two Democratic and two Republican papers are enough to indicate what the administration is probably "up against" in case of actual withdrawal in the near future.

Villa's slogan: Fear Dodd and take your own part.—*Wall Street Journal*.

Whether Villa is wounded or not, it is quite likely that his feelings have been hurt.—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Abraham Lincoln split rails, but more modern statesmen content themselves with trying to split their parties.—*Omaha World-Herald*



VILLA'S TRAIL

—Thomas in *Detroit News*

VILLA'S RAID SECURES THE RIGHT OF WAY FOR NATIONAL DEFENSE MEASURES

WHAT Mr. Roosevelt, running at high gear, was unable to accomplish; what President Wilson, in his tour of speech-making, was powerless to secure; what all our defense organizations, with their endless procession of appeals, could not effect, one desperate Mexican bandit with a few hundreds of ragged and hungry followers has accomplished almost over night. It was Villa's raid on Columbus that finally gave to the measures for national defense the right of way on the Congressional track. For twenty-one months the war has been raging in Europe and for nearly that length of time we have been engaged in ominous controversies with the belligerents and in strenuous efforts to keep their agents from murdering Americans on the high seas and blowing up manufactories on our own soil. But the army and navy has remained all this time *in statu quo* and Congress has continued in its serene consideration of pension claims and river improvements and water power leases, despite the, at times, frantic appeals for "preparedness." But Villa's raid brought about a swift change. In two days Congress authorized an increase of the army by 20,000 men. A few days later it passed bills for doubling the number of students at Annapolis and West Point. By an almost unanimous vote, the House last month passed the Hay bill, which will increase the army by another 20,000 (bringing it up to 140,000) in time of peace, and by a still further addition of 38,000 (to 178,000) in time of war; and a shift of twelve votes would have given an increase not of 20,000 more but of 100,000 more in time of peace (up to 220,000). While this was going on Bryan was hardly heard from and Kitchener did not raise his voice above a whisper. "What has become," asked the *Omaha World-Herald* a few days after Villa's raid, "of the anti-preparedness campaign? If the way Congress is hurrying up, practically without the manifestation of any opposing sentiment, to carry out President Wilson's recommendations, can be taken as in any wise significant, then anti-preparedness is in the doldrums. . . . They say that when, with almost our entire mobile army on the Mexican border, it takes us a week to prepare to chase 'a second-rate bandit in a third-rate nation,' the object lesson is so striking that nobody, even the extreme pacifists, can fail to be impressed by it."

"A Sensational Advance Toward Militarism."

AN INCREASE of 20,000 or 40,000 or even 100,000 seems to many, as they read of the operations of millions of soldiers on the bloody fields of Europe, a beggarly matter. But the *Springfield Republican* points out that even the Hay bill, when measured by our standards of the past, is "a sensational advance toward militarism." It reminds us that the entire regular army not many years ago numbered hardly 30,000 men. The Hay bill provides not only for 140,000 men in the regular army but for a national guard of 425,000 men, in five years' time. And the real significance of this advance is found in the fact that it is a Democratic Congress that makes it. Says the *Springfield paper*:

"It is clear that whatever form the army legislation may finally take in the conference stage, the greatest and most

important changes in our military establishment since the foundation of the government will take place in a Democratic administration under the responsible auspices of the party which has been most consistently anti-militaristic since the days of Thomas Jefferson, its founder."

This, while it may indicate a marked change from a political point of view, seems to many to be of little moment from a military point of view. The *Duluth News-Tribune* speaks of the additions to the army as "paper men," and asks rather scornfully how long it will take to get these men into actual service. "It is a fact," it asserts, "that Germany can mobilize and put in action 1,000,000 men fully equipped from bandages to field kitchens in less time than the United States can get 5,000 men across the Mexican border." In all the recent comment on this subject of national defense, the Mexican expedition is used as an object lesson. Colonel Edwin F. Glenn, Chief of Staff of the Eastern Department, U. S. A., calls attention to the length of our Mexican border and the number of troops (less than 20,000) available for its protection, and says: "I tell you that the American army is the most pathetic thing that ever came along in history, and the other nations know this even better, perhaps, than we do ourselves." Colonel Glenn was referring apparently to the mere matter of size. But other observers lay even greater stress upon the lack of equipment and of general readiness for action. The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Evening Post* wrote last month:

The slowness of the American military organization, the fact that American forces were caught napping at Columbus, the indiscretions of American military commanders, their seeming inability to impose a censorship even on themselves and the general lack of cooperation even at the national capital of those various instrumentalities which have to do with organizing a military expedition have produced much disappointment. The inefficiency of it all is being remarked upon privately in many quarters here."

Our Lack of Preparedness as Shown in Mexico.

AS THE news dispatches trickled in from the Mexican border last month, a number of facts were disclosed that became the basis for criticism. It was stated that, altho warned in advance of Villa's probable intentions, the troops in Columbus were taken off their guard. Senator Fall, after making a personal investigation on the ground, reports that the townspeople were fighting the raiders for fifty minutes before the troops came to their assistance. General Funston denies this. But the *N. Y. Evening Post* remarks editorially that "there has been a marked laxity in the performance of guard duty in the army of late years," and nothing like the same attention is paid to it at West Point that was given in former years. When our troopers got into action, at least one of their three machine guns "jammed" and could not be used. According to the explanation made by one officer, this was due to the fact that the guns are of the wrong type and that a new type has been ordered but has not yet been secured. The telephone communications with the next camp, a few miles away, went wrong and reinforcements were thus a long time in being sum-

moned. According to the N. Y. *American*, the cavalry could not keep up the pursuit which they at once made of the raiders "because there were no supply trains to follow them with water and food." When, after the lapse of a week, General Pershing took up the trail, there was, it is charged, no motor truck organization. "Two weeks after his entrance," said the *Kansas City Star* at that time, "the government is still scratching around trying to find somebody who has got some motor trucks they are not using. . . . The war department spent 111 million dollars last year, and now, when the army needs the actual necessities for a dash after a gang of murderers, the war department has got to go out and chaffer for them while the army waits and the outlaws get away." Many comments are made upon the inadequate aeroplane equipment. Eight planes were put into service soon after the expedition started. Two were put out of use in the first flight over the desert. By the time the troops reached the mountainous districts two more were out of commission. Those remaining were not powerful enough for flying in high altitudes or for carrying an observer. The whole aviation outfit is spoken of by the *Philadelphia Star* and many other papers as "ludicrously unfit." The wireless equipment also seems to have worked in a very unsatisfactory way. "The army knew a long time ago," says the *Cincinnati Times-Star*, "what it would need; but it was up against the stone wall of congressional hindsight. The army had little money to spend in advance, against the day which all knew to be coming. The wonder is that the war department has been able to equip its Mexican expedition as well as it has."

Placing the Blame for Loose Work in Mexico.

THIS disposition to throw the blame not upon the soldiers in the field but upon Congress and the war department seems to be quite general. Mr. Roosevelt puts the matter as follows:

"We broke down completely even in the preparedness necessary for the minute expedition that has gone into Mexico. Our aeroplane service went to pieces just as previously our submarine service had gone to pieces. The army and navy officers are not in the least to blame, but the President and his subordinates whose actions for the last three years have caused these calamities are woefully to blame."

"Of the excellence of the personnel of the expeditionary force," remarks the *Charleston News and Courier*, "and of the regular army as a whole, there is no doubt." But, it continues, "the long continued indifference of the public" has been the great obstacle both to the enlargement of the army and to its proper equipment. The N. Y. *World* takes the same view. It declares Mr. Roosevelt wrong. Neither President Wilson nor President Taft nor the army department is responsible for our military unpreparedness. The American people are responsible. Apathy in the White House, in Congress and in the departments are the result of apathy in the public:

"Congress has refused to authorize an adequate and efficient army and navy, to supply sufficient money to make them adequate and efficient. It has discouraged efficiency and has treated with contempt officials charged with the duty of maintaining efficiency. The people have encouraged this attitude on the part of their representatives and their officials in Washington. They have approved the

attitude of sneering indifference to military preparedness. We have been against preparedness. We have been asleep, dreaming dreams of a happy-go-lucky world in which America was the petted Fortunatus to whom no danger would approach."

But the *Chicago Tribune* is not content with this diagnosis. It also sees a nation that is blind or asleep



CONGRESS IS MOVED TO ACTION

—McCutcheon in *Chicago Tribune*

and a Congress that is chaotic, but it does not absolve the President of blame. He has warned us of perils; but what has he done, it asks, to put the nation in a condition to meet them? "He used every ounce of influence to put through the federal reserve act and the tariff act. How much weight is he putting back of defense legislation? What is he doing as commander in chief of the army and navy to put them in condition to act?"

"Mexico Has More Field Guns Than We Have."

IN THE Senate there seems to be a strong tendency to put the blame on Congress. Dwelling upon the importance of defense measures, Senator Underwood declared the other day: "I have been a member of Congress for more than two decades, and in that time I have never seen the public business so far behind as it is to-day. We have been in session for more than three months and we have passed three contested bills"—the urgency deficiency bill, the Philippine bill and a general dam bill. Senator Borah gave the President credit for doing in behalf of national defense what he has never done before on any other question—going before the people with a direct appeal. Borah speaks of the "dilatoriness of Congress," and Senators Chamberlain and Smoot and others agree with him. "Mexico to-day," says Senator Smoot, "has more field guns than the United States, and, I think, is better prepared with ammunition." Here is an impressionistic picture of the situation drawn by the *Omaha World-Herald*:

"Mexico is a third-rate nation on its last legs. As a military power it is a joke. As a power of any kind it is a joke. Four-fifths of its inhabitants can't read, three-fourths of them are chronically hungry, and there is hardly real food enough left in the entire country to feed one Nebraska Democratic harmony banquet. Its commerce is gone, its industry in ruins, its agriculture sporadic, incidental and harried by a thousand roving bands of thieves and robbers. Such is Mexico. The United States, on the other hand, with a hundred million people, is the wealthiest country in the world. It is fat and wheezy with plenty. Its mills and mines and factories and farms have produced wealth and piled it up till it is the envy of all mankind. And it is so poorly protected, so little prepared are we to defend our wealth, not to speak of our lives and our liberties, that a burlesque 'soldier' like Villa can cross the border on which the mobile portion of our army is massed, burn our towns, kill our people, and hurry back again to

Given two navy yards and a pitchfork, South Carolina is prepared for any emergency.—*Washington Post*.

To test appetite for preparedness there is nothing like an income tax for paying the bills.—*Springfield Republican*.

safety, while it takes us a week to make ready to go after him!"

That strongly pacifist journal, the *Florida Times-Union*, admits the truth of the picture but derives from it a different kind of moral. It says:

"We have an army, small but highly trained—it costs us six times as much as a like force costs others. An occasion calls for the use of a fragment of that army which is supposed to be always ready, and it cannot save itself. A camp is surprised; when waked its machine gun will not work; a few outlaws venture upon a force of the regular army as a burglar attacks a sleeping household! . . .

"Is this preparedness? Is this the sort of preparedness the same system will give us when 100,000 men have been multiplied into ten millions? We think it is; therefore we have no use for ten millions until we have set up a better system."

Sometimes it begins to look as if the best way to get a preparedness bill through would be to attach it as a rider to an appropriation for a new federal courthouse somewhere out on the plains.—*Chicago Herald*.

MAKING OVER THE ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES

AT THE end of March last the army of the United States, exclusive of the Philippine Scouts (about 12,000) and of the Quartermaster's and other staff corps, consisted of 3,506 officers and 79,252 men. We have the longest coast-line of any nation in the world—about 20,000 miles—to defend. Our coast artillery absorbs 14,775 men and 568 officers. Our outlying possessions—the Philippines, Hawaii, Porto Rico, the Canal Zone and Alaska—absorb 29,967 men and 1,015 officers. This leaves for the mobile force in the United States 34,510 men and 1,923 officers. Five other countries—Cuba, Nicaragua, Panama, San Domingo and Hayti—are virtually protectorates of the United States, wished on us, so to speak, by force of circumstances. We have on our southern border probably the most riotous neighbor in the world, with nothing but an imaginary line and a shallow river, easily fordable for a large part of its length, separating us—a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. As we write, the entire mobile force in the regular army, with the exception of about 4,000 men, is engaged in the pursuit of Villa and in the patrol of the Mexican border. The richest nation in the world, with the most vulnerable coast-line and with no treaty of alliance with any other power on earth, is, except for our navy and harbor defenses for the large coast cities, practically defenseless. We have been told by our President, by our army officials, by the chairman of the military committee in the Senate and by many others that our army to-day is insufficient in size and in equipment to do the duty required of it on the Mexican border alone. Yet we have no army reserve. Our National Guard, according to all accounts, would require from three to six months to be ready for action. In our coast fortifications, according to General Weaver, chief of the coast artillery, there are 37 eight-inch guns without a man to operate them, and 71 ten-inch guns, 252 twelve-inch guns and two fourteen-inch guns in the same situation! It takes time to train men to handle these guns. Our navy is the best thing we have; but it has no battle-cruisers, no hydroplanes, and no satisfactory submarines. The torpedo fleet is short of men

and, according to Admiral Fletcher, 25 per cent. of the fleet of battleships is laid up for the same reason. This is the situation after twenty-one months of conflagration in the world at large. There are some among us who are still pleading that we do not make any hysterical haste! But Congress has finally made up its mind that it will take a few cautious steps forward and take chances on the speed-limit!

The National Guard as a Bone of Contention.

THE navy does not present any such subject for debate as is presented by the army. With the navy it is a matter chiefly of new ships, new men and a general speeding up along the same general lines heretofore pursued. But the army calls for a new system, the creation of a new policy. A sharp divergence of opinion has ensued. In the foreground of the discussion is the question of building up the National Guard or constructing a new body of federal volunteers. In the background is the question of general compulsory military training along the lines followed in Switzerland and Australia. The Hay bill, passed by the House last month, does three things. It adds about 40,000 men to the regular army; it provides for a reserve of 60,000 men (maximum in time of war, 132,000); it undertakes to "federalize" the National Guard—that is, to make it subject in greater degree to federal control. The Chamberlain bill, about to be passed by the Senate, does four things. It adds about 78,000 men to the regular army; it provides for a reserve of 180,000 (maximum in time of war, 250,000); it undertakes to federalize the National Guard; it authorizes the President to create a federal volunteer force. The real fight comes on this last provision. One circular sent out in the name of the National Guard Association to its members says of the Chamberlain bill: "It is evident that we must get together at once and exert all the influence in our power to prevent the passage of this bill, or anything similar, which would be harmful, almost fatal, to those who have worked so long and faithfully and without recogni-

tion in the National Guard." It is held that the federal volunteer system would destroy the National Guard. On the other hand, it is held that it is impossible under the Constitution to make the National Guard an efficient force for the second line of defense. On a test vote in the Senate, 36 voted to retain the provision for federal volunteers, 34 voted to strike it out. Charges are made against officers of the Guard of discreditable lobbying and these charges are fiercely denied. The contest has waxed bitter and party lines have been pretty well wiped out on the subject. Said Senator Chamberlain on the floor of the Senate: "If the National Guard comes here with a determination to prevent all other legislation for national defense, I say it ought to be wiped out of existence. If it seeks to be a political force, seeking to prevent legislation to raise a force to protect the country, I for one am in favor of eliminating it entirely."

Why a Federalized National Guard is Distrusted.

SO FAR as the press comment goes, it seems to be hostile not to the National Guard or to its increase but to the course of its officers in antagonizing the federal volunteer system. The N. Y. *Tribune*, for instance, is in favor of utilizing the Guard to the full; but if the federal volunteer provision is stricken out, it thinks we shall have to abandon all hope of seeing the army reorganization end in anything but "a shabby comedy of pork and politics." The Boston *Transcript* insists that the effect, if not the purpose, of the efforts of the Guard officials in opposition to the federal volunteers will be "to meet the people's demand for national preparedness with a thoroly imaginary army, and leave us in the same helpless condition that we are in now." The Washington *Post* is discouraged over the situation. It sees army legislation being undermined by politics "probably without the knowledge of the rank and file of the National Guard itself." The N. Y. *Sun* sees no good reason why, as the shadow of trouble falls over the country, we



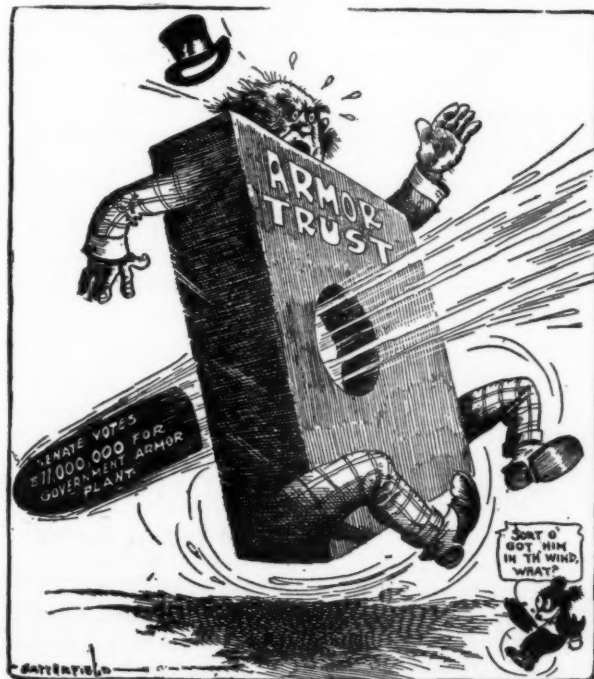
THE COUNTRY'S SAFE!

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

of the courts, while the federal volunteer system presents no legal doubts whatever. Lieutenant J. B. W. Gardiner, a retired officer of the U. S. army, asserts that the Chamberlain bill, so far from being neglectful of the National Guard, provides for an annual appropriation of \$75,000,000 for the pay of officers and men for service requiring but one and one-half hours a day for forty-eight days in each year. This is the equivalent of three full days, and the annual payment (\$120.00) would amount to \$40.00 a day, whereas the best paid regular army man, giving 365 days of service in a year, receives but \$2.45 a day. At present \$6,000,000 a year is furnished to the Guard in the shape of ordnance and quartermaster's supplies. In one year's time the accountings show, according to Lieutenant Gardiner, that supplies to the value of \$1,125,000 have been found missing and cannot be found. Ex-Secretary Stimson puts the loss at a higher figure. "Now, let any one interested," says the Lieutenant, "figure out this proposition. If, on an appropriation of \$6,000,000 a year, the National Guard is \$1,125,000 short in its accountings for Government property, how much shortage will there be on an appropriation of \$75,000,000 a year?"

National Guard Versus Federal Volunteers.

THE case for the Guard is presented by Major-General John F. O'Ryan, commander of the National Guard of New York State. He denies that the Guard is animated by selfish motives. He thinks the federal volunteer system is desired by an ultra-military element that wants a huge regular army supported by conscrip-



THE FIRST SHOT!

—Satterfield in Knoxville Sentinel

tion and which believes that this new force will be effective in destroying the Guard. The new force, General Ryan thinks, would be ineffective in a military way and its friends know it; but they believe that its very ineffectiveness would bring about conscription. He admits shortcomings in the Guard, but he thinks they have been greatly exaggerated and would be corrected by the new plans for federalization. General O'Ryan adds:



MOTHER HUBBARD—"HELP YOURSELF"

—Starrett in N. Y. Tribune

"Personally I do not believe in the volunteer army provision of the Chamberlain bill for the reason that it creates an additional category of troops of the same class as the National Guard of the United States under the new bill, and because it will constitute a force that will be worthless without the expenditure of millions of dollars to provide it with facilities which the National Guard already possesses. An additional objection is the fact that the new force will be in conflict with the reorganized Federal National Guard in the matters of recruiting and obtaining appropriations for field training and armament. The results could not but be contrary to the best interests of the country."

A series of articles on the subject has been contributed to the N. Y. Times by Henry L. Stimson, who was President Taft's secretary of war. The trouble with the scheme for federalization of the Guard, as embodied in both the Hay and Chamberlain bill, is, he thinks, that it is an endeavor of the federal government to purchase an authority over the state troops that the Constitution does not give it. But the experiment already tried under the present Dick law, by which \$6,000,000 is appropriated for the National Guard, demonstrates to a mathematical certainty, Mr. Stimson thinks, the foredoomed failure of the new plan. In numbers, efficiency and discipline alike, the Guard has diminished as the appropriations have increased. The average number of absences from the weekly drills in 1914 was 63,201, or nearly 50 per cent. Thirty-seven per cent. failed in the "absurdly low minimum requirement" of twenty-four drills a year. Nearly 35 per cent.

failed to qualify as even second-rate marksmen. "In other words, the system proposed by these bills for extending the authority of the Central Government over the militia by federal payments has been tried and has failed. It has failed in respect to numbers, in respect to marksmanship, in respect to discipline, and in respect to equipment." The main reason which keeps down the number of enlistments in the Guard is the liability to strike duty. The new plan does not remove that. But it will "thrust the National Guard into politics" and "turn what is ostensibly a system of military pay into a system of Congressional patronage."

An Army That Would Be Something New in the World.

ANOTHER plan for a federal army in the future on an entirely new basis—what is called a Constructive Army—has been receiving a good deal of attention of late, especially in the West. It has been developed in a book on "The Moral Equivalent of War," by Dr. James A. B. Scherer, President of Throop College of Technology in Pasadena; in Maxwell's work on "Our National Defense—The Patriotism of Peace"; in a pamphlet entitled "Invincible America," by Harry G. Traver (The Society of Constructive Defense, Ridgewood, N. J.); and it has been embodied in a bill (Senate bill 2684) by Senator Works. The plan is, in a word, for an army that shall spend part of its time in military drill and instruction, and the rest in industrial labors upon great public works, such as road-building, reclamation, irrigation, forestry, river and harbor improvement, etc. Here is an extract from Dr. Scherer's book:

"I believe in a working army. Make the present Army and Navy efficient, and then take a leaf from the wise little book of economical Switzerland. Under the civil control of the Government why should we not organize upon the slopes of our mountains, in the wastes of the desert, and along the flood-threatened valleys great camps of a constructive army of peace, trained to the conservation of resources, inured to wholesome hardship, and drilled also sufficiently in military tactics, so that they would find a noble moral substitute for war in saving life and husbanding the bounty of nature, thus serving the State as 'soldiers of the common good,' yet ready also for defense whenever defense may be required? Not a dollar of their pay would be wasted, but every cent permanently invested."

"Use the present military posts as training schools for officers, convert your new army of experienced engineers into a great band of reservists after a limited service, substituting an earned home on reclaimed lands for a pension, and you have gone far toward solving our twofold national problem of conservation and defense."

There were, in round numbers, the Topeka Capital points out, 50,000 desertions in ten years in our army of about 90,000 men. The real remedy, it thinks, is to change the character of our army and "make it not only a defensive military force but an industrial organization and put it to work on every kind of public work."

Technical Training for the American Soldier.

A NUMBER of Senators are quoted in favor of this Constructive Army, among them Weeks, Owen, La Follette and Works. But a still more influential person has placed himself on the side of such an army, at least on the side of the general principle involved. In a speech in New York City January 27th, before

the Railway Business Association, President Wilson touched on the subject in the following words:

"There are two sides to the question of preparation. There is not merely the military side, there is the industrial side. And the ideal which I have in mind is this, gentlemen: We ought to have in this country a great system of industrial and vocational education, under Federal guidance and with Federal aid, in which a very large percentage of the youth of this country will be given training in the skillful use and application of the principles of science in maneuver and business. And it will be perfectly feasible and highly desirable to add to that and combine with it such a training in the mechanism and use and care of arms, in the sanitation of camp, in the simpler forms of maneuver and organization, as will make these same men industrially efficient and individually serviceable for national defense."

The Wall Street Journal looks with favor upon the idea of soldiers who are workers and not idlers. It says:

"Instead of advertizements for enlisting which picture a soldier in a showy uniform upon horseback, and allure by promising the delights of seeing foreign lands, the advertizements might simply read: 'Ambitious men desiring technical training and education may obtain this by enlisting in the army for two years. You have the opportunity of graduating at the end of two years not only as a trained soldier of service to your country, but also as one equipped with technical training desired by you, which will enable you to earn more income than hitherto in life's struggles.'"

Can the Army and Navy Be Made Self-Supporting?

THE WEST, says the Omaha World-Herald, would have no objection to the size of any army organized in this way, and there would be no difficulty in getting

recruits. "Idling in the barracks," observes the *Scientific Monthly*, "is a method for the promotion of war, drunkenness and disease." It believes the navy as well as the army can be made self-supporting nearly as easily as the post-office has been. The Commissioner of Immigration, Frederic C. Howe, calls attention (in the N. Y. Times) to the fact that in the Coast Artillery some of the enlisted men have for a long time supplemented their gun drill and sentinel duty with electrical and mechanical work in the government shops on the reservation. He believes that the men of the army and navy could make their own munitions, build their own ships, armor plate, guns, aeroplanes and automobiles. By such a plan we would avoid enormous waste, prevent the development of a military caste, and strengthen our defense industrially as well as militarily. According to the Charleston News and Courier, the plan inaugurated recently in the navy of giving instruction on ship-board to the men of the navy in technical trades is now recognized by the higher officers as "the most effectual method ever devised for meeting the eternal problem of recruiting." "While the politicians have been talking," says the Boston Advertiser, referring to the Constructive Army, "the people have been doing their own thinking, and no man who tries to keep in touch with public opinion can doubt that the suggestion, which first came before the American people only a comparatively few weeks ago, is spreading everywhere and bids fair to be the sentiment of the whole people soon. It is the only true domestic suggestion yet offered." The War College, it is said, has taken the project for a Constructive Army under consideration, and General Leonard Wood is reported—how authoritatively we do not know—as looking favorably upon it.

As this is a Presidential campaign year, proposals to deliver the automobilist vote on the gasoline issue will soon be in order.—N. Y. World.

No one begrudges the President his week-end outings on the Mayflower. It is enough to make any man tired to have such a Congress on his hands.—Philadelphia Ledger.

CAPACITY OF FRANCE TO ENDURE THE STRAIN UPON HER FORCES

ANXIETY was stamped upon the countenance of the many notables who foregathered so recently for that historic conference of the allies in the City of Paris—an anxiety obvious, it may be, to the press of Berlin alone. Everybody, we are told, from the grim and reticent Kitchener to the expansive Signor Salandra, feared the collapse of France. Prime Minister Asquith was there. Sonnino ran over from Rome. There was a Russian minister. A Japanese had come to town and he was brought in for the effect upon the neutral world. There was much affectation of delight—we are following the German version—with the way things were going. Prime Minister Briand embraced, orated, talked of the thing called victory. Then all doors were closed and the allies stared with dismay into the faces of one another. There was no occasion for bluff with the windows closed and the curtains drawn. They all saw that France was not standing the strain and they did not hesitate to tell her so. Now it was that M. Briand got his opportunity. In no long time he had turned the tables upon Asquith. That Prime Minister heard his country described in terms which might have disrupted the alliance had they been

given publicity in any but German newspapers. The first session closed with everybody as much in the dark as ever regarding the capacity of France to stand the strain, whereupon a most optimistic bulletin on that subject was printed in the organs of the allies.

Basis of the French Hope of Germany's Final Defeat.

FRANCE must have made a profound impression of strength upon the minds of her allies if the Paris Gaulois and the Paris Figaro reflect the true situation. The tactical conceptions of Joffre and Roques and the men they have trained met, we are told, with the approval of Cadorna, of Robertson, of all the representatives who spoke from practical knowledge of war. It is a strategical as well as a tactical conception, based upon the use of the reserve. The long struggle at Verdun proved its test. The full French strength is never developed. The enemy is allowed to do the developing. He is on the offensive, an advantage to him in one way, a detriment in another. The Germans are "drawn," and not until they are drawn does France use her reserve. Much controversy has raged in the newspaper

press on the subject of this "conception," but the *Gaulois* and its contemporaries tell us that the allies deem it sound. They have no such doubts as are supposed in the German mind to haunt them. France has a force less formidable numerically than that of Germany. She bases her action upon that obstinate fact. Whatever withdrawals may take place in the immediate future will leave the army of the republic in being. The strain must not be too great for France to endure. There was doubt among the allies, concedes the *Gaulois*, but that doubt has vanished not to return, regardless of results at Verdun. The hour at which France could have been crushed has struck and she remains indomitable. Thus comments the press of Paris while the storm bursts most heavily around Verdun and withdrawals delight the Germans.

France Learns the British Idea of the War.

UNTIL the candid exchange of views at the grand conference of the allies, France had not, it seems, from comment in the allied press, accepted finally the theory that Germany must be exhausted by naval pressure. She is to be cut off completely from the outer world until she consumes herself by feeding upon her own vitals like the South in our Civil War. The Germans know what is in store for them. They hammer, hammer, hammer, at the portals of France, eager to subject her forces to an intolerable strain. The capacity to stand it is the problem. There is no doubt in the minds of the French that the strain upon them will be terrific. Perhaps, conjectures the *Tribuna*, of Rome, it was an error of judgment in the French to greet the last German advance with so serene a contempt of the foe. It agrees, however, with the press of London that the conference of the allies brought out clearly the error the Germans make in their belief that the French are on the point of exhaustion. That belief is reflected in all German comment upon the progress of events at Verdun with such exceptions now and then as the *Vossische*. The doubt of the *Vossische* has to do with the price to be paid for precipitate rushes upon the enemy. The Italian daily already quoted notes as the most significant outcome of the conferences of the allies the fact that their general offensive is to be a combination of naval and military resources. This points to renewed activity in the direction of Gallipoli, but it suggests likewise that France may have to endure severe punishment meanwhile.

Doubts Relative to the Ring of Steel Around Germany.

THAT famous ring of steel which the allies are alleged to have drawn around the Teutonic powers does not emerge in formidable condition from the flood of gossip following the Paris conference. One London daily is said to have been threatened with dire penalties if it threw out any more hints regarding the hollow character of the ring aforesaid. The extent to which the Germans have been bled is sufficiently revealed by their compression within the ring. Even the reverberations around Verdun are hollow in the ears of this school of commentators. France is sick but Germany is starved. That the war is not proceeding along "scientific" lines is affirmed by some military experts who get their views now and then into the bolder Socialist prints. It was pointed out by the *Homme Enchaîné*

during its chequered lifetime that the frightful mortality among German commissioned officers was affecting the tactics of the Kaiser's corps. There can not possibly exist in the British army, it added, a body of officers in the correct military sense. The French do not suffer so much from this lack, owing to the extremely democratic system of promotion prevailing; nevertheless, the armies under Joffre lack officers. This point has been brought out in all comment upon the operations of the past few months, and it is used by the *Vorwärts* in support of its contention that the ring of steel around Germany can not be very powerful. However, so the *London Times* replies, it is powerful enough. It will grow more powerful as Germany exhausts herself.



"I FORGIVE THEM!"

—Carter in N. Y. Evening Sun

France and England Said to Disagree on Money Matters.

NOT until the fatal subject of money came up in the conference of the allies, observes the *Berlin daily* we follow here, did the proceedings become really lively. France, it seems, has been bleeding John Bull in the most shocking manner. Italy and Russia have been afraid for some time that there would be no British gold left for themselves if the stream did not stop pouring into France. There must have been a serious split in the quadruple entente if it had not occurred to the Italians to invent that economic council. This is a gathering of the financial experts of the powers concerned to agree upon some amicable division of John Bull's wealth among themselves. What with Greece and Rumania and Serbia, to say nothing at all of Russia and France and Japan, Great Britain has been bled so white, the *Kreuz-Zeitung* thinks, that the Americans will have to put up with another loan instead of getting actual cash for munitions. It was not at all palatable to

France to share the spoil with her Latin sister and her Muscovite ally. However, she put a smiling face upon the hateful necessity, the *Figaro* and the *Temps* hailing the creation of the economic council with joy of the purely official kind. This, naturally, is the German impression of what is taking place in the Gallic mind. The French impression of what is taking place in the

German mind is not less tragic. The growing strength of the allies, the growing weakness of the fatherland—these things weary the Emperor, says the *Figaro*, they weary the Crown Prince. Germany trembles even while Verdun shakes. The German army can pierce the French lines only if the French decide that it is expedient to let them.

Germany's declaration of war on Portugal finds the latter with a large stock of German ships on hand to be used as targets for the submarines.—*Chicago Herald*.

International law is evidently imperishable. No matter how often it is broken it is right there to be broken again.—*Charleston News and Courier*.

PRIME MINISTER ASQUITH'S "DESPOTISM" IN GREAT BRITAIN

WHAT Mr. Asquith intended by his recent speech in London was not merely a reply to the German Chancellor but a word of warning to irresponsible pacifists and still more irresponsible diplomatists. There is a fairly unanimous agreement upon this among the European organs which speak with some authority for the allies. The German Chancellor had talked peace in the Reichstag. Peace, when it comes, must be lasting. He spoke of a "new" Poland, a "new" Belgium. His peace was a German peace. Mr. Asquith talked back to the Chancellor. The peace is to be British, French, Russian. But the allies make no war on the German people as such. Prussian militarism is the foe. The clash of these two men revived the talk of peace. This peace gossip emanates from capitals as far apart as Washington and Madrid, being circulated often by individuals who can show letters of introduction from this great personage or that. No doubt the British press is partly responsible for the month's revival of peace reports. The *Yorkshire Observer*, the *Liverpool Post* and some others affirm upon the basis of exclusive information that the war will be over in September. Mr. Asquith has arrived at the conclusion that he must avert depressing effects upon the minds of the continental allies and can do so only by hurling himself into the war politically. That has been the effect of his speech in France and in Russia. The effect at home has been of a somewhat different character. It has revived the issue of constitutional liberty.

Is England Now a Constitutional Country?

LIBERAL newspapers in England have for some weeks past been uneasy on the subject of constitutional liberty. The thing is slowly disappearing under the pressure of militarism. That much has been hinted in the *London News*, the *Manchester Guardian* and a variety of organs of the same political school. The Home Secretary's "tyranny" has, in fact, become the subject of acrimonious debates in the House of Commons. The so-called "defense of the realm act" is a system of Prussian bureaucracy undisguised, complained one member. He made special reference to the practice of the Home Secretary in "interning" persons of hostile origin or association. Members objected to the unlimited power in the hands of the Home Secretary. He was nominally assisted by a body of legal advisers who really "whitewashed" him after peculiarly flagrant violations of the constitutional rights of the citizen. What flourishes in England is the system of imprisonment in oubliettes by means of the letter de

cachet. It was all made worse by a star chamber. At this moment, the House was assured, many free-born Britons have long been in prison, altho no charge has been made against them and they are not to be brought before a judge or jury. The habeas corpus act has gone by the board. There is no established legal right left in the land. Thus runs the indictment.

The Home Secretary Under Fire in England.

SO ANIMATED have the attacks upon the "tyranny" of the Asquith government grown that Home Secretary Samuel had to notice them in the Commons. He pointed out that at the beginning of the war there were large numbers of persons of German nationality in England. Under the common law, it seems, the executive can intern such persons to secure the safety of the State. He admitted that a "very large" number had been shut up. Then there are the Germans who had acquired British citizenship. Many had done so from improper and sinister motives. The executive had been empowered with authority to deal with these people. Then there were British subjects of Anglo-Saxon origin who had proved "untrustworthy." The legality of the measures adopted against these classes had been upheld by seven judges of the high court and three Lords of Appeal. Nor would the Home Secretary admit that, in the correct sense of the term, the habeas corpus act was suspended, despite the clamor in certain radically inclined newspapers. There was not even martial law for the treatment of cases involving civilians. Altogether, the Home Secretary emerged with credit to his department from his parliamentary ordeal, but the newspapers which take the issue seriously decline to be convinced. The liberal *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, has this to say:

"The House of Commons has decided to do nothing to recover the British subject's immemorial protection against imprisonment without trial. Established by the Great Charter, confirmed and strengthened time and again by successive Parliaments, and reinforced, in the Habeas Corpus Act of Charles II.'s reign, by a £500 fine on any judge who should make light of it, it has now vanished before the plea that its continuance menaces the safety of the realm. Of all our many liberties that have gone by the board on that plea, none has been lost on weaker grounds. We do not suggest that injustice has been done by the naval and military authorities and 'Advisory Committee' on whose arbitrary decision an Englishman may now be clapped in gaol for the term of the war. If the cases cited by Mr. Samuel yesterday are typical of all the 69 who have been denied trial they richly deserve to be kept out of harm's

way. But what reason is there to believe that the courts would not have done the work as well? And what guarantee is there that this arbitrary power may not be abused? A little stupidity, a little unscrupulousness, and the phrase 'persons of enemy association' might be made to cover anyone from 'the man who dined with the Kaiser' to the owner of a Bechstein piano. The vagueness and elasticity of the phrase make a mockery of law."

**Fidelity of the Commons to
Prime Minister Asquith.**

IN CONSEQUENCE of recent reports in the German press regarding the political "crisis" in England, an idea has spread in some continental nations,



"YOU MUST WAIT. I HAVE OTHER MOUTHS TO FEED"
—Hy. Mayer in Puck

observes the *Rome Tribuna*, that Mr. Asquith's hold upon his followers has been weakened. The Italian daily sees no plausible explanation in the realities of London politics for a delusion of this sort. The Irish members are firm in their faith. The labor element in the Commons distrusts the imperialist clique led by Curzon, Carson and their kind. The Radicals and the old-school Liberals who are the backbone of the Asquith majority see in the Prime Minister the man of the hour. There have been efforts to undermine the position of the Prime Minister, says the *Paris Action française*, and it may be that the people in this intrigue have not scrupled to use a certain Berlin press for the dissemination of tales of panic. The Swiss press, the Spanish press and the Dutch press are likewise supplied regularly with legends mystifying to the neutral mind, all purporting to reveal rebellions in the ranks of Mr. Asquith's followers. Never, the Paris paper thinks, was his position as the leader of the Liberal elements in Great Britain so well assured. Mr. Asquith is at the head of a coalition government; but this by no means

proves that his control is in abeyance. If he has adopted stern measures with the disaffected and the treasonable, he has the support of the Commons. The truth is, says the *Matin*, that nothing would better please the Germans than a political crash in London. They would give an army corps for the fall of Asquith. He stands for a Pax Britannica against a Pax Germanica. All the perversions and mutilations of Mr. Asquith's latest speeches do not alter this truth.

**German Resentment of the
Asquith "Impertinence."**

HOWEVER cordial the tone of press comment in London on the subject of the Prime Minister's differentiation of the German people from the "caste" that rules them, the old guard in the Berlin press rages against Mr. Asquith for daring to talk in any such fashion. The provincial German press, too, the *Rheinisch-Westfälische*, for example, and the *Hamburger Nachrichten* assure Mr. Asquith that the genuine Germans will hear of no such suggestion. There has been in the *Tageblatt* (Berlin) now and then a hint that in an age so democratically inclined as our own it might be well to revise the federal system working under the Hohenzollern tutelage in order to impart to it the character of a ministerial government responsible to a party head. What a pity, says the *Tageblatt*, that throughout the world Germany is held up as a land of reaction and medievalism in comparison with the popular governmental system supposed to flourish among the Britons. This sort of talk in German dailies, complains the *Rheinisch-Westfälische*, accounts for the way in which the neutral world has been "worked" by the English. The English have but to cite delectable extracts from Socialist German dailies, radical German dailies, irresponsible dailies like the *Tageblatt*, to find chapter and verse for their worst calumnies. Now the British have the audacity to suggest that the government in Berlin be made over to look like the government in London. What wonder? Did not some German dailies dare to say, when China became a republic, that now Peking was a more enlightened place than Berlin? How often do the reckless German papers use such words as "militarism," "bureaucracy"! It is no excuse to say that this recklessness was displayed for the most part before the war. The neutral world will no longer believe these feather-brained Berlin prints, which yesterday said one thing and to-day say something quite different. The great organ of the Rhine proceeds:

"It is nothing short of grotesque that as a remedy for the anti-German feeling in the neutral world a transformation of the German constitutional system into a pattern copied from the British or the North American models should be recommended to us. If there be anything which in this war has revealed itself as contemptible, ruined, it is democratic, parliamentary form of government. The frivolous trick which a man like Sir Edward Grey could play upon the 'sovereign' British people, whereby, without their knowledge and against their will to a great extent, he involved them in the struggle, the fact that men like Poincaré in France, to say nothing of Delcassé, could plunge millions into a contest which concerns them not at all, the further fact that the mob in the Italian streets could overawe the majority of the parliament at Rome—all these things seem to a type of Berlin daily an ideal condition, a form of constitution according with the spirit of the age! . . .

"The incredible in these suggestions, however, is to the

effect that an extinguisher be put upon the throne, by following the British practice. As a model for the position of the throne the example of England is held up to us. Thus the pitiable, helplessly comical part played by the King of England is to be adopted as a pattern for our Hohenzollerns! . . .

"What we are, what we Germans have become in centu-

ries of painful and bloody struggle, we owe to the special position of our Hohenzollern dynasty. The idea of the German Empire is indissolubly bound together with the idea of the German Emperor. That, we are now assured, is not in accord with the spirit of the age! Well, the thing that is not in accord with the spirit of the age has won this war."

It is characteristic of the times that not even the Kaiser's favorite son seems to be getting anywhere.—*Toledo Blade*.

These are the days when the meek among nations need shock-absorbers.—*Baltimore American*.

FAILURE OF THE EFFORT TO AVERT A CHINESE CRISIS

EVEN if Yuan Shi Kai has to flee from the Forbidden City and become once more a wandering sage, he can not, German newspapers incline to think, be deprived of a political future—assuming that he lives through this latest of his vicissitudes. Everything that has happened must, in the opinion of the *Kölnische Zeitung*, be ascribed to that Anglo-Japanese alliance which for the time being dominates the far East and makes Russia its cat's-paw. Yuan will not allow himself to become the creature of this combination. His position has thus been made untenable for him. In the *London Times* and its English contemporaries Yuan's troubles are not interpreted from any such point of view. Just who was assassinated last month and at whose instigation can not be set down clearly in the light of despatches but the reappearance of such a policy is evidence to the British journals of the activity of Yuan. Assassination is seen as a last resort of Yuan's; but it has not prevented declarations of independence by provincial leaders and provincial governors. In the French press the whole situation arouses gloomy prognostications. Nothing would be more awkward for the allies, concedes the *Paris Figaro*, than a Chinese crisis on the grand scale, a fact of which the Wilhelmstrasse is too well aware. There is no tendency to censure Japan; but the feeling in the Quai d'Orsay is that she has not managed well.



CHOP SUEY

—Fritz in *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

London Impression of the Chinese Rebellion.

THIS civil war in China is admitted by the careful correspondent of the *London Times* to be no "spasmodic outbreak." It is, we read, "a full-dress challenge" of Yuan Shi Kai. Two causes are responsible. First is the personality of the man or, to be exact, the method which a personality of his ruthless and relentless kind must resort to. Next is the attempt to place himself upon a throne. The fiasco here was epochal, tremendous, a blend of the melodramatic with the grotesque. Here we have the psychology of the situation. Japan seems, to the British, perfectly innocent in the matter. On the whole the suggestion emanating from Tokyo and London and Paris that Yuan postpone his elevation to divine imperial rank encouraged the rebels, or so the *London Times* thinks. However, the revolution itself, it is conceded, would have burst forth in any event. There can be no doubt, either, of its Peking origin. It is not a mere eruption of the irresponsible and the sinister. The solidly respectable, the moderate, the literati, the pious and the good are all more or less involved. In the ranks of the leaders will be found members of past administrations and Manchus of ability. Much depends upon what the rebels will be able to seize in the way of arsenals and river ports. They are alive to the significance of such considerations. Yuan is said to be supported by his German military friends. The rebel element derives its theories of strategy and tactics from Japanese whom their government officially disowns.

Leader of the Chinese Rebellion.

ONE of the most capable soldiers in all China is leading the rebels against Yuan, as the *Paris Temps* learns from Indo-Chinese sources. He is called Tsai Ao in the *London Times* and for a time he held important military command in Yunnan. He has a following among the discontented soldiers, the disappointed and the innumerable enemies of Yuan. Tsai Ao is anything but a freebooter, however, or a mere adventurer of the predatory type. He seems to belong to one of the official families of the old period and to have received not only a soldier's training in the German sense but a course of literature as Chinese understand that sort of thing. His forces are by no means undisciplined and the better element in the society of Peking does not look down upon him. He is not believed to have any connection with German diplomacy in China or to be a tool. On the other hand, a German consul is affirmed in the *London Times* to have issued a "proclamation" supporting Tsai Ao. The great British organ observes likewise:

"The revolt in a few provinces of China against the authority of President Yuan Shi Kai is serious, and the situation grows somewhat alarming. Never since the Revolution has China been restored to complete tranquility. The outbreak of ruthless brigandage in the heart of the country in 1913-14, under the leadership of White Wolf, was for many months a cause of much anxiety. In De-

cember last a group of rebels made a feeble attempt to seize a cruiser at Shanghai.

"Early this year a force of bandits began to ravage the northern province of Shansi, tho they have apparently been suppressed. The present revolt, which started in the distant province of Yunnan, is more ambitious and more menacing."

"Have we got to police China, too?" asks the *Philadelphia Record*. Not if Japan knows herself, we haven't.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

It is unfortunate that there is not more of the blue blood of Europe flowing with the red blood of the fighting men.—*Columbus Evening Dispatch*.

DIVISION IN THE COUNCILS OF THE MILITARY MAGNATES AT BERLIN

VERDUN is accepted in the press of the allies as proof positive of the triumph, in the great general staff at Berlin, of the German strategic school which from the first deemed the rush through Belgium a blunder. There have been feuds between these rival factions ever since the retreat from the Marne, says the careful *Manchester Guardian*. The collapse of the scheme to bring France to terms within two months by getting to Paris might have cost one of the Berlin factions dear, but the responsibility of Emperor William for a certain "false move" saved everybody's face. He detached a great force of Uhlans for the defense of the east front during the critical hours around Paris. That, anyhow, is the tale. An additional chapter in the progress of the feud was written in the dash for Calais and neighboring channel ports. This scheme precipitated the most furious of all the controversies by which the general staff was rent, and military Berlin rang with the echoes. At last "the old historic strategy" gets its day. Verdun is pressed. "The door to Paris is the line of the Meuse. Once in possession of this line, with its series of forts extending from Toul, in the south, through Verdun, up towards the Belgian frontier, and the road to Paris is open." Such is the conception. Nobody, not even the military expert of the optimistic *Kreuz-Zeitung*, denies the costliness of the conception. The question is only whether the execution will be worth the terrible price.

Attacks Upon General von Falkenhayn in Berlin.

ROME has for some weeks past been filled with rumors concerning the narrow escape of von Falkenhayn from deposition as the military despot of the German situation. He saved himself at the last moment, one story in the *Tribuna* tells us, by going over to the opposition. He is a great friend of the Crown Prince; but from the beginning of the war he has set his face like a flint against any adventure in the west. He is supposed to be of opinion that a rush upon Verdun must entail a violation of the neutrality of Switzerland. The military risk might not be so great, but the effect upon important neutrals in the event of a mishap must be taken into account. If the inferences of papers like the *London Spectator* are sound, the world may wake up some morning to find the German forces in possession of the Swiss republic. The attacks upon Verdun render such a proceeding logical and von Falkenhayn is understood to entertain that theory. When the assaults upon Verdun grew furious, the party opposed to von Falkenhayn opened its own campaign against him. The *Zukunft* of the renowned Harden suffered

another of its many suppressions by lending itself to this intrigue. Von Falkenhayn was denounced as an inveterate gambler. He got so heavily into debt that he had to go to China as a soldier of fortune. He rejoined the German army when the crisis arrived in the far East, distinguishing himself to an extent that made his rise at home inevitable. But a gambler he is and always will be. We have the word of Herr Harden for that. "Why should the fate of Germany be committed to the hands of a gambler?"

Bringing the Crown Prince to the Front.

EVER since the drive opened against Verdun, all Germany has been filled with the glory of the Crown Prince. His genius as well as his charm has been brought to the attention of the Teutonic world. There is talk of a triumphal progress through the fatherland in the event of "a happy issue" at Verdun. The explanation in the press of the allies is that Emperor



WILL THE DIKE HOLD?

—Evans in *Baltimore American*

William himself has not recovered from his recent indisposition; that a change in the ruler may come unexpectedly at any time; that a new reign would have to be ushered in gloriously. Verdun, the Paris *Gaulois* understands, is expected to achieve these important results. Hence the willingness of the general staff to pay the high prices of the past few weeks for a series of advances which the allies minimize. The original calculation in Berlin was that Verdun would succumb in the middle of the month now ending. This was received with amusement in the newspapers of Paris. Paris, however, has a severely censored press and the serene confidence its columns diffuse may be purely official. It is impossible for the Italian military experts to interpret the drive towards Verdun as a feint, as a gambler's throw, as anything but a careful adaptation of means to ends. The aim may have been to anticipate the drive of the allies themselves. Possibly the general staff sought to exhaust the ammunition of the foe. The gist of recent German press comment suggests as much. The attacks on Verdun, to the *Vossische Zeitung*, are simply a rectification of lines with a view to the elimination of a peril from possible rushes from France. It says:

"Verdun is the strongest fortress of the French. It covers the Meuse line of defensive forts which lie along the French frontier between Toul and Belgium. It has long been a thorn in the flesh between Germany and our front in France. To the French, with its railway communication with Paris, it has been a place of concentration and a point from which an offensive against the German front could issue. At the east of Verdun lies the great Woëvre plain, extending through Conflans to the fortress of Metz, from which the road runs through Conflans to Etain and from there to Dun and Stenay on the Meuse. This road was constantly threatened by the French and therefore it was desirable to drive them away from it. . . .

"The conception is simple. Fantastic hypotheses in the newspapers of the allies give the idea no other significance."

Ypres and Calais Faction Against the Verdunists.

EMPEROR WILLIAM, whose movements for the past month seem enveloped in some mystery, is said in Rotterdam dailies to be striving for peace between the military factions in Berlin. His trouble is affirmed in Holland—a clearing-house for such reports—to arise from the activities on the eastern front. The movements of the Russians a few weeks ago were timed to render impracticable reinforcement of the corps in front of Verdun. Twice have the great German drives seemed on the eve of a decision in front of the fortress, and twice, at least, have there been checks delaying the climax. This is the trend of the analyses in the London newspapers as well. It seems evident to the expert of the London *Times* that the German reserves have not been handled with the skill of the first period of the war unless we are to assume that the effects of the Russian movement have been serious. Something has obviously taken place behind the scenes in Berlin, thinks the London daily's critic. The theory in London is that the great drive against Verdun involved a front of twenty-five miles. The Crown Prince had two armies with the main part of a third army in reserve. Some 350,000 Germans "went in." To the great amazement of the French higher

command, there was no movement of troops across Germany along the strategic railways at a time when all past experience with Berlin indicated such measures. The Germans even committed an error, says the *Débats*, which has hitherto been charged only against the British. They had no force in readiness to profit by an advance on Champneuville. Poivre Hill, Talon Hill, redoubts, eminences, all have been taken, taken back, retaken as if the forces on both sides were raw troops at practice maneuvers. The solution of the mysteries of the month is to be found in the feuds at Berlin. Can it be that the Ypres and Calais faction resents the triumph of the Verdunists? Can it be that the Verdunists mean to break through in defiance of the best judgment of the rival faction?

Importance of Verdun for German Dynastic Reasons.

ASSUMING that the fall of Verdun is written in the book of the war's destinies, there can be no doubt that a complete reorganization of the general staff at Berlin will follow. The party of the Crown Prince may be trusted to see to that, according to the *London News*. Emperor William will cease to play anything but a purely spectacular part. There will certainly be a further drive in the direction of Paris, for the idea that a fall of Verdun will not break the French line is not cherished unanimously among the allies. The allies, it is true, profess to take lightly the suggestion that the loss of Verdun, however important as a local tactical success, could be serious strategically. Success at Verdun must, the Rome *Giornale* thinks, confirm the German Crown Prince in his ambition to become a sort of Napoleon. The anti-French party in Berlin—the party which wants France crushed promptly—will be in the ascendant. Russia would be held, in order that the decisive blow may fall on Paris. The contention in the clique that has formed around the Crown Prince is that the fall of the great western capital, even if the army of the French were not annihilated, would impress the Turk, now suspicious of German prowess, would impress the Italians, stagger the neutral world and make the English themselves a little serious. Now, the Crown Prince, in the light of the most reliable reports from his headquarters, has become so certain of the fall of Verdun that he has, in a sense, risked his position upon the event. Failure before the citadel would compromise him so seriously that it is not to be thought of. That is why, to the allied press, the immediate future at Verdun will bring with it the supreme hour if, indeed, that hour be not striking. As a specimen of the strategical conjecture with which the European press is living through in the suspense, these remarks in the London *Spectator* are informing:

"It cannot be too often impressed upon those who still have anxious minds that for the Germans not to succeed at Verdun is failure of the most deadly kind. The longer and the harder they strive without accomplishing their design, the blacker their prospects. What was absolutely necessary for a scheme conceived on the lines on which the great German assault at Verdun was conceived was a victory rapid and overwhelming. They have failed in getting it. . . . Unless, then, the Germans are willing to acknowledge defeat, which of course they are not yet willing to do by a long way, they must either try again at Verdun or try somewhere else."

PERSONS IN THE FOREGROUND

FUNSTON AND PERSHING, THE GENERALS IN CHARGE OF THE CHASE AFTER VILLA

IN THESE unquiet days our army and navy come in for a vast amount of criticism. Our submarines are rotten. Our aviation department is a joke. Our army reserve (of sixteen men) is a howling farce. Our National Guard would require six months' time to take the field. Many of our costly battleships have no men to man them. Our costly fortifications have hardly enough ammunition to sustain a two hours' engagement.

There is a lot of truth in this—we all know that. But there is at least one note of reassurance that comes to us in the midst of this anvil chorus. When our little army is called upon to act, we find out that, whatever else we may lack in our line of defense, we have real officers and real men. The marines showed that at Vera Cruz. The army showed it afterward. And now the punitive expedition into Mexico shows us the same thing. Funston, Pershing, Dodd, Brown and the men under them may be short on equipment or short on rations; but they are not short on courage and physical endurance. They are not mollycoddles. That little regular army can be pointed to with pride for its quality if not for its size.

The two generals who have charge of this delicate expedition into Mexico are men who have careers full of interest, and they present a rather striking contrast in some respects and a striking similarity in other respects. Each has been in Mexico before. Each has chased insurgents in the Philippines. Each is a born soldier. Funston broke into the regular army after a rough-and-tumble career. Pershing entered through West Point, but got plenty of the rough-and-tumble afterward. Pershing is a man of distinguished bearing. Funston is 5 feet 4 inches high and weighs all of 100 pounds. Here is a free-hand portrait of him as drawn by Keeley in the *Chicago Herald*:

"Unlike many of the heroes of fact and fiction . . . he is a funny-looking little geek. He has a little, reddish, paint-brush beard that irresistibly tempts the humorous person into tickling him under the chin and baaing—only the person will never do the same trick again—and he has some red hair on top of his head, and other places almost as red where he has worn through the hair, and he walks with a limp, and he has the grandest little red vocabulary you ever heard."

Funston has always had the weird habit of showing up where difficult things were to be done, and then "making good." He was at Vera Cruz two years ago, taking command after Admiral Fletcher's naval forces had occupied the town, and incidentally he gave the people of Vera Cruz a series of sanitary and financial lessons on how to clean up their city and run it in an orderly way on the revenue belonging to it. He reorganized the schools. He transformed this Mexican port from a pest-hole to a health resort. It was said that Mexicans rabidly hostile to United States occupation were sorry to have Funston and his men withdrawn. After Vera Cruz Funston was advanced from brigadier-general to major-general. According to the official list, Funston, now 50 years of age, the youngest major-general in the army, has thirteen more years of active service ahead of him. He has been in command of the Southern Department ever since the Vera Cruz expedition.

Funston was in command of the Department of California at the time of the San Francisco earthquake ten years ago. He rushed troops to patrol the streets and guard the banks, became chief of police, chief of the fire department and chief undertaker all at once, dominated the whole situation, and he and his officers and men won laurels for the Regular Army and evoked peans of praise from the civil authorities of San Francisco. "Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war," said the *N. Y. Sun* at that time, "and Frederick Funston must be saluted as a victor in a stupendous crisis." *Town Talk*, of San Francisco, now recalls and approves that tribute.

Five years before the San Francisco disaster Funston was proclaimed a popular hero by his reputed exploits in the Philippines and especially by his capture of Aguinaldo. Funston's recall had actually come from Washington. He would have been mustered out soon after in the natural course of events. But General MacArthur secured delay for "special duty." Funston proceeded to pose as an American prisoner of a band of Filipino insurgents, which made its way into the jungle to the hiding place of Aguinaldo. The stratagem was completely successful and Aguinaldo was bagged and brought back to Manila as Funston's

prisoner. Instead of being mustered out, Funston was made a brigadier-general in the regular army, at the unprecedented age of 36.

Many years ago, when he finished High School, Funston had tried to get into the army by way of West Point, but he failed to pass the examinations. Between that time and his breaking into the army as a brigadier-general, he had led a life of adventure that would be almost incredible if it was not well corroborated. He wandered into Mexico, learned some Spanish and picked up other information that is probably useful to him now. Afterward he studied intermittently at the University of Kansas. One winter he earned money as a conductor on the Santa Fé running from Kansas City to Albuquerque, and learned to handle drunken cowboys without gloves. He took turns at newspaper reporting, surveying and mine prospecting. He joined the Death Valley government expedition of 1891 as a botanist, was lost in the desert, but came out and wrote it up for the magazines. Then he went to Alaska in 1893, for the Department of Agriculture, ahead of the gold seekers. He traveled over the Chilcoot Pass, camped on the Klondike for the winter, then floated 1,100 miles down the Yukon, alone, in a canoe, bringing his collection of Alaskan flora with him. "I don't need anybody to take care of me," said Funston, along about that time, "and I certainly don't want anybody to take care of." He tried lecture-touring for a while but soon learned to hate it; he attempted coffee culture in Central America and soon gave that up together with the money he had invested in it.

At the age of thirty-one he found himself in New York a "free lance" for newspapers and magazines. Cuba's war for independence broke out and Funston, smelling trouble, took after it. He organized a filibustering expedition and joined Gomez in the spring of 1896. He reached the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Cuban Insurgent Army after serving 18 months and started to return to the United States. He was captured by Spanish patrols but managed to swallow Garcia's safe conduct slip of paper and so was allowed to return to the States. Then came our war with Spain. Funston, appointed colonel of the 20th Kansas



THE CAVALRYMAN WHO CHASES VILLA

Brigadier-General John James Pershing, a regular of regulars, who commands the punitive expedition into Mexico. He has aeroplanes, Indian scouts, and his favorite troopers, the Tenth Cavalry (colored), with him. Years ago he chased Chief Geronimo. He subdued the Mohammedan Moros, and they adopted him as their judge for life.



THE FIGHTING BANTAM OF THE ARMY

Major-General Frederick Funston, military commander on the long Mexican border from Louisiana to California. He fought his way up to Brigadier-General at the age of 38. He captured Aguinaldo and cleaned up Vera Cruz. He missed West Point but has had fighting adventures enough to make half a dozen heroes.

regiment, got only as far as Tampa on the way back to Cuba. In his own interesting book of "Memories of Two Wars," Funston remarks that he "made very little impression" on General Miles and General Shafter when he was in Tampa and that Shafter, indeed, seemed to regard him with suspicion. But by a turn of the wheel the 20th Kansas was ordered to the Philippines and there, as we have seen, Funston made his mark. "For crossing the Rio Grande river at Calumpit on a small bamboo raft in the face of heavy fire and establishing a rope ferry by means of which the United States troops were enabled to cross and win the battle," we read, Colonel Funston was promoted to Brigadier-General of Volunteers in 1899 and awarded a medal of honor. Not until two years of further service did he become Brigadier-General of the regular army. To a writer in the Kansas City *Star* he appears as "the little belligerent Kansas darling of the gods."

General Pershing is of a different type. He has a distinguished bearing and no nicknames so far as we can discover. He received the degree of B. A. from the Kirksville, Missouri, Normal School before entering West Point and L.L.B. from the University of Nebraska later on. He has been in

the regular army service for thirty years. No more competent officer could be detailed to command the Villa punitive expedition, says the New York *Sun*, which the *Army and Navy Register* takes occasion to quote with apparent approbation as follows:

"In the Army there is not his superior for the rough, difficult, and dangerous work to be done in northern Mexico. The senior cadet captain of the class of 1886 at West Point has always 'distinguished himself in the field. General Miles complimented him in the Geronimo campaign (August, 1887) 'for marching his troop, with pack train, over rough country, 140 miles in 46 hours, bringing in every man and animal in good condition.' Pershing in a brush with the Zunis was 'highly recommended for discretion' by General Carr. Pershing caught the eye of his commander again in the Cree campaign of 1896. Almost ten years' service in the Department of Arizona toughened his frame and sharpened his faculties for desert trailing and Indian fighting.

"In the Santiago campaign Pershing won this commendation from the colonel of his regiment, the 10th cavalry: 'I have been in many fights and was all through the Civil War, but on my word he is the bravest and coolest man under fire I ever saw in my life.' Captain Pershing's short, sharp, and brilliant campaign against the Moros of Mindanao, followed by an achievement in pacification that proved

him to be a natural diplomat as well as a soldier, brought him promotion to the grade of brigadier-general. He saw five years' service in the wild Mindanao country, both as commander of the department and governor. From March to September, 1905, he was with Kuroki in Manchuria as the American military observer.

"At home in the desert country, familiar with the rules of savage warfare, a regular of regulars, sound in judgment as in physique, a born cavalryman, John J. Pershing is an ideal commander for the pursuit into Mexico."

Pershing helped to chase Geronimo twenty-nine years ago over some of the same ground now being traversed in his pursuit of Villa. He was then twenty-seven years of age and he is now fifty-six, but his first cavalry dash into the difficult Mexican country after Villa a few weeks ago covered a distance of 110 miles in 42 hours. Colonel Dodd, who led the advance column of Pershing's expedition, which covered 55 miles of difficult country in seventeen hours, is 63 years old! Where is that man Osler these days?

Prior to the Spanish-American war Pershing commanded cavalry regiments in campaigns against the Apaches and Sioux and also had command of Sioux Indian scouts. He served terms as military instructor at the University of Nebraska and West Point. From

West Point he went to Cuba. The battle of El Caney brought about his promotion to captain. He organized the Bureau of Insular affairs; but his great opportunity, like Funston's, came in the Philippines. His task first and last, from 1899 to 1914, was to subdue the hostile Mohammedan Moros and establish an orderly administration of affairs in Mindanao. The records show a destruction of some forty strongholds with a United States casualty list of only two men. Spain had for centuries dodged this unpleasant job of subjugating the Moros.

After Pershing became military governor, the Moros formally made him a datto of the tribe, with the power of life and death over them as a Mohammedan judge, in token of their appreciation!

Pershing took the "impregnable" But Dajo by a spectacular bit of strategy. In this crater of an extinct volcano the Moros on the island of Jolo made a last stand. Pershing's expedition worked its way up the mountain to within 300 yards of the crater. Then a trail was cut through the jungle all around the mountain. Besieged within

this fortified ring, 400 Moros faced starvation or surrender and chose the latter.

Pershing was made brigadier-general on account of Philippine service in 1906, at the age of 46, and, according to the official list, now has eight years more of active service before retirement. Last year his wife, who was Frances Warren, daughter of United States Senator Francis E. Warren of Wyoming, and three of their little children were burned to death in a fire at the Presidio, San Francisco.

MARSHAL VON HAESELER: THE FAMED OLD MENTOR OF THE CROWN PRINCE AT VERDUN

AMONG the wonderful old men who have leaped into worldwide renown by leading the German armies, Gottlieb von Haeseler is conceded by the French press to be easily the most wonderful. The operations of the Germans before Verdun, remarks the Paris *Gaulois*, are directed nominally by the Crown Prince, but in reality they are under the control of Marshal von Haeseler. The Germans have made him a legendary personage indeed, and, if the Berlin *Kreuz-Zeitung's* view is to be accepted at par value, all Frenchmen live in dread of his very name. That to the *Gaulois* is a fresh instance of Teutonic megalomania. The truth to the French paper is that von Haeseler is a roaring farce, a Falstaff in the field. He never in his life gained a battle except in time of peace. Yet the Germans say he is the equal in military genius of the first Napoleon! The idea is as preposterous as the legend that he approaches his hundredth year, the truth being that he is no more than seventy-nine. The *Débats* makes him sixty-eight. The reference books do not agree regarding the date of his birth and there is a story in the *Matin* that he does not himself know when he was born. He was certainly in the war against Denmark back in 1864. An old professional swordsman, therefore, is this venerable and mysterious being who can only give advice. The Crown Prince takes the advice. All agree on that. The German Emperor, however, tells his intimates that von Haeseler ought to be at home with his great-grandchildren. His Majesty does not think the venerable man understands modern war—an impression which the Marshal also cherishes of the Emperor.

The rotund form and finely lined visage of old von Haeseler and the grim severity of his facial expression combine to make him one of the "figures" of militarist Germany. "The old guardian Gottlieb of the Moselle"—

this is a literal translation of the phrase that describes him to the fatherland. His treacherous stomach makes him the most abstemious war-horse in the whole empire. For fifty years he has risen every morning at five to drink a glass of milk and swallow two raw eggs. At two in the afternoon he has a small piece of steak and a cup of broth. Highly characteristic was his treatment of Prince Henry of Prussia at maneuvers some years since. His Highness was entreated to attend a repast at eight in the evening. He had to wait hungry until nine before he got anything to eat. Then the Marshal's guests found in front of each of the party a glass of water and an apple. "This," explained the old Marshal, "is a practical lesson in war conditions. Only absolute necessities can be given. Appetites, like baggage, must be restricted. His Highness alone, having a right to special treatment, may eat two apples and drink two glasses of water." His Highness insisted upon being a Spartan like the rest.

In his capacity of inspector, von Haeseler has for years, says the *Gaulois*, been the terror of the German forces. Did it enter his head to inspect a garrison at Morhange? He boarded a train that did not stop there, asking loudly at the station for a ticket to some town far beyond his destination. Just before getting to Morhange, the train had to halt upon an emergency signal from the old man. He paid the conductor the fine of a hundred marks and rushed off to the barracks. On his return to Berlin he insisted upon repayment of his hundred marks, turning the administration of the railway upside down until he got the money. He is known to think a long time before he spends a mark. No film could portray his facial expression at the loss of a coin or at the discovery of a lieutenant's extravagance in dress. The Marshal still wears a suit of clothes he bought thirty-eight years ago, a pair of boots

he purchased eleven years ago and a hat his father wore in the eighteenth century. At any rate, that is what the European dailies tell us.

Candor is a famous trait in von Haeseler, and Emperor William has as much reason as anyone to be aware of it. The aged marshal criticized his sovereign's operations severely in the course of one season's maneuvers, whereupon a deep revenge was planned. The corps commanded by the old man was caught in a field, not far from headquarters. The joy of the staff was immense, for von Haeseler is a thorn in the side of all. At the height of the merriment the Emperor and his suite had to clear a road to permit the passage of a hay wagon. The episode was a feint and by the rules of the game von Haeseler had captured the whole corps under his sovereign's personal command.

This abstemious old marshal is accused of experiencing agonies of mind whenever a soldier eats a full meal. Soldiers, according to him, should eat very little. Eating he regards as a bad habit at best. "March a lot, eat a little, shoot all the time." Such is his motto. He made his own corps a model of efficiency in the German army, a band of brethren knowing none of the caste distinctions so common among Prussians yet maintaining an admirable discipline. His personal ascendancy over all was absolute, a circumstance the more remarkable because of his deformity and his invalidism. Once in the saddle, however, he seems a part of the horse. He has not taken to the automobile for the reason that it can not negotiate bypaths and soft roads. His passion is for horses and that may account for this attitude. Not long before the opening of the stormy concert at Verdun he rode up to the door of his little house in the headquarters town, the Crown Prince at his side. He found to his dismay that he had no lump of sugar in his pocket.

The horse began to cavort and to kick. The Marshal apologized to his royal pupil and dashed off to a neighboring confectioner's. "If I hadn't got him that lump of sugar," he explained when he returned, "the horse would have invaded the shop." He recognizes a

choly manner. "Ten pfennigs." The old man bounded into the shop near by and, putting ten pfennigs down, demanded a piece of cheese. He got one as big as his own fist. "Rather a large piece for the money," said von Haeseler dubiously. "Not at all," said the shop-

reputation in the army is that of a commander indulgent to the men in the ranks but severe with his staff. Reversing the order often observed among Prussian military magnates, he is considerate to his inferiors, grim with his equals and merciless to his superiors, not excepting the Emperor himself, whose "conceptions" he has openly laughed at in conferences of the general staff. Not many years before the outbreak of the war he ordered elaborate maneuvers near the town of Sierck. Many lines of trenches had been dug. A blue corps was on the defensive theoretically for a whole week, living on dry bread. Going his rounds, von Haeseler saw a table improvised with a plank and four sticks. Several officers sat around it on boxes, eating sausage. "Do you gentlemen think you are in a lady's boudoir?" roared von Haeseler, riding his steed over the table. "The sixteenth army corps is not a school of domestic manners. It is an institution that teaches trench life." Petrified where they sat, the officers did not dare to utter even an apology, but when the terrible old man had disappeared over the brow of a hill they relieved their feelings in a single untranslatable word: Heiligkreuzkanonenbomben granat hagel donnerwetterelementnocheinmal!

Between this amazing old man and the heir to the imperial and royal throne there has long existed a warm affection. Alone among the marshals, von Haeseler, according to the *Figaro*, took seriously the conception of the Crown Prince that Verdun was the objective. All sorts of stories have appeared in European dailies regarding the fury with which von Haeseler received the determination of the general staff to make the rush through Belgium. The road to Paris, he believes, is through Verdun. On the basis of their common purpose in the west, the old soldier and the young one have formed a firm alliance. Indeed, to the military expert of the *Paris Gaulois*, the long drive at Verdun is itself an expression of the soul of von Haeseler. The grimness of the fray, its implacable continuity, its steady hail of projectiles, its stern, unyielding advance, a certain disdain of cost as well as of the enthusiasm of attack, its very mystery—these things manifest the mood of von Haeseler in war. They are the battle pictures of a German artistry, impressing with strong and heavy lines. What a contrast to the Crown Prince, notes our contemporary,—the gentle, smiling, boyish, gay Crown Prince! The old man and the young one illustrate the familiar principle of the attraction of opposites. Von Haeseler never, it is said, read a book in his life, except the manual. His favorite relaxation is the society of horses. He has the most amazing collection of oaths.



THE GERMAN OCTOGENARIAN WHO DID THE KNOCKING AT THE GATE OF VERDUN

Gottlieb von Haeseler, a marshal, a count, a commander of an army corps, is a very old man indeed, yet he advises the Crown Prince in the western theater and is active in the planning and the attack which are said in well-informed quarters to indicate a triumph of his theory over the so-called Ypres and Calais party in the German general staff.

horse more readily than he recognizes a man. Two of his staff were in a restaurant on one occasion when they should have been on tours of inspection. Seeing the old man outside in the street, these officers disappeared. That evening on parade he reprimanded the culprits severely. He could tell them by their horses, which had been in leash outside. The point of the anecdote is in the fact that the regiment was mounted on a special breed, conforming in size and color to a prescribed standard.

His relentless war on exploiters of the men in the ranks is another of von Haeseler's titles to glory. He saw a trooper lunching on a tiny bit of cheese. "What did you pay for that?" The man in the ranks eyed it in a melan-

keeper, "you may have a larger piece if you are hungry enough." That night a new order was issued from headquarters: "Hereafter a man in the ranks shall receive for ten pfennigs a piece of cheese as large as that sold for the same sum this morning to the general in command."

It happened that he wanted to pass a sentry line at night. He stole forward in his usual inspectorial manner only to be seized and pinioned from behind. "Let me pass!" he cried. "I am Count Haeseler." The sentries laughed at him. "You're the fifth man who has tried to make a fool of us with that story to-night," he was told as they turned him back. Von Haeseler went off well pleased with the sentries but infuriated against his officers. His

SIR SAM HUGHES: MOST MISUNDERSTOOD OF DOMINION MILITARISTS

THE character of Sir Sam Hughes, that heroic member of the Canadian ministry around whose brow a fierce political storm now rages, urgently requires a sympathetic interpreter. Sir Sam—he was not baptized with the full name of Samuel—was said in the *London Mail* months ago to be no type of the successful kind which reckons results in dollars. Sir Sam is primarily of the adventurous nature, living in a commercial atmosphere; and Canada, as a writer in the *London* daily remarks, does not easily recognize him. Altho he was made Minister of Militia nearly five years ago and was a recognized expert on tactics and maneuvers prior to that, his real fame did not overtake him until he stood at Armageddon. He has had to pay the penalty of the man who comes late into his glory. There is a long past behind him to resurrect. There is, too, a mercurial something in his temperament at which Canada has always looked suspiciously. Despite his years—he is past sixty—Sir Sam lacks the venerable traits of Sir Wilfrid Laurier. Neither can he invest himself with that atmosphere of solidity, substantiality, which makes Premier Borden a rock of respectability. Nevertheless, Sir Robert Borden is now the only member of the Dominion ministry holding a higher knighthood than the one bestowed not many months ago by King George upon Major-General Sam Hughes.

The career of Sir Sam, suspects a chronicler of it in the *London Post*, might have been less, embarrassing to himself had he cultivated a more solemn deportment. Canada takes her position in the British empire with extreme seriousness and even a princess of the blood royal must not refer—in Canada—to any of her relatives in terms of disrespect. There can be no trifling at Ottawa with the etiquette of its imperialism; but Sir Sam has not adjusted himself to it readily. There is a suspicion, too, that his theology is unsound, altho he was reared in the austerity of that Canadian Methodism which still peeps out of the face of the man. His personal habits reflect the strict temperance of Canadian Methodism, altho he drinks the prescribed wines of the state dinners and takes an occasional glass as if it upset him. He has the Methodist's familiarity with the Bible and a touch of "chapel" as distinguished from "church," which is not, perhaps, the best recommendation in Ottawa society. The chief defect of Sir Sam, from a Canadian point of view, however, is his lack of reverence for worldly success.

He is not stunned by the vastness of the mineral wealth of Canada. He is out of touch with the big financiers of her railway world. He gets on badly with the old Tory land-owning aristocracy or loyalists, who stand for British supremacy, British heaviness and British dignity. Sir Sam, to put it shortly, is an "upstart."

A striking resemblance is discerned by admirers of Sir Sam between some aspects of his personal character and that of General Robert E. Lee, the hero of the Confederacy. Like Lee, Sir Sam Hughes has achieved distinction as an educator. Like Lee, he has a serene patience, an insight into the nature of youth. His firmness on points of discipline is tempered by sweetness of manner. His grasp of educational problems is strong, intelligent. A born educator, he was never a mere schoolmaster. His gifts seem administrative rather than creative. He has the freshness of mind that results from practice of the faculty of thought. There is in him a trace of the silent pride of Lee, who could bear misrepresentation and calumny without loss of temper. Sir Sam is a master of courtesy, even when he reveals his gift of sarcasm. His look and bearing denote to the *London Telegraph* the Anglo-Saxon gentleman. The temper is warm but under control, revealing itself mainly in a flash of the eye. The vocabulary is that of the well-read man. He writes fluently but not redundantly. His speeches are crisp, allusive, occasionally epigrammatic. Essentially he seems a character type, a man whose strength derives from a moral source. There may be no blazing genius in him; but he is free from eccentricities, from sharp corners. It is difficult to take seriously a challenge of his integrity.

Never in its history was the old loyalist aristocracy of the Dominion more affronted, our *London* contemporaries understand, than when Sam Hughes, who was for long a humble teacher in the public schools of Ontario, received a rank at court that entitled him to both civil and military honors—K.C.B. giving higher rank than the K.C.M.G. of Sir George Foster or Sir George Perley. The home town of Lindsay, in which Sir Sam was so long a newspaper editor, turned out in honor of Lady Hughes, who was a Miss Mary E. Burk, daughter of a distinguished Canadian statesman prominent in his day through collisions with the feudal aristocracy of the dominion. There was a feeling among the pillars of conservatism that the military establishment was passing into the wrong hands. Irregularities

of a technical kind began to figure in comment upon the official proceedings of Sir Sam. The fact that his son holds a commission in the expeditionary force was held to be flagrant nepotism. His differences of opinion with Lord Kitchener on the subject of supporting columns in Flanders was made out an act of gross insubordination. Finally a contract was discovered out of which one contractor made a profit of sixty per cent.—at least the story goes so. With such a back-fire in his rear Sir Sam decided to leave the foe abroad and return to face the foe at home.

A first impression of Sir Sam gave the *London News* material for a study of the man along Sir Walter Raleigh lines. He had the Elizabethan energy, the Elizabethan fire, the Elizabethan charm as well. He had obviously never cultivated the coldness, the reserve, of the military manner as Great Britain knows it. Sir Sam shook hands freely, unbosomed himself, gave himself no air of importance, hugged no military secrets to his bosom and was more intimate with the men in the ranks than the traditions of the English service allow. He had a fluency which British commanders lack. The ready laugh, the ease with which he bore himself when the company was a little mixed and a disregard of red tape suggested to the war office in London that it did not have a professional soldier to deal with. The mistake was soon corrected. Sam Hughes has been active in every rank of the Canadian forces since he entered his teens. He has made himself one of the greatest living authorities on rifle shooting. He served in the Fenian raid and in the South African war. He could have become adjutant-general for Canada over twenty years ago but for the necessity of providing for a wife and children, which he has done in the main through journalism. Military science has been with him an avocation, the cherished pursuit of his leisure, a hobby, the thing he loved most. He has organized regiments, commanded thousands at maneuvers, inspected equipment, supervised the commissary, drilled infantry. He was first among the first Canadians to get a baptism of fire at the battle front in Belgium. It is characteristic, none the less, of the methods which until lately prevailed at the British war office that when his controversy with London on a tactical question grew acute, the "staff" sent to the high commissioner for Canada to find out just who Sam Hughes was. Events at Neuve Chapelle revised their first ideas of the futility of his suggestions.

It is agreed by those who know Sir Sam that he would be the better for a little sympathy with John Bull's "thickness." It would be better for him, according to even his London champions—he has many there—if he could sit with a lot of men around a table and

the west. That suited Clemenceau exactly. The eulogy of Sir Sam in the *Homme enchaîné* might have been more effective had the censor been more sensitive to the beauties of French prose. It is interesting to find, however, that Sir Sam speaks so felicitously the lan-

than that of Sir Sam must have proved inadequate to the crisis that confronted him in London when he returned from his tour of inspection at the battle front. He did not shrink from the great Asquith himself in his representation of the futility of the tactics he had fretted over at the front. What passed between himself and the magnates of Downing Street at a famous session of the inner cabinet one August day will appear only when memoirs of this age are given to posterity. It is an open secret that Sir Sam carried his point. He had brought over to England the finest equipment and the choicest material in all the ranks of the allies. He won the British mind over to a conception of an offensive on the western front, as the military experts of London dailies agree. Yet his facts and his logic might have served not at all but for a solemnity of earnestness which serves him well in moments of emergency. It is a manner long familiar to the Commons at Ottawa, among whom he sits for Victoria. It is a manner compounded of voice and gesture, inspired by a perfect sincerity. The voice at such times may sink to a whisper yet remain perfectly audible. The gesture may be only the raising of a hand. The effect is unfailing. Sir Sam can bare his heart, or wear it on his sleeve even, without the least suggestion of sentimentality or affectation. He plays this trump card of his temperament in just the right way with a journalist's sense of timeliness.

The home life of the Canadian soldier in Lindsay reflects the literary tastes which, apart from his military genius, give tone to his character. No other Canadian not an actual professional man of letters has given such encouragement to the writers of the Dominion. The critics of Sir Sam accuse him of subtlety in this. His purpose is to have "a good press" and, in truth, one might search the periodical literature of the Dominion far and long without finding a disparaging reference to his personal characteristics. His prominence on the teaching staff of a famous Toronto seat of learning was due to the spell he can cast over the young, according to a writer in the *London Mail*. The enthusiasm of the striplings in Canada for Sam Hughes rendered the rush to enlist embarrassing at first. He has his young friends in every province of the Dominion, for he is a fine shot, an accomplished rider, a prodigy with the reel and the dry fly. No living Canadian is said to know the face of the country better, to be in such intimate touch with the elements comprising the population. Nothing was so characteristic of the man as his loyalty to one of his secretaries, accused of being a full-blooded German. Sam Hughes vowed that he would answer for the man with his own life.



THE GREATEST MILITARY ORGANIZER OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE

Sir Sam Hughes, the Canadian soldier-statesman, brought to England the finest contingents that arrived from any quarter, better trained than the home troops, better armed and better equipped.

endure the modification of his plans in the light of a general conception. He is accused of failing to appreciate the need of coordination if the forces of the allies are to achieve something tangible. Sir Sam's idea of a general is a commander who fights. This expresses his temperament, that of the man of action. He happens to be swift and witty in retort, a circumstance that does not commend him to military magnates in London by any means. He burst on the French in a blaze of glory. Here was a Briton who wanted to hurry the pace, who detested dissipations of fighting strength in Mesopotamia and on Gallipoli, who contended that the war must be won in France and Belgium, who insisted that the vital front was on

guage of the Latin sister, that he returns the fraternal embrace with the warmth of a heart that loves France, that he boils with a righteous wrath against the Hun. He was the elder brother of his young men in the trenches. Unfortunately, Sir Sam relieved his feelings while in France on the subject of dawdlers with a warmth that won him the confidence of influential Parisians who think that M. Briand himself is strangely ignorant of the limitations of General This, That and the Other. Neither did the military magnates in the British capital relish the encouragement given by Sir Sam to some officers of the line who had grievances against officers of the staff.

An organizing genius less creative

MUSIC AND DRAMA

"JUSTICE"—GALSWORTHY'S INTENSE PRISON DRAMA WHICH HAS STARTLED NEW YORK PLAYGOERS

ANNOUNCED by its producers, Mr. John D. Williams and his associates of the Corey-Williams-Riter Company, as a "serious play for serious-minded people," John Galsworthy's intensely modern tragedy, "Justice," seems to have upset all the traditions of the New York theater. It has aroused critics and playgoers to an expression of enthusiastic appreciation unequaled during the course of the theatrical season—one might say during several seasons in New York. The play is, of course, timely because of its tacit appeal for humanity in the treatment of prisoners. But it is devoid of the sentimentality Broadway playgoers usually demand in so-called "sociological" plays. "Justice" is drama stripped of every vestige of theatricalism, every suspicion of comic relief, a depressing structure of stark and naked realism. Yet so compelling is the production at the Candler Theater in every detail, both in the acting and in the subtle creation of the proper atmosphere for the Galsworthy drama, that it has, in a sense, reawakened a consciousness of the high artistic mission of the modern theater. As the critic of the New York *Sun* points out, "Justice" has little or no relation to the average play. "Even artistic exaggeration does not occur in this work. . . . It clings relentlessly to its theme even at the price of the unrelieved gloom which is perhaps the dominating quality of the piece. . . . Mr. Galsworthy's modern tragedy is like all tragedies of every-day life, mean and without elevation or beauty. But it is as direct and unswerving as the antique play of the same kind. There are pity and terror and little else in its scenes." But there is also in this play the beauty of superb workmanship, the creation of a powerful drama out of new material, by new methods, as the critic of the New York *Evening Post* is discerning enough to discover. He writes:

"The integrity of Mr. Galsworthy's purpose is proved by the fairness with which he permits the prosecuting counsel and the judge to expose the weak points in his own arguments, and to secure a verdict in accordance with the law and the evidence. His art as a dramatist is exhibited in the skill with which he contrives to create an atmosphere of suspense concerning an issue which could never be in doubt. It is a masterly scene, written to show that justice, blindfolded, and hold-

ing the scales exactly even, may err on account of the bandage. Herein is the crux of the whole grave dilemma. How is the recuperative moral force of the offender, who commits a deliberate crime like forgery, to be determined? In such a case will pardon act as a deterrent or encouragement? By what test is a decision to be reached? Does mercy always reform? How many chances, in the matter of self-defence, ought an enlightened society to take? These are very difficult questions which Mr. Galsworthy suggests but does not attempt to answer."

It is undoubtedly this art that makes the play one of the most significant theatrical attractions of the present season, "the most gripping drama of a decade," in the opinion of the New York *World*. "Justice" was originally produced in London six years ago, and has been published in this country by Charles Scribner's Sons (to whom we are indebted for permission to reprint the following excerpts). Therefore its power to attract and to engross New York playgoers is evidently not dependent upon any novelty of theme or temporary sensationalism of subject.

Mr. Galsworthy has, in fact, stripped his subject of all non-essentials. The plot is simple and direct, a veritable "slice of life." William Falder, junior clerk in the offices of James How and his son, William How, solicitors, raises a check from nine pounds to ninety. He commits this crime to free Ruth Honeywill and her children from the brutal drunkard to whom she is bound by marriage and the strict British divorce laws. Falder and Ruth had planned to escape into another country where they might take up life as man and wife. Of course the crime is detected. Falder, who is not depicted as a paragon of moral strength, tries to shield himself behind a former employee; but his guilt is verified. James How charges him with felony, and he is held for trial.

The second act reveals an English court of justice. Hector Frome, counsel for the defendant Falder, attempts to appeal to the humanity of the jury men and judge, who, "raised above the clamor of the court, seems unconscious of and indifferent to everything." Frome pictures the pitiful and painful background of events which led to the commission of the forgery. He is accused by the counsel for the Crown of endeavoring to cast a "romantic glamor

around the defendant." Ruth Honeywill is called to give her testimony, and the weak-willed, pitiful defendant himself, obviously no criminal, also makes a free and full confession. Finally Hector Frome makes his appeal to the jury. His speech is one of the noteworthy features of the tragedy:

FROME. If it please your lordship—Gentlemen of the Jury,—My friend in cross-examination has shown a disposition to sneer at the defence which has been set up in this case, and I am free to admit that nothing I can say will move you, if the evidence has not already convinced you that the prisoner committed this act in a moment when to all practical intents and purposes he was not responsible for his actions; a moment of such mental and moral vacuity, arising from the violent emotional agitation under which he had been suffering, as to amount to temporary madness.

My friend has alluded to the romantic glamor with which I have sought to invest this case. Gentlemen, I have done nothing of the kind. I have merely shown you the background of life—that palpitating life which, believe me—whatever my friend may say—always lies behind the commission of a crime. Now, gentlemen, we live in a highly civilized age, and the sight of brutal violence disturbs us in a very strange way, even when we have no personal interest in the matter. But when we see it inflicted on a woman whom we love—what then? Just think of what your own feelings would have been, each of you, at the prisoner's age; and then look at him. Well! he is hardly the comfortable, shall we say bucolic, person likely to contemplate with equanimity marks of gross violence on a woman to whom he was devotedly attached.

Yes, gentlemen, look at him! He has not a strong face; but neither has he a vicious face. He is just the sort of man who would easily become the prey of his emotions. You have heard the description of his eyes. My friend may laugh at the word funny—I think it better describes the peculiar uncanny look of those who are strained to breaking-point than any other word which could have been used. I don't pretend, mind you, that his mental irresponsibility was more than a flash of darkness, in which all sense of proportion became lost; but I do contend that, just as a man who destroys himself at such a moment may be, and often is, absolved from the stigma attaching to the crime of self-murder, so he may, and frequently does, commit other crimes while in this irresponsible condition, and that he may as justly be acquitted of criminal intent and treated as a patient. I admit that this is a plea which might well be abused. It

is a matter for discretion. But here you have a case in which there is every reason to give the benefit of the doubt.

You heard me ask the prisoner what he thought of during those four fatal minutes. What was his answer? "I thought of Mr. Cokeson's face!" Gentlemen, no man could invent an answer like that; it is absolutely stamped with truth. You have seen the great affection (legitimate or not) existing between him and this woman, who came here to give evidence for him at the risk of her life. It is impossible for you to doubt his distress on the morning when he committed this act. We well know what terrible havoc such distress can make in weak and highly nervous people. It was all the work of a moment. The rest has followed, as death follows a stab to the heart, or water drops if you hold up a jug to empty it. Believe me, gentlemen, there is nothing more tragic in life than the utter impossibility of changing what you have done.

Once this check was altered and presented, the work of four minutes—four mad minutes—the rest has been silence. But in those four minutes the boy before you has slipped through a door, hardly opened, into that great cage which never again quite lets a man go—the cage of the Law. His further acts, his failure to confess, the alteration of the counterfoil, his preparation for flight, are all evidence—not of deliberate and guilty intention when he committed the prime act from which these subsequent acts arose; no—they are merely evidence of the weak character which is clearly enough his misfortune. But is a man to be lost because he is bred and born with a weak character?

Gentlemen, men like the prisoner are destroyed daily under our law for want of that human insight which sees them as they are, patients, and not criminals. If the prisoner be found guilty, and treated as tho he were a criminal type, he will, as all experience shows, in all probability become one. I beg you not to return a verdict that may thrust him back into prison and brand him for ever.

Gentlemen, Justice is a machine that, when some one has once given it the starting push, rolls on of itself. Is this young man to be ground to pieces under this machine for an act which at the worst was one of weakness? Is he to become a member of the luckless crews that man those dark, ill-starred ships called prisons? Is that to be his voyage—from which so few return? Or is he to have another chance, to be still looked on as one who has gone a little astray, but who will come back? I urge you, gentlemen, do not ruin this young man! For, as a result of those four minutes, ruin, utter and irretrievable, stares him in the face. He can be saved now. Imprison him as a criminal, and I affirm to you that he will be lost. He has neither the face nor the manner of one who can survive that terrible ordeal. Weigh in the scales his

criminality and the suffering he has undergone. The latter is ten times heavier already. He has lain in prison under this charge for more than two months. Is he likely ever to forget that? Imagine the anguish of his mind during that time. He has had his punishment, gentlemen, you may depend. The rolling of the chariot-wheels of Justice over this boy began when it was decided to prosecute him. We are now already at the second stage. If you permit it to go on to the third I would not give—that for him.

The jury and the judge are evidently not impressed. Falder is found guilty. The judge presents the weighty institutional view of the Law, which is in striking contrast with that of the young attorney, Hector Frome. Declaring



From the New York Times

THE SHADOW

Playgoers who have witnessed the New York production of "Justice" will not soon forget the vivid and poignant pantomime of John Barrymore when he portrays the victim of British justice in solitary confinement.

that, in his opinion, Falder has been rightly found guilty of the felony of forgery, the judge delivers a lengthy address to the prisoner, concluding:

THE JUDGE. The story has been told here to-day of your relations with this—Mrs. Honeywill; on that story both the defence and the plea for mercy were in effect based. Now what is that story? It is that you, a young man, and she, a woman unhappily married, had formed an attachment, which you both say—with what truth I am unable to gauge—had not yet resulted in immoral relations, but which you both admit was about to result in such relationship. Your counsel has made an attempt to palliate this, on the ground that the woman is in what he de-

scribes, I think, as a hopeless position. As to that I can express no opinion. She is a married woman, and the fact is patent that you committed this crime with the view of furthering an immoral design. Now, however I might wish, I am not able to justify to my conscience a plea for mercy which has a basis inimical to morality. It is vitiated *ab initio*, and would, if successful, free you for the completion of this immoral project. Your counsel has made an attempt to trace your offence back to what he seems to suggest is a defect in the marriage law; he has made an attempt also to show that to punish you with further imprisonment would be unjust. I do not follow him in these flights. *The Law is what it is*—a majestic edifice, sheltering all of us, each stone of which rests on another. I am

concerned only with its administration. The crime you have committed is a very serious one. I cannot feel it in accordance with my duty to Society to exercise the powers I have in your favor. You will go to penal servitude for three years. (Falder, who throughout the Judge's speech has looked at him steadily, lets his head fall forward on his breast. Ruth starts up from her seat as he is taken out by the warders. There is a bustle in court.)

THE JUDGE. (Speaking to the reporters.) Gentlemen of the Press, I think that the name of the female witness should not be reported. (The reporters bow their acquiescence.)

THE JUDGE. (To Ruth, who is staring in the direction in which Falder has disappeared.) Do you understand, your name will not be mentioned?

COKESEON. (Pulling her sleeve.) The Judge is speaking to you. (Ruth turns, stares at the Judge, and turns away.)

THE JUDGE. I shall sit rather late to-day. Call the next case.

CLERK OF ASSIZE. (To a warder.) Put up John Booley.

(To cries of "Witnesses in the case of Booley," the curtain falls.)

The third act is devoted to a series of pictures of English prison life. The first scene, placed in the office of the governor of the prison, reveals the attitude of the prison officials. In spite of their good intentions, routine and habit have calloused the governor, the doctor and the priggish young chaplain to the sufferings of the prisoners in their care. The second scene, a corridor of the prison, illustrates the ghastly inhumanity of the system of solitary confinement, the amazing disproportion between the crime and its expiation, and the process by which the psychology of the criminal is created.

But the climax of terror and pity is reached in the third scene, which reveals William Falder in his cell. This scene, as enacted by John Barrymore,

and staged with all the mastery of modern stage craft, must remain in the memory as one of the most effective stage pictures of the modern theater. Galsworthy's stage-directions (no word is spoken during this scene) convey vividly the terror of the scene.

Among the solitary prisoners an epidemic of restlessness has broken out, that type of restlessness which, as the soldier-governor has previously explained, sometimes breaks out before thunder among the horses of the cavalry lines. This restlessness expresses itself in a hopeless beating upon the doors of the cell. How this comes to Falder is vividly depicted:

In fast-fading daylight, Falder, in his stockings, is seen standing motionless with his head inclined towards the door, listening. He moves a little closer to the door, his stockinged feet making no noise. He stops at the door. He is trying harder and harder to hear something, any little thing that is going on outside. He springs suddenly upright—as if at a sound—and remains perfectly motionless. Then, with a heavy sigh, he moves to his work, and stands looking at it, with his head down; he does a stitch or two, having the air of a man so lost in sadness that each stitch is, as it were, a coming to life.

Then turning abruptly, he begins pacing the cell, moving his head, like an animal pacing its cage. He stops again at the door, listens, and, placing the palms of his hands against it with his fingers spread out, leans his forehead against the iron. Turning from it, presently, he moves slowly back towards the window, tracing his way with his finger along the top line of the distemper that runs round the wall. He stops under the window, and, picking up the lid of one of the tins, peers into it. It has grown very nearly dark. Suddenly the lid falls out of his hand with a clatter—the only sound that has broken the silence—and he stands staring intently at the wall where the stuff of the shirt is hanging rather white in the darkness—he seems to be seeing somebody or something there. There is a sharp tap and click; the cell light behind the glass screen has been turned up. The cell is brightly lighted. Falder is seen gasping for breath.

A sound from far away, as of distant, dull beating on thick metal, is suddenly audible. Falder shrinks back, not able to bear this sudden clamor. But the sound grows, as tho some great tumbril were rolling towards the cell. And gradually it seems to hypnotize him. He begins creeping inch by inch nearer to the door. The banging sound, traveling from cell to cell, draws closer and closer; Falder's hands are seen moving as if his spirit had already joined in this beating, and the sound swells till it seems to have entered the very cell. He suddenly raises his clenched fists. Panting violently, he flings himself at his door, and beats on it.

In the last act Falder is free on ticket of leave. He must report to the authorities every four weeks. The scene is the office of James and Walter How, where Ruth Honeywill comes to appeal to old Cokeson, the managing

clerk, to reinstate Falder, whom she has met by chance. He questions her concerning her own unfortunate life. She had returned to her husband, but his cruelty to the children had driven her away with them again:

COKESON. (*Fascinated in spite of himself.*) Then there you were! And what did you do then?

RUTH. (*With a shrug.*) Tried the same as when I left him before . . . making skirts . . . cheap things. It was the best I could get, but I never made more than ten shillings a week, buying my own cotton and working all day; I hardly ever got to bed till past twelve. I kept at it for nine months. (*Fiercely.*) Well, I'm not fit for that; I wasn't made for it. I'd rather die.

COKESON. My dear woman! We mustn't talk like that.

RUTH. It was starvation for the children too—after what they'd always had. I soon got not to care. I used to be too tired. (*She is silent.*)

COKESON. (*With fearful curiosity.*) Why, what happened then?

RUTH. (*With a laugh.*) My employer happened then—he's happened ever since.

COKESON. Dear! Oh dear! I never came across a thing like this.

RUTH. (*Dully.*) He's treated me all right. But I've done with that. (*Suddenly her lips begin to quiver, and she hides them with the back of her hand.*) I never thought I'd see him again, you see. It was just a chance I met him by Hyde Park. We went in there and sat down, and he told me all about himself. Oh! Mr. Cokeson, give him another chance.

COKESON. (*Greatly disturbed.*) Then you've both lost your livings! What a horrible position!

RUTH. If he could only get here—where there's nothing to find out about him!

COKESON. We can't have anything derogative to the firm.

RUTH. I've no one else to go to.

COKESON. I'll speak to the partners, but I don't think they'll take him, under the circumstances. I don't really.

RUTH. He came with me; he's down there in the street. (*She points to the window.*)

COKESON. (*On his dignity.*) He shouldn't have done that until he's sent for. (*Then softening at the look on her face.*) We've got a vacancy, as it happens, but I can't promise anything.

RUTH. It would be the saving of him.

COKESON. Well, I'll do what I can, but I'm not sanguine. Now tell him that I don't want him till I see how things are. Leave your address. (*Repeating her.*) 83 Mullingar Street? (*He notes it on blotting-paper.*) Good morning.

RUTH. Thank you.

When Falder comes into the office, the full and terrible effects of his prison life are painfully evident. He appeals to old Cokeson for help, and in the course of his conversation reveals his desperation and hopelessness.

FALDER. It's no good deceiving you, Mr. Cokeson. The fact is, I seem to be

struggling against a thing that's all round me. I can't explain it: it's as if I was in a net; as fast as I cut it here, it grows up there. I didn't act as I ought to have, about references; but what are you to do? You must have them. And that made me afraid, and I left. In fact, I'm—I'm afraid all the time now. (*He bows his head and leans dejectedly silent over the table.*)

COKESON. I feel for you—I do really. Aren't your sisters going to do anything for you?

FALDER. One's in consumption. And the other—

COKESON. Ye . . . es. She told me her husband wasn't quite pleased with you.

FALDER. When I went there—they were at supper—my sister wanted to give me a kiss—I know. But he just looked at her, and said: "What have you come for?" Well, I pocketed my pride and I said: "Aren't you going to give me your hand, Jim? Cis is, I know," I said. "Look here!" he said, "that's all very well, but we'd better come to an understanding. I've been expecting you, and I've made up my mind. I'll give you fifteen pounds to go to Canada with." "I see," I said—"good riddance! No, thanks; keep your fifteen pounds." Friendship's a queer thing when you've been where I have.

COKESON. I understand. Will you take the fifteen pounds from me? (*Flustered, as Falder regards him with a queer smile.*) Quite without prejudice; I meant it kindly.

FALDER. I'm not allowed to leave the country.

COKESON. Oh! ye . . . es—ticket of leave? You aren't looking the thing.

FALDER. I've slept in the Park three nights this week. The dawns aren't all poetry there. But meeting her—I feel a different man this morning. I've often thought the being fond of her's the best thing about me; it's sacred, somehow—and yet it did for me. That's queer, isn't it?

COKESON. I'm sure we're all very sorry for you.

FALDER. That's what I've found, Mr. Cokeson. Awfully sorry for me. (*With quiet bitterness.*) But it doesn't do to associate with criminals!

COKESON. Come, come, it's no use calling yourself names. That never did a man any good. Put a face on it.

FALDER. It's easy enough to put a face on it, sir, when you're independent. Try it when you're down like me. They talk about giving you your deserts. Well, I think I've had just a bit over.

COKESON. (*Eyeing him askance over his spectacles.*) I hope they haven't made a Socialist of you.

FALDER is suddenly still, as if brooding over his past self; he utters a peculiar laugh.

COKESON. You must give them credit for the best intentions. Really you must. Nobody wishes you harm, I'm sure.

FALDER. I believe that, Mr. Cokeson. Nobody wishes you harm, but they down you all the same. This feeling—(*He stares round him, as tho at something closing in.*) It's crushing me. (*With sudden impersonality.*) I know it is.

Cokeson appeals to the Hows, father and son, to reinstate Falder in their office. They finally agree to this, pro-

vided that Falder gives up Ruth Honeywill.

FALDER. (*After staring at James, suddenly stiffens himself.*) I couldn't give her up. I couldn't! Oh, sir! I'm all she's got to look to. And I'm sure she's all I've got.

JAMES. I'm very sorry, Falder, but I must be firm. It's for the benefit of you both in the long run. No good can come of this connection. It was the cause of all your disaster.

FALDER. But, sir, it means—having gone through all that—getting broken up—my nerves are in an awful state—for nothing. I did it for her.

JAMES. Come! If she's anything of a woman she'll see it for herself. She won't want to drag you down further. If there were a prospect of your being able to marry her—it might be another thing.

FALDER. It's not my fault, sir, that she couldn't get rid of him—she would have if she could. That's been the whole trouble from the beginning. (*Looking suddenly at Walter.*) ... If anybody would help her! It's only money wanted now, I'm sure.

COKESON. (*Breaking in, as Walter hesitates, and is about to speak.*) I don't think we need consider that—it's rather far-fetched.

FALDER. (*To Walter, appealing.*) He must have given her full cause since; she could prove that he drove her to leave him.

WALTER. I'm inclined to do what you say, Falder, if it can be managed.

This vague gleam of futile hope—that his employers may secure a divorce for Ruth—gives Falder a moment of hysterical joy. He rushes out to call in Ruth, who is waiting for him outside. During the brief moment of Falder's absence, old Cokeson informs his partners of Ruth's dereliction. "No, Mr. James," he whispers in alarm, "she's not been quite what she ought to ha' been while this young man's been away. We can't consult how to swindle the Law." Falder comes back. The three men look at him in a sort of awed silence. He has an instinctive apprehension of impending doom when he looks at their faces. Mrs. Honeywill comes in. James How informs Ruth that he has promised to take Falder back for a fresh start, conveying in his look the suggestion that she must sacrifice her love for the clerk.

FALDER. Mr. Walter How is good enough to say that he'll help us to get you a divorce. (*Ruth flashes a startled glance at James and Walter.*)

JAMES. I don't think that's practicable, Falder.

FALDER. But, sir—!

JAMES. (*Steadily.*) Now, Mrs. Honeywill! You're fond of him.

RUTH. Yes, sir; I love him. (*She looks miserably at Falder.*)

JAMES. Then you don't want to stand in his way, do you?

RUTH. (*In a faint voice.*) I could take care of him.



ESCAPE

"Justice is a machine that, when some one has once given it the pushing start, rolls on of itself." Such is the tragic lesson of John Galsworthy's play. There is but one escape for its unfortunate victim. Says Mr. Galsworthy: "Hearts are deep wells. If only they who know what lies at the bottom of their own and of other hearts alone were allowed to 'give the machine the starting push,' your prisons and ours would stand empty. This play does not suggest that we should pursue justice to the point of such a calamity as that; but it does perhaps invite us all to look into those deep wells 'before we lift a finger to set the wheels of justice rolling.'"

JAMES. The best way you can take care of him will be to give him up.

FALDER. Nothing shall make me give you up. You can get a divorce. There's been nothing between us, has there?

RUTH. (*Mournfully shaking her head—without looking at him.*) No.

FALDER. We'll keep apart till it's over, sir; if you'll only help us—we promise.

JAMES. (*To Ruth.*) You see the thing plainly, don't you? You see what I mean?

RUTH. (*Just above a whisper.*) Yes.

COKESON. (*To himself.*) There's a dear woman.

JAMES. The situation is impossible.

RUTH. Must I, sir?

JAMES. (*Forcing himself to look at her.*) I put it to you, ma'am. His future is in your hands.

RUTH. (*Miserably.*) I want to do the best for him.

JAMES. (*A little huskily.*) That's right, that's right!

FALDER. I don't understand. You're not going to give me up—after all this? There's something—(*Starting forward to James.*) Sir, I swear solemnly there's been nothing between us.

JAMES. I believe you, Falder. Come, my lad, be as plucky as she is.

FALDER. Just now you were going to help us. (*He stares at Ruth, who is standing absolutely still; his face and hands twitch and quiver as the truth dawns on him.*) What is it? You've not been—

WALTER. Father!

JAMES. (*Hurriedly.*) There, there! That'll do, that'll do! I'll give you your chance, Falder. Don't let me know what you do with yourselves, that's all.

FALDER. (*As if he has not heard.*) Ruth? (*Ruth looks at him; and Falder covers his face with his hands. There is silence.*)

COKESON. (*Suddenly.*) There's some one out there. (*To Ruth.*) Go in here. You'll feel better by yourself for a min-

ute. (*He points to the clerks' room and moves towards the outer office. Falder does not move. Ruth puts out her hand timidly. He shrinks back from the touch. She turns and goes miserably into the clerks' room. With a brusque movement he follows, seizing her by the shoulder just inside the doorway. Cokeson shuts the door.*)

JAMES. (*Pointing to the outer office.*) Get rid of that, whoever it is.

SWEEDLE. (*Opening the office door, in a scared voice.*) Detective-Sergeant Wister. (*The detective enters, and closes the door behind him.*)

WISTER. Sorry to disturb you, sir. A clerk you had here, two years and a half ago. I arrested him in this room.

JAMES. What about him?

WISTER. I thought perhaps I might get his whereabouts from you. (*There is an awkward silence.*)

COKESON. (*Pleasantly, coming to the rescue.*) We're not responsible for his movements; you know that.

JAMES. What do you want with him?

WISTER. He's failed to report himself these last four weeks.

WALTER. How d'you mean?

WISTER. Ticket of leave won't be up for another six months, sir.

WALTER. Has he to keep in touch with the police till then?

WISTER. We're bound to know where he sleeps every night. I dare say we shouldn't interfere, sir, even tho he hasn't reported himself. But we've just heard there's a serious matter of obtaining employment with a forged reference. What with the two things together—we must have him. (*Again there is silence. Walter and Cokeson steal glances at James, who stands staring steadily at the detective.*)

COKESON. We're very busy at the moment. If you could make it convenient to call again we might be able to tell you then,

JAMES. (*Decisively.*) I'm a servant of the Law, but I dislike preaching. In fact, I can't do such a thing. If you want him you must find him without us. (*As he speaks his eye falls on Falder's cap, still lying on the table, and his face contracts.*)

WISTER. (*Noting the gesture—quietly.*) Very good, sir. I ought to warn you that, having broken terms of his license, he's still a convict, and sheltering a convict—

JAMES. I shelter no one. But you mustn't come here and ask questions which it's not my business to answer.

WISTER. (*Dryly.*) I won't trouble you further then, gentlemen.

COKESON. I'm sorry we couldn't give you the information. You quite understand, don't you? Good morning! (*Wister turns to go, but instead of going to the door of the outer office he goes to the door of the clerks' room.*)

COKESON. The other door... the other door! (*Wister opens the clerks' door. Ruth's voice is heard: "Oh, do!" and Falder's: "I can't!" There is a little pause; then, with sharp fright, Ruth says: "Who's that?" Wister has gone in. The three men look aghast at the door.*)

WISTER. (*From within.*) Keep back, please! (*He comes swiftly out with his arm twisted in Falder's. The latter gives a white, staring look at the three men.*)

WALTER. Let him go this time, for God's sake!

WISTER. I couldn't take the responsibility, sir.

FALDER. (*With a queer, desperate laugh.*) Good! (*Flinging a look at Ruth, he throws up his head, and goes out through the outer office, half dragging Wister after him.*)

WALTER. (*With despair.*) That finishes him. It'll go on for ever now. (*There are sounds of footsteps descending the stone stairs; suddenly a dull thud, a faint "My God!" in Wister's voice.*)

JAMES. What's that? (*Sweedle dashes forward. The door swings to behind him. There is dead silence.*)

WALTER. (*Starting forward to the inner room.*) The woman—she's fainting! (*He and Cokeson support the fainting Ruth from the doorway of the clerks' room.*)

COKESON. (*Distracted.*) Here, my dear! There, there!

WALTER. Have you any brandy?

COKESON. I've got sherry.

WALTER. Get it, then. Quick! (*He places Ruth in a chair which James has dragged forward.*)

COKESON. (*With sherry.*) Here! It's good strong sherry. (*They try to force the sherry between her lips. There is the sound of feet, and they stop to listen. The outer door is reopened—Wister and Sweedle are seen carrying some burden.*)

JAMES. (*Hurrying forward.*) What is it? (*They lay the burden down in the outer office, out of sight, and all but Ruth cluster round it, speaking in hushed voices.*)

WISTER. He jumped—neck's broken.

WALTER. Good God!

WISTER. He must have been made to think he could give me the slip like that. And what was it—just a few months!

WALTER. (*Bitterly.*) Was that all?

JAMES. What a desperate thing! (*Then, in a voice unlike his own.*) Run for a doctor—you! (*Sweedle rushes from the outer office.*) An ambulance! (*Wister goes out. On Ruth's face an expression of fear and horror has been seen growing, as if she dared not turn towards the voices. She now rises and steals towards them.*)

WALTER. (*Turning suddenly.*) Look! (*The three men shrink back out of her way, one by one, into Cokeson's room. Ruth drops on her knees by the body.*)

RUTH. (*In a whisper.*) What is it? He's not breathing. (*She crouches over him.*) My dear! My pretty! (*In the outer office doorway the figures of men are seen standing.*)

RUTH. (*Leaping to her feet.*) No, no! No, no! He's dead! (*The figures of the men shrink back.*)

COKESON. (*Stealing forward. In a hoarse voice.*) There, there, poor dear woman!

COKESON. No one'll touch him now! Never again! He's safe with gentle Jesus! (*Ruth stands as tho turned to stone in the doorway staring at Cokeson, who, bending humbly before her, holds out his hand as one would to a lost dog.*)

THE "SYMPHONY OF THE THOUSAND" THAT SWEEPED PHILADELPHIA OFF ITS FEET

FIVE years after the death of Gustav Mahler, his personality, as expressed in a gigantic musical creation, stirs the city of Philadelphia into a ferment of excitement and the press of the country flames with accounts of the wonders of his genius. Mr. Leopold Stokowski, conductor of the Philadelphia Orchestra, a few weeks ago "mounted" Mahler's "Eighth"—the "Symphony of the Thousand"—and, as one commentator puts it, mobilized the entire city population by way of support. Besides the orchestra, augmented to one hundred and ten players, the performance enlisted the cooperation of choruses aggregating nine hundred and fifty voices and eight soloists—a grand total of one thousand and sixty-eight.

Originally three performances only were planned for Philadelphia, but five more were given to take care of the thousands that had to be turned away, and each time the Academy of Music was crowded to its doors. At a performance given especially for the school children of Philadelphia, 18,000 applications for seats were received—six times the capacity of the hall. The overwhelming majority of those participating in it, including the conductor, the trainer of the choruses, and all the soloists, were Americans. The

enthusiasm which swept the house at each performance was from all accounts unprecedented in America—except at a "World's Series." Mr. A. L. Tubbs writes of it in *Musical America* as follows:

"A description of what took place at the Academy of Music last evening, with consideration of the brilliant audience, its reception of the work, and the enthusiasm with which it was swayed in paying tribute of admiration and congratulation to conductor, chorus, soloists, orchestra and all concerned in the performance, might lead to a succession of superlatives, as the occasion was undoubtedly one of the most notable in the musical history of Philadelphia, and perhaps in that of this country. At any rate, there was a tremendous demonstration at the conclusion of the first part, which was exceeded in enthusiasm by that which occurred at the end of the performance. Mr. Stokowski, who not only had conducted the symphony with certainty and intuitive insight and deep appreciation but entirely from memory, was presented by Alexander Van Rensselaer, president of the Orchestra Association, with a framed bronze wreath, in bas relief, the gift of the association, also receiving two laurel wreaths from individuals, while the audience rose to him with shouted 'Bravos,' and fairly overwhelmed him by the ardor of its enthusiasm."

It goes without saying that only a

partial appreciation of such a difficult and extended work is possible at the first hearing, even by practiced listeners, and it is therefore reasonable to suspect that local pride had a considerable share in making up this enthusiasm. The local critics, however, seem to have been fully alive to the intrinsic merits of the work. Says the *Inquirer*:

"Mahler's *magnum opus* is indeed a noble work, absolutely original in its conception, singularly skillful in its construction, projected upon a scale of unexampled magnitude which yet it fills, employing with a supreme efficiency the manifold instrumentalities which it engages, instrumentalities which are introduced not for their own sake but because their cooperation is essential to the composer's purpose, and revealing at every point and in every manner the influence of a highly creative imagination, working through a technical equipment of incomparable completeness."

The other Philadelphia journals with one exception seconded this praise. The *North American* remarked that it "assumed epoch-making importance and surpassed in effectiveness the predictions of its most enthusiastic admirers."

On a Saturday in December, 1907, Gustav Mahler arrived in America, a

small, dark-haired, dark-complexioned man, of delicate build, with rather a large head, a protruding chin, an extraordinarily tall forehead, a large nose and a kindly smile which played about his almost feminine mouth and his keen, earnest eyes. Bespectacled, nervous in manner, he suggested the traditional schoolmaster more than anything else. He had been engaged by Mr. Heinrich Conried to conduct certain operas at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

On New Year's Day, 1908, he conducted his first performance of "Tristan and Isolde." Critics and public awakened to the fact that a new order of things had been established and he was hailed as a "success." For two seasons he gave New York what were perhaps the most remarkable operatic interpretations in its history. Then he resigned. He was made conductor of the Philharmonic Society, overhauled that age-worn organization, and brought it to a level where for the first time it stood comparison with its great Boston rival. He conducted some ninety concerts during 1909-11, and gave New Yorkers a new insight into Bach, Mozart and Beethoven; was mildly praised by some critics, condemned as a vandal by others, had to suffer dictation from unintelligent "music-patrons," fell ill and returned home in disgust. His departure and his death shortly after scarcely left a ripple upon the smooth waters of public complacency.

The Eighth Symphony, according to Daniel Gregory Mason, writing in the *New Republic*, was first performed under the composer's direction in Munich, Sept. 12th, 1909, nearly four years after it was written and while Mahler was under contract in America. He afterwards wrote what is in effect his "Ninth" (tho not so called by him), and began a "Tenth"; but the "Eighth" is regarded as his greatest work. It has been the subject of much controversy, and critical judgments passed upon it are most conflicting.

In the same journal Mr. Paul L. Rosenfeld compares Mahler to Beethoven because of a spiritual likeness between the two men and an actual desire on Mahler's part to imitate Beethoven's work.

"Beethoven and Mahler are examples of the type of artist to whom his craft represents not so much an esthetic expression born of a joy in creation as a means of answering some intellectually conceived philosophic or religious problem, of creating for himself a happiness that through some inward maladjustment he wants. The intention of the music of these composers is not music, it is literature, morality, faith. The cause lies perhaps in an inability to find satisfaction in the living of life that drives them to seek their contact with reality through art. Their impulse is not the creation of beauty, but



THE RODIN BUST OF MAHLER

This vision of the misunderstood conductor and composer by the great French sculptor is said to be one of the best representations of his spiritual power and nervous force.

the search for happiness. Because they are without it, they are eternally striving for something that will give it them, and their work is only the record of their struggle to attain the poise and harmony that is not within them. The inherent tragedy of the struggle is that their music, because they are striving to attain an effect with it, remains literary intention, and not perfect work."

Mr. Rosenfeld concludes his comparison to the disparagement of Mahler, who, he says, had an undue desire to be grandiose and, like the age and nation in which he lived, proclaimed his faith in the ability of mere physical force to gain spiritual ends.

Until Mahler's death only six performances of his symphonies, according to Paul Stefan's study of his personality and work (G. Schirmer), were given by conductors other than himself in Vienna. His *Lieder* had quite disappeared.

"He was not understood, at any rate

as long as he lived; he was scarcely known, people scarcely sought to know him. Celebrated he was amongst those who worked with him at his art; to many he appeared as a transient flame seizing some one here and there as in a whirlwind terrifying and then leaving him dazed—an experience of price only to the fewest."

Mahler was a German-Bohemian of Hebrew extraction, born in 1860. At the age of two, it is said, he could sing all the folk and soldier songs heard in the streets and barracks of his native town. He studied at Vienna, at Budapest he raised a delapidated institution to such a bright of splendor that, according to Brahms, whosoever wanted to witness a perfect performance of "Don Giovanni," had to journey to the Hungarian capital and hear Mahler do it. At Vienna he was for ten years director of the court opera. He came to America to attain material independence.

Mr. Stefan dwells on his broad culture, his knowledge of the philosophers, Kant and Schopenhauer especially, his study of the natural sciences. Not only Goethe and Schiller, but the

whole Romantic School of German literature were his possession. Gerhart Hauptmann, the poet, said of him: "The genius of Gustav Mahler is representative of the great tradition of

German music . . . and has the demoniacal nature and the ardent morality of the German intellect, the only nobility that still can prove his truly divine origin."

AN AMERICAN COMPOSER'S TRIUMPH IN RUSSIA

HENRY F. GILBERT has not left his native heath in search of musical themes, but has sought to portray in his music nothing but the atmosphere and character of America. In spite of this—or, more likely, because of it—his music, finding its way to far-off Kiev, has kindled the enthusiasm of the conductor of the Russian Imperial Symphony Orchestra. Reinhold Glière, himself one of the leading contemporary composers in Russia, produced Gilbert's "Comedy Overture" as a notable tribute to a brother composer in the United States. The news of this event has, because of the war, been slow in reaching America. Mr. Ivan Narodny tells of it in *Musical America*:

"Delayed word comes to the effect that one of our young American composers has been hailed in Russia as a unique genius and that his orchestral works are to be included in the repertoires of the various symphony societies of that country. The man who is the first of America's living composers to be recognized in Russia is Henry F. Gilbert, whose comedy overture, one of his earlier works, was performed by the Russian Imperial Symphony Orchestra July 27th, at Feodosia, in Crimea, and on August 1 in Odessa. . . . On both occasions Reinhold Glière, the celebrated Russian composer, and the director of the symphony orchestra, conducted.

"Mr. Gilbert's entrée into Russia is more significant than that of any other of his compatriots for the reason that he has struck a note absolutely new to Russian audiences. The success of his overture was so great that the public gave a special ovation to the conductor and the wish was expressed that the work be given many times more. Mr. Glière writes me that the piece will be performed during the winter in Kiev, Moscow and Petrograd, and asks that other orchestral scores of Gilbert and a list of his vocal and piano compositions be sent him at once. . . .

"The opinion of the Russian critics is that Gilbert's music is both unique and great, and that his works should become known all over the country. One of the critics writes: 'Gilbert is a composer who does not seek after artificial effects and forced phrases, such as we have heard in the works of most of such modernists as Max Reger, Richard Strauss, Claude Debussy, and Rebikow. His music is spontaneous, natural and beautiful. One can feel the powerful individuality of the American composer in his direct and

classic message. . . . There is no doubt that Gilbert will soon lead the Frenchmen and Germans in our concert repertoires. Let us have more of him!'"

Another Russian critic writes: "What a pity that we know so little of American music. All we have learned through German-French channels about America consists of a few patriotic songs, ragtime, and sewing-machines. If Gilbert's composition had such an overwhelming success there must be other artists like him. Gilbert has sent us in this fine work a great message from a different world that stirs our imagination." Glière himself writes of Gilbert's overture: "It is melodic, pleasing and well orchestrated. America should be proud of a genius like Gilbert." To this the famous composer, Glazounoff, adds his opinion that the piece is simple, original and powerful, well orchestrated and melodious, and he recommends it warmly for future orchestral production.

"It has been my ideal not to allow any composer or school of music to influence me to the point of imitating them. I have striven to express my own individuality regardless whether it was good, bad or indifferent. I prefer my own hat to a borrowed crown."

In these words this "Mark Twain of American music," as one writer has

called him, defines his position among contemporary composers. He is in the fore of those enlisted under the banner of nationalism and a strenuous antagonist of those who subject themselves to European traditions.

Whatever the ultimate judgment may be, all critics at present seem to be agreed that Gilbert's work is essentially American—as American as the composer's own slouch hat that he prefers to a crown, or the corn-cob pipe that he will not surrender in exchange for the finest meerschaum.

Gilbert is a true son of the American soil, artistically a self-made man. He was not trained in a groove, but rough-and-tumbled into his present calling in a manner that savors strongly of romance. As we learn from E. C. Ranck and H. K. Moderwell, writing in the *Boston Transcript*, he played the fiddle in hotels, held down work-a-day jobs for daily bread, raised silk worms, and rose to the dignity of foreman in a music-printing shop. He was born in Somerville, Mass., in 1868 and received his first instruction on an old fiddle whittled by his grandfather from a cigar box. He studied harmony with George Henry Howard of Boston. Then for ten years he almost forgot a musical career in his insatiable thirst for new life experiences. He went to Florida and collected butterflies, to the Chicago World's Fair, where he jobbed in restaurants, to Paris on a cattle boat. There he heard Charpentier's "Louise," and from that moment determined to devote his life to creative musical art. Later, we learn, he sat at the feet of MacDowell, copying and generally "fagging" for him by way of pay for his instruction. Among other things he collected for MacDowell the "Indian" thematic material for the famous "Indian Suite." This excursion into American primitive music led to further researches in that direction and brought him to the conclusion that in American "folk-music," such as it is, are to be found the real germs of a nationalistic art form.

Mr. Arthur Farwell, himself at one time the most prominent exponent of Americanism in national music, writes in the American volume of "The Art of Music," just published, as follows:

"No American composer stands forth with a more sharply defined individuality than Henry F. Gilbert, and none has given



THE MARK TWAIN OF AMERICAN MUSIC

Henry F. Gilbert has earned this epithet by his individuality and blunt Americanism, which, reflected in his compositions, have aroused interest not only in this country, but even in Russia.

himself with greater ardor to the accomplishment of something truly American in musical art. . . . As a mere boy in his teens he had an insatiable curiosity concerning every discoverable phase of the world's music, and at that age, while America was still in the throes of the Wagner controversy, he was thoroly familiar with the music of the entire group of now famous French, Russian, Bohemian and other composers, whose names at that time were wholly unknown on this side of the water, and comparatively little known at home. At the same time he gained an extensive knowledge of the folk-songs of the world, and made extensive studies into remote aspects of the world's literature."

A "Negro Episode" and a "Legend" for orchestra gave the first flavor of Gilbert's Americanism. The barbaric

and famous "Pirate Song" (words from "Treasure Island") as well as the delicate "Croon of the Dew" and the "South American Gipsy Songs" were other products of his earlier period. A strong Celtic influence then asserted itself, based upon a study of ancient Celtic folk-songs. The chief results were the "Lament of Deirdre," a remarkable song of intense pathos, four very individual songs called "Celtic Studies"; and the "Fairy Song," all making use of verses of the Irish poets. A fine piece of American savagery from this period, presumably deriving from Whitman's influence, is the song on Frederick Manly's poem, "Fish Wharf Rhapsody." "These various phases," says Mr. Farwell, "finally yielded to a strong impulse toward a

bold expression of Americanism, and Gilbert composed the 'Comedy Overture on Negro Themes,' a vigorous and jubilant work, which has been widely heard and has awakened much interest in the composer. A less important 'Humoresque on Negro Minstrel Tunes' for orchestra followed, and a massive orchestral 'Negro Rhapsody' first produced at the Norfolk Festival under the composer's direction in 1913. 'The Dance in the Place Congo' for orchestra, after a vivid word-painting by George W. Cable, is the composer's most extensive work. Often rough in technique, tho greatly resourceful, and rich in orchestral imagination, it is to the spirit of the time and nation that Gilbert makes his contribution and his appeal."

MELODRAMA IN FREE VERSE—THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENT OF THE EXPERIMENTAL THEATER

MELODRAMA in "free verse" (vers libre)—that is the latest manifestation of modernism in the theatrical and poetical realms. "The Magical City," a play of New York City, by Zoe Akins, the St. Louis poet, has been produced by the Washington Square Players, whose avowed purpose is to experiment with new forms and new methods in the theater. "The Magical City" is interesting in itself as well as an experiment, says the critic of the New York Times. The New York it reveals is, however, more familiar to the patrons of screen-plays than to the inhabitants of Manhattan. The play concerns a beautiful young actress named Petronelle, whose beauty had been developed through long years of flower-making in an East Side hovel. Now, ensconced in a hectically decorated room of a none too circumspect hotel, she lisps in the temperamental measures of free verse. She had danced out of the slums to the doors of a Broadway stage. Her name is linked, from coast to coast, with that of a certain rich man. A poet loves her, however—a poet who describes himself in the following colorful terms:

"I am one of the candle flames
Guttering in the dark
Of Gotham.
There is nothing so splendid
Under the stars to me
As the Magical City
That I call home,
And where never a kinsman is,
Nor a thing of my own."

He sings to the girl as follows:

"Petronelle, you
Are a golden fairy
Whose enchanted palace
Is Gotham—
And here in the Magical City
On the vine at its casement windows

Blooming at dusk,
Love like a moon-flower blows
Whiter against the dark
Than lillies in sunlit gardens
In the green and quiet country."

Another characteristic speech is that of Petronelle when she explains her relations with the wealthy Rudolph Phillips:

"The legend is true;
Those people
Up and down Broadway
Who have only seen me
On the stage in a chorus;
And all those people
Between here and California
Who have never seen me . . .
Or him . . .
All those little unknown people
Whom I shall never speak to
Or see,
Knew the legend
And told each other our secret
Before it had happened.
I saw him once
And not again
Until months after;
Yet they were saying
Even then, of me
And a man I scarcely knew,
What afterward happened.
Perhaps their saying it,
And wishing it,
Made it happen."

This poet of the play, David, has absorbed the Gotham philosophy of life, it seems; therefore he is not jealous of Petronelle's relations with Rudolph Phillips. Instead, he is submissive and philosophical. He explains:

"Yes—here in Gotham
Has arisen a philosophy
Not unlike that
The bronze-skinned children of the East
Wrested a thousand years ago
From their iron skies . . .
What will be . . . will be . . .
Let it be . . ."

The rich man returns to claim the

girl. Disdainful of the poet, he offers the girl a free choice. She chooses the rich man. Robbed of his sweetheart and his "magical city," of his "moon flower" and his philosophy, David, the poet, overcome by jealousy, shoots his rich rival. The tragedy is hushed up by the millionaire's brother. The poet is sent away to the other side of the world. He exclaims:

"Yes. . . .
I am to keep my mouth shut;
I understand.
If I had killed this watchman
In a quarrel over a woman
I would go to the chair.
But I have killed Caesar,
And so I shall have
An island, if I like,
In the blue Aegean Sea.
So it is written in Gotham."

An interesting contrast to the poet's language is found in the speech of the maid, who, addressing Petronelle, also in free verse, remarks:

It's interesting, too,
To be around
And watch you get your way with men.
But take it from me, kiddo,
You're going to go too far some day,
And something's going to break. . . ."

The use of free verse in the theater, as indicated by "The Magical City," is, remarks the *Times* critic, singularly effective, and suggests a feasible compromise with the stark, stenographic prose of the modern play:

"Her dialog is near enough to everyday speech to savor of its salt: it is that speech enough transformed to have distinction, and this little distinction lifts the story out of the gutter, gives the suggestion of universality to the fable, the quality of allegory to 'The Magical City.' Now and then in the speech of the girl, and always in the speech of the poet, the lyrical quality is perceptible to the audience."

SCIENCE AND DISCOVERY

SEX FACTORS IN THE MECHANISM OF MENDELIAN HEREDITY

NOTHING in the popular mind to-day is so persistent as ideas that sex is determined by the mental attitude of the mother before the birth of her child, by food, or by some attributes of the environment, such as wars or famine. These notions receive no support from modern students of genetics. All experimental data at present available point to the falsity of such conceptions and show that sex is a Mendelian character, determined at fertilization. The evidence submitted under this head in a study of the mechanism of Mendelian heredity from the department of zoology at Columbia University is particularly conclusive and valuable. The work is too technical in character for any but specialists in the subject, but the *New York Nation* has made a careful analysis of its important conclusions, from which the following points are taken.

Previously to the brilliant researches of Professor Morgan and his students at Columbia University, who bred the fruit-fly by the thousand in milk bottles for more than five years, only a small amount of experimental evidence supported the belief that the chromosomes of the reproductive cells were the bearers of the Mendelian characters. The investigators state Mendel's law very simply. The units, they say, contributed by the two parents separate in the germ-cells (but not in the body-cells) of the offspring without having any influence on each other.

"It is an established fact that the sperm, or male reproductive element of plants and animals, contains a definite number of chromosomes, and that the egg of the same species carries the same number. Accordingly, when a sperm unites with an egg in fertilization, the fertilized product, or zygote, will contain a double number of chromosomes, which promptly arrange themselves in pairs; the process of development then begins, and with the division of the egg into two parts every chromosome also divides, so that each daughter-cell retains a double set of chromosomes. The same process, moreover, continues in all subsequent cell-divisions, so that every body-cell of any adult plant or animal contains a double number of chromosomes, that is, double that of either ovum or sperm.

"The germ-cells, at an early stage, also possess chromosomes in double sets; but in the course of their growth, prior to their complete differentiation, these chro-

mosomes unite in pairs, and a different kind of division takes place; no splitting occurs, but each chromosomal pair separates in such a manner that every mature egg and sperm possesses one-half the double number.

"In regard to this condition, the authors state that the behavior of the chromosomes parallels that of the Mendelian units, for in the germ-cells each unit, derived from the father, separates from the corresponding unit, derived from the mother.

"These units, which represent structural parts that are believed to segregate in the germ-cells and control development, are called 'factors,' and the two factors of any pair are described as allelomorphs of each other, each representing one of a pair of mutually exclusive qualities, while their separation in the germ-cells is technically known as 'segregation.'"

It was early found that all the factors carried by the same chromosome had a tendency to remain together and that the number of inheritable characters for each individual would be large in comparison with the number of chromosomal pairs. Therefore it was assumed that we should expect to find not only independent behavior among these pairs but also that hereditary characters were linked together in groups. The discovery of this character linkage was made ten years ago by Bateson and Punnett in experiments upon the sweet pea. Only a few cases of coupling were mentioned previously to six years ago, when Professor Morgan noticed that in his cultures of the fruit-fly a large number of characters appeared by mutation. Since these creatures reproduce with great rapidity, he was able in a short time to investigate over a hundred characters, which were found to be inherited in four groups. It was further discovered that the germ-cells of this fly possessed four pairs of chromosomes, which bore a relation to the factor groups. Thus between these groups and the chromosomes themselves there appeared to be a correspondence in both numbers and size. When a mutant fly stock with vestigial wings was mated with a wild fly with long wings, long wings were dominant over the vestigial character, which in the second generation gave the Mendelian ratio of 3:1.

Inheritance of sex, when investigated, gave unexpected results:

"The female possesses in each of her germ-cells two chromosomes of one sort, designated as 'X' or XX-chromosomes; but after fertilization, when these bodies are segregated, only one X-chromosome is left in each egg. The germ-cells of the male, on the other hand, are of two kinds, one possessing a single X-chromosome and the other a chromosome of a different order, designated as 'Y.' Accordingly, considering only the chromosomes of the nuclei, if an egg (X) is fertilized by the sperm (Y), the resulting individual will be a male (XY), but if the egg (X) is fertilized by the sperm (X), an individual (XX) of the female sex will be produced. The Y-chromosome is accordingly present only in the male, but X-chromosomes may be passed not only from one female to another but also from male to female and from female to male.

"It was also discovered that certain factors, called 'sex-linked' characters, follow the X-chromosomes. To illustrate: if a wild red-eyed female fruit-fly is mated to a white-eyed male, the progeny will be all red-eyed, because red is dominant over white, and the sexes will be equal in number; but if the progeny are allowed to inbreed, the next generation will show three reds to one white, and all white-eyed flies will be males. Now, if a reciprocal cross is made, that is, if a wild red-eyed male be crossed with a white-eyed female, the descendants in the second generation will show red and white distributed equally in both sexes. These results show the behavior of sex-linked characters for eye-color, when only one pair of factors is involved. To illustrate further, when dealing with two or more pairs of such factors: if a gray fly with vestigial wings is crossed with a long-winged ebony fly, the progeny have long wings and gray bodies, but when these are inbred four types are produced, showing the behavior of two pairs of factors which reside in different chromosomes."

Following the law of geometrical increase, when one pair of chromosomes contains two factors, two will have four factors, and three eight factors; with ten pairs of chromosomes in any cross the number of factors mounts to 1,094, while from twenty chromosomal pairs in the first hybrid, we should expect over a million possible kinds of germ plasm. The number of combinations which two sets of germ-cells may produce through fertilization is extended to an enormous degree. Such considerations suggest the unrivaled complexity of the processes which the mechanism of inheritance entails and which have their seat in bodies that

move with freedom within the compass of a microscopic cell. From this point of view also we can understand the absence of identical individuals in such mixed types as the human race affords. When we further consider the large number of factors which may reside in each chromosome, the chance of identity between individuals is reduced to the vanishing point.

"In studying the inheritance of sex the authors found that a dominant male

transmitted his dominant sex-linked factor only to his daughters, for if a red-eyed female be mated to a white-eyed male, the offspring are all red-eyed; when these are inbred the female offspring have red eyes; but a division occurs in the males, one-half of them being white-eyed and the other half red-eyed. Thus, in such a case, a grandfather transmits a visible character to one-half of his grandsons, but to none of his granddaughters; on the other hand, when a white-eyed female was bred to a red-eyed male, the female progeny was red-eyed and the males

white-eyed, and upon further interbreeding red and white females and males were produced in equal numbers. Such experiments show that the factor for white eyes is carried by the sex-chromosomes, and this behavior is in accord with the inheritance of color-blindness in man."

"In the language of students of heredity, those characteristics that differ in both sexes are called 'sex limited,' while those which determine sex are shown as 'sex factors.'"

THE EFFORT TO ABOLISH THE FAHRENHEIT THERMOMETER

ALL members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science have now received copies of the speech made in Congress by Representative Albert Johnson favoring his bill to discontinue the use of the Fahrenheit thermometer scale in government publications. The Congressman has solicited the views of scientists with reference to his project and *The Scientific American* infers that he is open-minded as to the way in which his reform should be effected, altho he entertains no doubt of the desirability of abolishing the Fahrenheit scale. The bill, as introduced, provides a transition period, terminating January first, 1920, during which the branches of the government may gradually adjust themselves to the use of the centigrade scale. This bill also permits, during the same period, the use of Fahrenheit equivalents of centigrade degrees in parentheses, or otherwise, as may seem desirable. Men of science and the officials of scientific societies are quoted by Representative Johnson as favoring the reform he urges. A committee of scientists, in fact, has undertaken the task of stimulating public opinion on the whole subject. It is superfluous to point out, comments the organ of applied science already named, that a proposal to eliminate the Fahrenheit scale from all government publications is one which ought to be most carefully considered before an irrevocable decision is reached. As matters now stand, the government uses both scales—the centigrade in connection with metric measurements in most of its scientific work and the Fahrenheit in connection with English measurements in its industrial and business relations:

"The proposed change would, perhaps, not affect to a very serious extent any scientific branch of the Government except the Weather Bureau, which now makes comparatively little use of the centigrade scale because the results of its activities are addressed, for the most part, to a public familiar only with Fahrenheit. It would be no easy task to

educate that public to think of 'zero weather' as meaning just freezing, or of 'ninety in the shade' as a temperature that no human being could survive. Moreover, the temperature indications furnished by the Weather Bureau find immediate practical application in many important industries, all of which, if the proposed measure should become law, would be obliged to make constant and vexatious use of conversion tables, or follow the Government's example and abandon the old scale for their own purposes."

Before considering what would be gained by substituting the centigrade scale for the Fahrenheit, it seems to *The Scientific American* worth while to point out that neither of these scales is an ideal one, nor, if our ancestors had taken the precaution of consulting us with regard to them, would either have been adopted. In comparison with a scale reckoned from absolute zero, both are arbitrary and illogical:

"In point of utility, the Fahrenheit scale has some points of marked advantage over its rival. Altho the German instrument-maker's naïve expedient of fixing his zero at the lowest point reached by the thermometer in a certain Iceland winter has not had the desired result of eliminating negative values of temperature from meteorological records, it is undeniable that such values are far more frequent in records kept in centigrade than in those kept in Fahrenheit. Moreover, as the centigrade degree is nearly twice as great an interval as the Fahrenheit, records kept in the latter realize a proportionately higher accuracy, when carried to the same number of decimal places. In order to make centigrade values as accurate as Fahrenheit we must add a column of figures—often entailing a very serious increase in the amount of printing."

The one strong argument in favor of adopting the centigrade scale for all purposes is that we should thereby secure uniformity not only with other countries—Great Britain excepted—but between popular and scientific practice in our own country. This appears to be a very desirable object when one considers the immense

amount of labor that is spent in the interconversion of scales—one well worth the temporary inconvenience and expense that it would entail. When, however, *The Scientific American* looks more carefully into Representative Johnson's plan, it finds the kind of uniformity he proposes seriously qualified because he does not suggest the adoption of the metric system. He is quoted in these terms:

"The metric system and the centigrade scale are two totally different subjects, and the attempt to yoke them together would merely create confusion. The essential advantage of the metric system lies in this, that it enables multiplication and division to be performed by the mere moving of the decimal point. This has nothing to do with the centigrade scale, because there is no occasion to multiply and very little occasion to divide degrees of temperature. Conversely, the essential advantage of the centigrade scale lies not in the division of the thermometric base into 100 deg., but in placing the zero at freezing point. This evidently has nothing to do with the metric system."

Why, asks our scientific contemporary, is it more convenient to call the freezing point of water "zero" than to call it "thirty-two degrees"? Mr. Johnson has shown above that it is for some purposes decidedly less convenient because leading to the more frequent use of negative quantities. It is idle, we read, to speak of an "attempt" to yoke together metric and centigrade because they are already yoked together in nearly the whole body of modern scientific literature.

More than two hundred years have gone by since Fahrenheit made his thermometer. His zero point was found by immersing the thermometer in a mixture of ice and sal ammoniac. He found the freezing point of water by immersing his device in ice and water mixed. He also ascertained the boiling point of water and the blood heat of human beings. Réaumur took the freezing point of water as zero and the boiling point as eighty degrees.

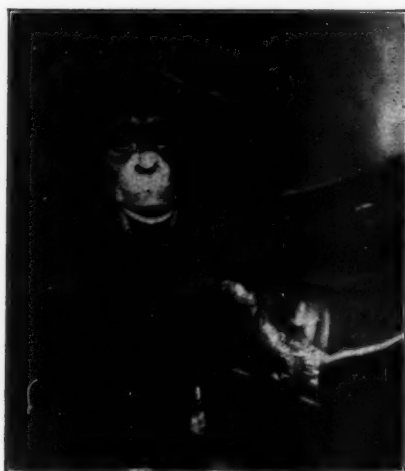
A FRENCH SCIENTIST'S PLAN FOR A COMMUNITY OF APES WITH BRAINS APPROACHING MAN'S

IS IT possible to increase or essentially modify the anthropoid brain to such a degree that it will approach man's brain as developed among the lower human races?

The question has become pressing, says Doctor Jules Goldschmidt. An affirmative answer, he writes in the *New York Times*, would have as a consequence the extension of the same methods to human beings. The object is to obtain the greatest possible brain development and the greatest intellectual power. In the growing animal and human body there exist centers which influence the formation of the different parts of the organism and

"We know a small gland, appendicular to the brain, the hypophysis gland, which has a great influence on the building of the skeleton. The total enucleation of the thyroid gland, in cases of goitre, creates a disease, myxedema, a hypertrophy of skin and bones of the head accompanied by progressive idiocy. By stimulating the action of such glands we may perhaps promote growth and ameliorate the functions of most important vital organs. Finally, it may become possible to enlarge the infantile cranial cavity, stimulate simultaneously the growth of the brain and obtain a superlative intellectual power rarely given to any individual. A vast, new horizon may one day open for mankind for its steadily triumphant career toward cerebral perfection and the mastery over nature."

search has hitherto been rendered difficult if not impossible by the great difference between the human organism and that of all animals available for laboratory experiments. The action of a remedy (to express my meaning popularly) on a sick animal did not guarantee a similar action in human disease. Lately it has been proved that the physiological qualities of the blood of the great anthropoid apes, the gorillas, chimpanzees, and orang-outangs are the same as those of human blood. Furthermore, the successful inoculation of syphilis on these monkeys by Metchnikoff and Roux has beyond doubt shown the great similarity of these animals to human beings in all intrinsic physiological



A TRICKSTER

This is the chimpanzee type approximating human behavior after training.

control the properties and constitutions of the tissues. The point is thus developed by the famous member of the assembly of the Pasteur Institute in Paris:



CIVILIZATION

The reactions of this monkey denote a conception of some of the usages of civilized society.

Some years ago, therefore, Doctor Goldschmidt proposed to rear gorillas and chimpanzees on a small island in some tropical or sub-tropical zone, where they would find conditions most congenial for a healthy, natural life. He indicated for that use one of the Desertas, north of Madeira, or Fuerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands. In a comparatively small, isolated space it would be easy to prevent all contamination, especially from tuberculosis and tropical infections, and to have only the necessary buildings for the young scientists who would gladly devote themselves to this the most interesting work to which they could be called. Professor Goldschmidt did not see the realization of this project for want of funds. Some two years ago it was taken up by Professor Calmesse of the Pasteur Institute in Lille, who secured from the French Government a twenty-year gratuitous lease of the island of Kos, off Konakry, on the tropical west coast of Africa. This island is fairly large, well wooded, inhabited by some hundred and fifty black fishermen who could, the Doctor says, easily be removed to the near-by continent. The island is very healthy and free from most insects which are the carriers of infectious diseases in the tropics. The war has for a time destroyed all hope of the accomplishment of this scheme. For that reason Doctor Goldschmidt suggests that the United States Government offer to science a desert island belonging to the Philippine or Hawaiian group for the raising in full liberty of a colony of gorillas, chimpanzees and orang-outangs. The experiments will not be hampered in that event by the inclemency of northern lands and the captivity of the animals in unwholesome laboratories infected with bacilli. In developing his idea, Doctor Goldschmidt observes:

"All biological and pathological re-



NEARLY REFINED

Here is a trick monkey which illustrates the capacity of the ape mind for sartorial ideation.

and pathological phenomena. Many of the unknown causes of diseases (cancer, among the chief of them), their development, their ultimate prevention and cure



GOOD MANNERS

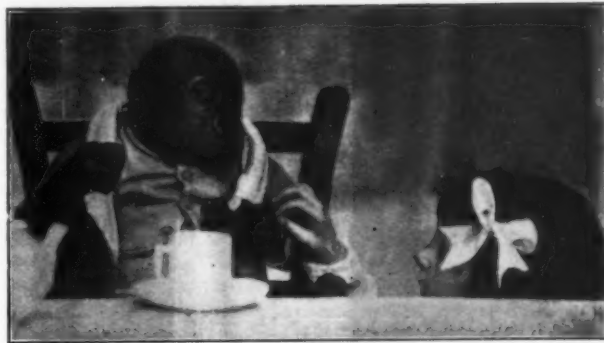
The well trained monkey takes pride in its deportment and exults in approval.

can, therefore, be decisively and rapidly elucidated only by using anthropoids for such investigations."

The rarity of true genius has a bearing upon the project of Doctor Goldschmidt, he affirms, because highly-gifted individuals are too often deprived of all opportunity to develop their innate intellectual faculties. An increase in the number of highly-developed intellects means, of course, a rapid and decisive impulse to human progress:

"The studies can be carried on successfully only by experiments on animals.

Let me say at once that they absolutely exclude vivisection, which seems a necessity only to the scientifically ignorant and prejudiced masses, and which with present-day progress of anatomy, physiology, and biology, is even quite useless. The experiments I propose are to be tried first."



KINDERGARTEN

Complex as is the conduct here exemplified, experience suggests that it presents no difficulty to the anthropoid ape.

HOW THE NEW PHYSICAL SCIENCE HAS EMERGED FROM THE RUINS OF THE OLD

IF WE examine the scientific work of recent times, we shall find that it has been almost entirely critical, says *The Scientific American*; and yet, altho it has destroyed some of the cardinal dogmas of the old orthodox science, it has not left us a mere jumble of ruins but has opened to us vistas wider and deeper than any we have seen before. It is as if the old pillars of science were not so much supporting a structure as obscuring a view.

Let us take, as one example, the old dogma of the invariability of mass. Whatever we did to a body, the mass of that body was supposed to remain constant. If we heated it, then usually its volume became greater but its mass remained unaltered. If it were a chemically compound substance, we could resolve it into its constituent elements; but the combined masses of these elements would equal the original mass of the substance. Experiments of great delicacy were made to test this generalization and it emerged triumphant from all the tests. The statement that the mass of a body remains unaltered was one of the pillars of science.

Criticism has sapped at this pillar and at the present day that pillar lies on the ground an irretrievable ruin. We now regard mass as a varying quantity. The mass a body has when it is at rest is different from the mass it possesses when it is in motion, and for every variation in its motion there is a corresponding variation in its mass. Even when it is moving with a uniform velocity in a straight line it possesses at one and the same time two distinct masses, a transverse and a longitudinal mass. Modern scientific criticism has destroyed one of our old beliefs, but, in doing so, has greatly extended our scientific horizon.

Another fundamental doctrine of the old science has lately been destroyed:

"Nothing in the old science seemed

more unshakable and more fundamental than Newton's three Laws of Motion. The last and, in some respects, the most important of these stated that action and reaction are equal and opposite. The whole of dynamics, including astronomical dynamics, phenomena ranging from a weight hanging at the end of a string to the great body of theory built up around the action of the moon on our tides and of our tides on the moon, seemed to support this law. Yet now we deny it. We assert that action and reaction are not always equal and opposite. A body on which a ray of light impinges experiences a pressure, as was foreseen by Maxwell and Bartholdi and verified experimentally by Lebedeff. The experiments by which this result is obtained are very delicate, but there can be no doubt about the result, more especially as there is a presumption in its favor from the well-known phenomena attending the passage of a comet close to the sun, phenomena which had led Faye to throw out a suggestion of this kind. Now, the pressure calculated by Maxwell cannot be reconciled with the Newtonian principle of action and reaction, since the instant when light impinges on a body is not the same instant when light was emitted from the source. This is not all. A profound mathematical analysis by Poincaré has shown that the violation of Newton's third law of motion is a necessary consequence of any electromagnetic theory which takes account of certain optical phenomena—the partial 'entrainment' of light-waves."

Whatever be the case in literature and the arts, in science the critical faculty is not to be dissociated from the creative faculty.

Otherwise the new physical science would not have emerged from the ruins of the old. It is perfectly evident that certain constructive theories presuppose a criticism and denial of statements which until then had been taken for granted. This critical and at the same time creative tendency in science is perhaps nowhere made more manifest than in the study of the non-Euclidean geometries:

"Even to the instructed mind there seemed something so obvious and necessary about the assumptions of Euclid that even to question those assumptions was in itself a considerable critical achievement. As we know, Bolyai and Lobachewsky questioned those assumptions and simultaneously created a new geometry. The influence of their work has been profound: it has radically altered the way in which we regard a mathematical axiom or postulate in the region of geometry. It was a supreme critical achievement, and was at the same time a supreme creative achievement."

Those who affirm that criticism is never creative must have the arts in mind. Criticism in science is creative.



GOOD NIGHT

Here we have a circus monkey who recognized his keepers and trainers to the extent of saluting them unprompted with a bow.

ORGANIZATION OF THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE WEEDS THAT CAUSE HAY-FEVER

WITH the purpose of showing what can be accomplished by organized effort in the prevention of hay-fever, the American Hay-Fever Prevention Association has concentrated its first efforts in New Orleans. The public there was first educated, says the report of the American Medical Association (written by William Schepppegrell, M.D., New Orleans), regarding the ragweeds. These were made familiar in a popular manner so that they could be recognized readily. The City of New Orleans, through the public works commissioner, placed at the disposal of the association twenty convicts who cleared the streets and sidewalks of the outer sections of the city of the weeds. This was done in accordance with a map prepared by the topographic committee of the associa-



GREAT RAGWEED

Here we have the aspect of the plant which plays so dire a part in the spread of America's most loyal disease.

tion showing the areas infected with ragweed. The local board of health assisted by enforcing the cutting of weeds in vacant lots and the commissioners of the various parks had the ragweed destroyed in the pleasure grounds of the people. A storm destroyed practically all the leaves and flowers of the remaining giant ragweed in exposed places. As a result of this, and through the efforts of the American Hay-Fever Prevention Association, autumn hay-fever disappeared in New Orleans several weeks earlier than the usual time. The national organization believes that what has been done in New Orleans can be done in all towns and cities. The campaign

will be resumed this spring, when its management will be placed in the hands of the State hay-fever associations. Hay-fever, it must be remembered, is far more prevalent in the United States than in Europe. With us the autumnal hay-fever is much more common. In Europe the spring form is the prevailing type.

Some physicians still believe that hay-fever is a local manifestation of some constitutional condition. This theory is held despite the fact that the majority of patients, with similar conditions, have no such manifestations — that when the pollen is not present, as on a sea trip, they do not occur. Improved instruction in the cause of this disease and more careful observation will, according to the official report we quote, gradually correct this error. The development of hay-fever about the time that hay was harvested led to the belief that this was the cause of the disease. Not until 1870 was the relationship of pollen to the facts under investigation established completely.

The particular pollens causing the disease were for a long time unidentified. The plants which form the type of hay-fever producing weeds are the common ragweed and the giant ragweed. In the former, the pollen is not only wind-borne but it is produced in such abundance that a slight blow will dislodge it in clouds, and it is so light that the wind will easily carry it to a considerable distance.

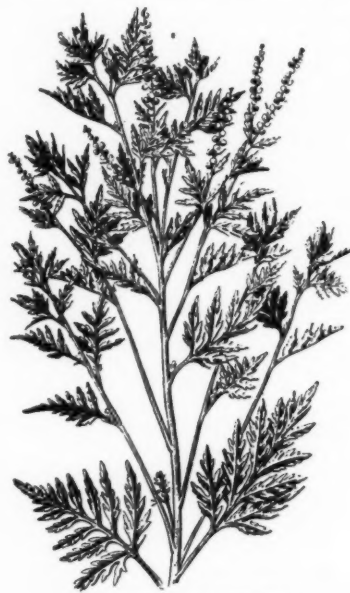
"Relief is experienced when the supply of pollen from any cause is diminished or disappears, as on a sea voyage. A continued rain gives relief, and an absence of wind, or one blowing the pollen away from the patient, gives temporary relief. In the vicinity of New Orleans, there is a large area of ragweed (*Ambrosia trifida*) located north of a certain residential section. A wind from this direction in September causes a marked aggravation of hay-fever in this section, which, until recently, was attributed to the north wind. The causative relation of the ragweed was conclusively demonstrated, however, by exposing a number of these patients to the opposite side of the ragweed area during the prevalence of a south wind, when they promptly reacted to the pollen."

Under favorable climatic and soil conditions this weed is found in every neglected field, on roadsides and even in vacant lots in the cities. In more moist lands, however, the giant ragweed takes the place of the common ragweed and is found in similar profusion. These two varieties of ragweed have been found to be responsible for about eighty-five per cent. of all cases of autumnal hay-fever in the sections in which these weeds are preva-

lent. Contrary to the popular notion, goldenrod is responsible in a very small degree. As the autumnal hay-fever forms the large majority of hay-fever cases in the United States, the importance of a careful study of the Ambrosias (ragweed) is clearly indicated.

"The common variety is called 'artemisioefolia' on account of its leaves resembling those of the wormwood (*Artemisia*). It is an annual with leaves much cut and thin, opposite and alternate. It has spikes of green flowers (staminate) at the end of the branches. The pistillate or fertile flowers are at the intersection of the branches with the stalks. It is especially found in fields where a crop of wheat, rye or oats has been harvested in early summer and afterward neglected. It grows from 1 to 5 feet in height.

"It is a native of America and is found in dry soil from Nova Scotia to Florida



WORMWOOD RAGWEED

Another factor in the hay-fever aristocracy which is about to stamp itself out of existence.

and west to British Columbia and Mexico. It is comparatively rare and local west of Kansas, and is then replaced by *Ambrosia psilostachya*, *Gaertneria acanthocarpa* and *Iva axillaris*, all of which are anemophilous.

"The great ragweed is called 'trifida' on account of its huge three-lobed leaves. It is the tallest member of the composite group, and frequently grows to a height of 12 feet. It has a stout stem with a frostlike pith. The insignificant greenish flowers form a terminal pointed cluster, which are staminate (male). The pistillate flowers, like the common variety, are located near the stalk. It is common in moist soil from Quebec to Florida, and west to Nebraska."

The irritating principle of both ragweeds is the pollen, which is formed in

the staminate flowers, being yellowish, and almost as light as smoke. It is so abundant that during the stage of pollination it will stain one's clothes yellow. Nature has created an immense amount of pollen, so that it can be carried by the wind to the distant pistillate flowers for fertilization. Were the seed wind-blown, like those of the thistles, eradication would be much more difficult. In susceptible patients, typical reactions can be induced by inhaling the pollen at any season of the year. The positive relationship of pollen to hay-fever is in this way absolutely confirmed. The relationship of the ragweeds to fall hay-fever has been clearly established.

"With the development of bacteriology, hay-fever was also supposed to be of microbic origin and infectious. The more recent and accurate investigations on this subject have entirely disproved this belief.

"The majority of text-books state that there is present in hay-fever patients some neuropathic condition which makes them susceptible to pollinosis. While patients during an attack of hay-fever are usually nervous, partly owing to the constitutional effect of the disease and partly to the prolonged annoyance and irritation, an impartial study of all available cases fails to corroborate this.

"The statement that persons of superior education and with the higher nervous temperament incident to modern life are more liable to hay-fever is also a subject for further investigation. The fact that persons living in the country are not so frequently subject to hay-fever is undoubtedly true, but the probable explanation is that the continued exposure, per-

haps for generations, has eventually developed a higher resistance which reduces this susceptibility to pollinosis. A statistical report of hay-fever cases with regard to occupation, and also its relative frequency in the sexes, is under preparation by our research department.

"The popular doctrine of a special predisposition for hay-fever which produces susceptibility in some persons needs revising. In the first place, this predisposition varies with different individuals. In the tests made by our research department, it was found that some patients reacted to exposure in two minutes, while in others the reaction did not develop for from five to thirty minutes, and even as late as two or three hours. In some cases there was only a transient irritation of the eyes and of the mucous membrane, and in others this was severe and lasted from one to forty-eight hours."

A logical explanation is that the pollen of certain plants contains a toxin to which all are susceptible, but that its effects are more or less inhibited by the individual resistance. An attack would, therefore, develop only when the exposure overcomes the resistance of the subject and only to this extent. The manner in which pollen excites reaction forms an interesting subject of investigation. That this effect is mechanical is an untenable theory, as a large percentage of hay-fever patients, except when under the influence of pollinosis, will inhale dust without greater discomfort than other persons, while numbers with extremely sensitive nostrils have not developed pollinosis.

Serum and vaccine therapy have been advocated in hay-fever as in the majority of other diseases, but the general

results of experiments along these lines in recent years are declared to have been unsatisfactory, and the majority of patients decline this severe treatment without a reasonable guarantee of permanent benefit. Other remedies, such as "pollantine," are also declared unsatisfactory.

"The removal of the patient from the irritating pollens by sea voyages, altitudes and climates where the offending weeds are not found gives temporary relief, but is available to only a few.

"The majority of hay-fever patients present no unusual abnormal intranasal condition except during the attack, and operations for nasal obstruction, unless indicated for other reasons, have been successful in comparatively few cases and are, therefore, rarely advisable.

"Even had therapeutic measures been more successful, prophylaxis, based on the removal of the exciting cause, should have been advocated as in malarial and typhoid fevers, tuberculosis and other diseases of known cause. Hay-fever, however, has been the stepchild of preventive medicine, and until recently no organized efforts in this direction have been undertaken."

In view of the number of hay-fever patients, their prolonged distress, the "unsuccessful results of all curative measures" and the preventable character of the disease, the American Hay-Fever Prevention Association has undertaken a campaign of education, to be followed in due time by legislation.

The first consideration in this campaign is to establish a correct diagnosis and to secure acceptance of the fact that "all cases of true hay-fever are the results of pollen inhalation."

ATTACKING THE PROBLEM OF CANCER BY EXAMINATION OF LIVING CELLS ON GLASS

THE jelly method of "in vitro" staining of cells, devised by H. C. Ross, has thrown so much light on obscure cell problems connected with cancer that Doctor Aubrey H. Drew, of the Royal Institute of Public Health, consented to report upon the subject in *London Knowledge*. The method, he says, consists essentially in an agar jelly film containing "stain," or any chemicals whose effect it is desired to test, being poured on a microscope slide and allowed to set. Living cells are then placed on the film and the effect watched under the microscope. For blood and other animal cells a special jelly containing salts is necessary, as red cells "haemolyse" or disintegrate, while leucocytes die instantly on an ordinary salt-free agar film. Such a jelly is known technically as "coefficient jelly." Blood is taken from the finger and mixed with an equal volume of a three per cent. sodium citrate and

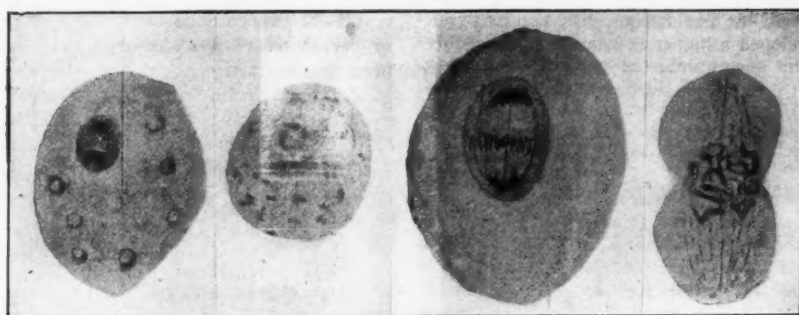
one per cent. sodium chloride solution. This dilutes the blood and prevents it from clotting. A drop of this citrated blood is then placed on a cover-glass and this is at once allowed to fall gently on the jelly film. The slide is placed in the blood heat (37 degrees C.) incubator for ten minutes and is then removed and examined with the microscope. It will be found that the blood cells are beautifully spread out and the nuclei of the multiformed nuclear leucocytes or white cells are stained a distinct bluish color.

"Ross has shown that alkalis and heat increase the rates of diffusion of stain and other substances into living cells, while acids and neutral salts delay it; and he has found that their effect on the rate of diffusion can be reduced to a mathematical basis; that is to say that it is possible to obtain a standard by means of which any one of these agents can be substituted for another to produce a similar effect. . . . It must be borne in mind

that the coefficient of diffusion of a cell must be first determined before we can experiment accurately, as there would otherwise be considerable risk of killing the cell before you had obtained the desired effect of the chemical agent which was being tested."

For protozoa it is unnecessary to use coefficient jelly, a simple two per cent. agar jelly, with stain and alkali added, being sufficient, and the rapidity of the diffusion of the stain can be controlled by varying the amount of alkali present. The peculiar advantages of this jelly method applied to protozoa are that the diffusion of the stain can be watched while the cells are actually alive, and nuclear changes can be observed with the parts differentially stained. Active motion is restrained and flagellates can be examined better by this method than by any other.

Let us consider now what new facts have been revealed by the method and what modifications of older theories



A LIVING CELL

The peculiar advantages of this jelly method applied to blood drops are that the diffusion of the stain can be watched.

have been rendered necessary. According to Doctor Drew, Ross secured divisions in human lymphocytes, and in certain leucocytes, and epithelial cells. The divisions were induced by means of the jelly method, with certain extracts of dead tissues (for instance, suprarenal gland), and later some of the active principles of these extracts were isolated, such as creatin, tyrosin, xanthin, and so on. Ross and Cropper were able to show that division could be induced by these substances in the ova of *Ascaris megalocephala*. Fantham showed that the division of *Entamoeba coli* could be accelerated by means of tyrosin. Cropper and Drew himself demonstrated that amoebae will not divide at all unless "auxetics" are present. These results have been confirmed by experiments on animals, namely, by the production of benign tumors, adenomata, in the ducts of goats' breasts, and of a condition resembling epithelioma (cancer) in the skin of mice, guinea-pigs, and rabbits by the injection of various combinations of "auxetics" and "kinetics." Ross employed the term "auxetic" for these substances, and they appear to belong to certain definite chemical groups, notably, the primary amines, amino acids, and amidines. In addition to these substances certain other chemical compounds, notably, the alkaloids, were found capable of causing greatly exaggerated amoeboid movements in leucocytes (white corpuscles), and these were termed "kinetics." Some of these were observed to quicken the action of auxetics in the cells, and were therefore called "augmentors." "This, then," writes Doctor Drew, "was the position of affairs at the end of 1912, and the result of these experiments forces one to the conclusion that living matter does not possess any inherent capacity to reproduce itself, but has to absorb or to be acted on by an auxetic before this will take place." After an extremely laborious research, it was shown conclusively that, "if amoebae are entirely freed from living bacteria, they may be fed on dead bacteria, which they will ingest; but there is not the slightest attempt at reproduction until an auxetic is supplied to them."

In addition to this, it was found that before an auxetic can act it is necessary to add some enzyme, the exact nature of which has not been determined.

Some criticism has appeared from time to time of Ross's induced figures in lymphocytes. It has been suggested, for example, that the figures are due to death-struggles of the cells. Says the writer:

"Reflection shows at once the fallacy of such a statement, apart from the fact that actual divisions have been watched, and that it is possible by precise enumerative methods to demonstrate an increase in a leucocyte population; the objection will not stand on any biological grounds. In the induced division figures the chromatin is distributed with more or less regularity between the two daughter cells. The protoplasm of the cell becomes constricted into two approximately equal parts. In the process of death, on the other hand, the cell tends to become rounded up, and the chromatin shows no obvious karyokinetic changes until degeneration sets in."

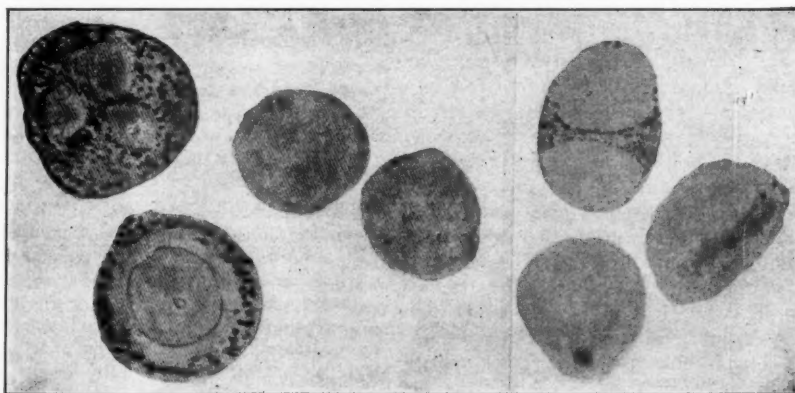
In the process of division of human lymphocytes induced by auxetics, the centrosome first divides, and the two daughter centrosomes take up their position at opposite ends of the so-called nucleus. Definite chromosomes are then formed and these are accurately shared between the daughter cells. Moreover, with appropriate treatment thirty-two chromosomes can be counted, which is the somatic number in the human species. New details

of structure of lymphocytes are revealed by the new jelly method.

"When a drop of fresh blood is examined by the jelly method the cells are beautifully spread out, and are obviously alive; and it is at once seen that a lymphocyte contains a large rounded, clear space bounded by a wall, which selects the blue portion of stain in polychrome methylene blue (the so-called nucleus). Within this is a small ring-shaped body, which is shown by its functions during cell-division to be a centrosome. The so-called nucleus is seen to be studded all over with minute granules, which are in the cytoplasm, and which during division form the chromosomes, the nucleus forming the spindle. By any of the older methods of fixing or staining it is quite impossible to recognize this structure. The existence of the ring-shaped centrosome, for instance, was not demonstrated until the jelly method was employed. There would possibly have been little criticism of the mitotic figures, had the new methods not revealed the revolutionary fact that the chromosomes are formed from the Altman's granules outside the nucleus. By the older methods of fixing and staining, the nucleus of a lymphocyte merely appears as a deeply stained circular body surrounded by a layer of clear cytoplasm; and, altho they had never been seen to divide, it was argued that the chromosomes must of necessity be formed within the nucleus, as occurs in most other cells."

Already, by means of this method, results of the most important kind have been attained in cancer research. Thus it has been shown that auxetics and kinetics can, when suitably inoculated with animals, give rise to very definite tumors, some of them closely resembling those encountered in cases of undoubted cancer:

"Again, it has been known for years that workers in the tar and pitch industry were very liable to suffer from cancerous affections, the old chimney-sweep's cancer being a fairly typical example of such cases. There are two forms of pitch, namely, gasworks pitch and pitch largely manufactured from the harder Scotch coal, and known as blast-furnace pitch. Now the peculiar and important point in this connection is that only the gasworks pitch and tar predispose to cancer, the blast-furnace product being harmless."



SPREADING CELLS

Definite chromosomes are formed and these can be studied in detail.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL ETHICS

SEARCH FOR A MORAL ISSUE BIG ENOUGH TO DISCIPLINE OUR DEMOCRACY

THOUGHTFUL writers on the war lay much emphasis upon the sacrificial devotion and fellowship exhibited by each nation and by the groups of nations engaged. There are those who discern, in this fellowship in devotion, the promise of a universal Religion of Humanity. People pore over the Book of Martyrs, and talk dreamily of the wonderful Ages of Faith, when saints gave their blood for the Cross and for God; but here and now, writes F. J. Gould, the well-known British lecturer on Moral Education, in *The Positivist Review*, is martyrdom in action in the gigantic theater of Europe, Asia and Africa. Many of these martyrs, like those of old, are defective in temper, social values and loyalties; but the one supreme test is whether a man is prepared, at a critical moment, to acknowledge his membership in the Human Companionship.

"This war, quite erroneously supposed by some people to imply a reversion to barbarism, has put and is putting millions to that test. The war is a disaster? Yes. It proves the incompetence of the European ruling classes? Yes. It proves the failure of the theological churches? Yes. It proves the inadequacy of European education? Yes. Nevertheless, it has shown us, in a sudden and far-reaching illumination, that civilization is founded upon a rock. That rock is the capacity of the common man for fellowship in devotion. This illuminating proof might, indeed, be called the most important event in modern history. It is the guarantee, if any was needed, that the coming peace, when the brave soldiery will evolve into the brave citizenship, will effectively solve the problem of poverty."

All the tremendous causes and suits urged by Britain or by Germany and their allies are, according to this moralist, actually being tried in an unprecedented Court of Humanity whose law for nations will finally be framed by the mighty thought which grows out of the innumerable thoughts of all nations and races.

"Once the moral law for city or people was decided by a group of astute elders gathered in an inner room of a temple and dictating the oracle which the Pythones repeated to the awe-struck supplicants. Then arose the Catholic Church, and the voice from the chair of St. Peter issued the commandment to princes and

serfs, nations and cities. Then the Bible had its season, being quoted with a sort of steel-trap finality by Luther, Calvin, Bunyan, Wesley and Spurgeon. Thus the center of judgment moved from an oracle to a church, from a church to a book printed million-fold, and now at last it moves to the universal heart and mind of Man. . . .

"We are nearing that point when Asia and the West, retaining the best impulses and moral traditions of the ancient faiths, are combining in a vast Public Opinion, which is not Christian, not Hindu, not Moslem, not Buddhist, not Confucian, not Hebrew, but Human. It is at the bar of this Human Tribunal that kaisers, kings, presidents, cabinets, diplomatists, soldiers, churches, schools, parties, capitalists, socialists, pioneers and prophets must stand for scrutiny and impartial award. The rise of this tribunal is what we see to-day in the very midst of war. Our fathers never beheld it."

Germany, it may be noted, is specifically included in Mr. Gould's vision of the larger Whole. And he holds that a change may be expected in the outlook of the greatest of the American republics—restive, as the war reveals—in the semi-detached rôle of a "pattern for civilization." The United States "can no longer remain a moated grange whose owner communicates Notes to a distant world." The spirit of America will take a new orientation.

In view of such prognostications, two British characterizations of our present attitude seem to be very pertinent. The first takes the form of an attempt to interpret the real significance of the recent mission of Colonel House to European capitals. It appears in the London *Outlook* signed by "Ignatius Phayre." If you would grasp America's attitude, he writes, pay no heed to "professors" nor to any of the "intellectuals," ignore Senator This or Representative That reported at length in London papers.

"America is horror-struck at the world-war. She answers all Roosevelt's goadings—'Any man with an ounce of red blood in his body,' etc.—with Bryan's 'We have no right to make war against a madhouse!' This is America's voice. She cares nothing for the veiled scorn of both sides—who yet look to her for wheat and meat, cotton and hides, copper and all munitions. America will judge no *Baralong* case, no Gordian riddles of right or wrong between belligerents. She views

them all with the 'horror and fear' which Herr Dernburg found in her contemplation of 'German deeds of heroism.' . . .

"At no time has the United States loved European institutions. To-day it surveys our Continent as a 'madhouse.' It sends Colonel House to steady the nerves of American envoys, bidding them stand aside while the maniacs fight it out to the end. 'You're a guest, and not their keeper. Keep out, and watch War cure itself! Watch Peace rising from the ocean of blood like an autumn exhalation.'"

The United States is roaring with riches and more resolute than ever to keep out, according to this writer. He makes Germany testify:

"To regard the Americans as pure materialists," says Bernhard Dernburg, ex-publicity manager of German affairs in the United States, "is a grievous mistake." And, mark me, here's a Jew of piercing insight into the American psyche in which Jewish idealism prevails. "They carry a great deal of moral baggage with them," Herr Dernburg finds. "They are anti-militarists in a sort of island world. A people of little science—excitable, imaginative, sentimental. The American mother, unlike the German, will not bring up her son to be a soldier. It is regrettable that the peoples understand each other so little." Washington agrees."

Britain is reminded also that it is a distinct note of "superior morality" for the Western Hemisphere which President Wilson takes occasion to strike in Pan-Americanism. "Blessed and vague and large," so the *Outlook* writer describes this morality. Far removed from "predatory imperialism and sheer abuse of might," such is President Wilson's description of it. In fine, our British informant insists, the United States views the world-war with utter abhorrence.

"It has no desire to take sides in a desperate clash which it sees as 'Right against Right'—with all belligerents utterly in the wrong! 'It's no affair of ours,' is Washington's distant note. 'We must stay at home,' as Bismarck said of Russia. 'We're keen on development and dead against destruction. Perhaps you'll call on us when the blaze dies down?' This is the message of Colonel House, echoing the President's 'We must preserve the cause of humanity.'"

Another British observer, Sydney Brooks, with the background of previous years of journalistic service in this country, confesses that it appears

to be a New America which he now sees upon his return. He writes at length in the *North American Review*. Essentially his diagnosis agrees with that of the *Outlook* writer quoted above. But if our national attitude is amazingly passive instead of super-truculent as heretofore, he will not deny that there is a moral ideal in it. Who knows, he asks, but that "the unique patience with which President Wilson has confronted the foreign problems of his Administration—a patience that to many of his countrymen appears ultra-Christian in its charity—may not eventually become the established rule of all international conduct?"

"It is not a social or a political accident but a deep spiritual conviction which makes Americans look askance on militarism and all its accessories. There is a type of mind that still associates the love of peace with effeminacy. But the Americans are among the highest spirited, the most robust and adventurous people on this planet; and it is worth noting that the aversion from war is most pronounced in the West and Middle West, where life is simpler and harder than in the East, and where all the conditions make for an unusual abundance of enterprise and physical vigor. In that spacious unhampered seclusion of theirs, in a society where women and churches have taken into their own hands the decision on all questions of ethics, and among a people of such varied extraction and scattered over so vast a territory, the reaction against war develops under more favorable circumstances than obtain or are even imaginable anywhere else. That it is assisted by a great deal of half-baked metaphysics of the Bryanite order, by an excess of feminine sentimentality, by too much easy-going individualism and too little sense of the State, and by the incessant importunities of business, is no doubt true enough. But whatever may be the impulses behind it, I find that the dominant, almost the exclusive, bent of American aspirations to-day is away from war and force and towards conciliation and legality. And I ask myself whether this may not portend a gradual widening of the respective angles from which the United States and Europe approach the problems of international politics and whether in these matters the Old World and New may not soon be moving on different ethical planes, with a different set of standards and values."

Nevertheless, Mr. Brooks' illuminating observations are, in their general effect, pointedly critical. After all, he is inclined to think that whereas roughly he finds that at least nine-tenths of the American people gratefully subscribe to the Wilson program of keeping out of the war, seven-tenths of them would have approved as loudly an opposite policy if Roosevelt were in the presidential power-house. What we seem to be showing, in Mr. Brooks' opinion, is a lack of spiritual robustness in refusing to recognize or face

world-facts and issues when it is utterly impossible for us to "wash our hands of Europe." "Americans themselves hardly appear to know where they stand, or what their country is really thinking, or whither, if anywhere, it is consciously pressing."

This confusion of mind is certainly the phenomenon which can escape no reader of current American books, pamphlets, reviews, periodicals and papers. It is equally plain that tons of argument are concerned with the moral effects of our national attitude. "The United States has been the scene, if not of the conflict of arms, of the greatest conflict of opinions in the world," writes Professor George Burton Adams in the *Yale Review*. Dr. Adams is professor of history at Yale and was formerly editor of *The American Historical Review*. We have been in, if not of, the war, he says, and we must face the problems it has raised.

"We have grown in wealth without a corresponding increase in responsibility, and our prosperity has been accompanied by no discipline which makes for the strengthening of national character. We have lacked the tremendous experience which comes from the expenditure of the last ounce of physical energy, and a faith strained to the breaking point; and, with all the material losses which accompany any such struggle such as Europe now endures, it remains an open question whether in comparison, let us say with France, we have gained or lost in the ultimate resolution of events. For of all the nations of equal rank in the world, we have not been able to formulate with any definiteness a collective opinion into a national ideal or policy, and take measures to put it into effect."

Shocked out of our national complacency by the war, Dr. Adams thinks that we shall not choose the kind of efficiency which lacks "that higher morality, that deeper public sense, which for want of a better name we call conscience."

"We are prepared to accept the lessons of patriotism and preparedness, of system and efficiency, the skill and infinite pains which make for material greatness, the social care which makes for the betterment of the masses, the many virtues of a great people in their private affairs. But we are not ready to accept the unqualified worship of success; we are not ready to exchange self-government for autocracy, liberty for comfort; to sacrifice honor and the esteem of our fellow men for power, nor the higher for the lower efficiency. We shall prepare, but not for conquest; we shall educate, but not for world dominion; we shall hold to our ideals and raise them as high as we may; but we shall not demand the world's assent to them at the price of conflict. And we shall maintain, as we began, our insistence upon our rights to be the captains of our souls, and our insistence upon a 'decent respect for the opinions of

mankind.' We shall endeavor, so far as in us lies, to adapt our old battle-cry to new conditions, 'to establish Justice, insure domestic Tranquillity, provide for the common Defence, promote the general Welfare, and secure the Blessings of Liberty.'"

An increasing number of American writers resolve the war into a conflict between the soulless autocratic Great State and Democracy. None of them appears to conceive of a soulless Democracy; but doubt is frequently expressed as to whether anything short of war will produce the common sacrifice and effort, the spiritual basis, necessary to make us into a true nation. One finds this point of view prevailing among advocates of "preparedness" who now have the right of way in most of our leading periodicals. American self-criticism has become predominant.

An exceedingly vigorous writer in the *Atlantic*, George W. Alger, declares that "unless we can do one of two things, this war must mean moral loss to America: unless we can enter it as a participant for something more than a trade reason; or unless, while keeping out of it, we can prevent the soil of America from becoming engulfed in a morass of materialism, by finding an issue upon which the moral forces of this country can unite."

Such an issue there undoubtedly is, as we read Mr. Alger, in the organization of our national life. "It is only a larger and finer democracy which can produce a moral substitute for war." A reaction against all social legislation has begun. Leaders who recognize the economic basis of national unity are needed rather than after-dinner advocates desirous of teaching the foreigner coming to our shores "eighteenth-century individualism as an essential and precious American doctrine, peculiarly desirable for the underfed and the over-worked."

Mr. Alger thinks that the "preparedness" propagandists miss the war-lesson of the hour: "True preparedness calls not merely for an external but for an internal and industrial program."

"It is a disciplined democracy which America needs, a democracy disciplined to a capacity for true leadership such as will effectuate a Pan-American federation, as a new-world-contribution of democracy toward the foundations of peace. The strident patriots who are expounding crude preparedness propagandas, in principles and purposes identical with all the armed peace propagandas which have proved wrong in a hundred years, ignore all such considerations. . . . The propagandists of preparation seem ready to do anything but improve the quality and character of our democracy. To them it is all a matter of guns, soldiers, submarines, and huzzas for the flag; not the establishment of a democracy supremely worth fighting for."

IS THE SPIRITUAL SALVATION OF EUROPE TO COME FROM RUSSIA?

A DISTINGUISHED Belgian-born professor at the University of Edinburgh looks to Russia for the spiritual salvation of Europe after this war. He believes it will come through a fusion of the Russian and Roman Catholic Churches. This prophet is Dr. Charles Sarolea, philosopher, linguist, author, itinerant scholar with many academic honors, and the editor of *Everyman*. His startling views are contributed to the *London Review of Reviews*, which features them under the title "The Soul of Russia."

Dr. Sarolea says that from Asia to America and from Stockholm to the Sahara he has found the same spell of evil influences, essentially the same dead level of one uniform material civilization. But a view of Russia was like the discovery of a new and strange world, one entirely different from what he had been led to expect. Here was an incredible sincerity and the breaking down of the usual social barriers between man and man.

"I had been led to expect a hard and cruel community ruled by the knout, only kept in order by the police, a community where the sense of justice and right was blunted. And I found instead an unadulterated democracy, an absence of class divisions and snobbery, a sense of fellowship and brotherhood, a passionate love of justice, a sense of universal kindness extended to the downtrodden and even to the criminal, which made pity synonymous with piety, and which made all human suffering into a religion.

"I had been led to expect a country of gross superstition and crude atheism, where Christianity had become a dead letter or had become stereotyped into the rigid creed of Byzantism. I found instead the most Christian nation in the world, perhaps the only Christian nation, a nation holding on to the Gospel with the intensity and the simplicity of medieval belief; a country where religion was still the supreme power in collective life, where faith still had its confessors and martyrs, where even Nihilists were ready to die for their convictions.

"The Russian autocracy, the Russian bureaucracy, the Russian police with its Reign of Terror, which loomed so largely in the imagination of the untraveled tourist, were found to be only excrescences on the surface of society, a shallow layer spread over the vast Russian plain, and one had only to scratch that layer and all the admirable national characteristics of a people sound at heart were revealed to the attentive observer."

These impressions were deepened by contrast with the ways and methods of the German people, continues Dr. Sarolea. "Whereas in Russia you found the undisciplined power of the spirit which bloweth where it listeth, in Germany you found an individualism with-

out individuality; you found organization, discipline, education, order and the precision not only of a clock but of a chronometer, a marvelous efficient machine without a soul." This profound cleavage between Slav and Teuton gives an understanding of the "Russian Peril" which possessed the imagination of the German people. It was mainly as the enemy of Slavonic anarchy and barbarism that a united German people entered the lists. They know what they are fighting for and that is part of their strength. "We do not know what we are fighting for," adds Dr. Sarolea, "and that is part of our weakness. We still assume that we are fighting mainly for certain political objects—the liberation of Belgium, the preservation of small nationalities, the balance of power. We do not even yet fully realize the spiritual issues at stake."

"As the ultimate result of all this slaughter and all these sacrifices, are we not moving rapidly towards the Germanization of Europe? And may not Germany under any circumstances emerge triumphant from the conflict, whether in a military sense she is victorious or whether she is beaten? For even if Germany is beaten, shall we not, in order to beat her, have to fight her with her own political and spiritual weapons? Shall we not have to submit just the same to German organization, to German methods, to German education, to German State-socialism? Shall we not have to become Prussianized ourselves in order to crush Prussianism? The danger is much more real than we imagine. If this nightmare were ever to become a reality, I can see only one escape. Only one nation will be able to save us from the ultimate spiritual consequences of that threatened Germanization of Europe. And the only people which can save us from a deadening organization without a soul are the people to whom the soul of man has always counted for more than the most perfect machine-like organization."

Dr. Sarolea agrees with Stephen Graham (in his "The Way of Martha and the Way of Mary") that the Soul of Russia is one, as shown by all her representative writers. "They all express the same elemental Christianity, the same broad humanity, the same pacific and contemplative and resigned attitude to life, the same mystical idealism. They all believe in the same religion of suffering and pity." Dr. Sarolea says that the insurrection of 1905 collapsed because the revolutionists ignored the fact that religion is the main-spring of Russian development.

"The Germanized intellectuals had become temporarily estranged from the national religious ideal. The docile and patient moujiks were looking for a shepherd. The mob were ready to follow

any leader if only he were a religious teacher, however unworthy, and, in fact, on Bloody Sunday, 1905, the mob did follow Father Gapon, simply because they thought in him they had found such a religious leader. But they were not ready to follow a band of dechristianized doctrinaires and to acclaim the banner of Western parliamentarism and constitutionalism. Because the doctrinaires only believed in a Gospel according to St. Marx, instead of believing in the Gospel according to St. Mark, they were reduced to impotence—and found themselves generals without an army, and because of this divorce from the religious aspirations of the people the most tremendous upheaval which ever shook a European throne ended in a pitiful failure."

The striking resemblances between Russian Orthodoxy and Roman Catholicism are obvious, according to Dr. Sarolea, in dogma, other-worldliness, sacramentalism, monasticism and loyalty to traditions of the past. But the historical development has been fundamentally different. Dr. Sarolea gives interesting comparisons leading to this characterization:

"We have been taught to admire, and we justly admire, the astounding vitality, the unity and continuity of the Roman Catholic Church; but that continuity has been partly a political achievement, the triumph of organization, and centralization. We might almost say that Roman Catholicism has become 'Germanized.' We might almost say that in her discipline and her efficiency the Roman Catholic Church has become the exact counterpart of the German Prussian State. And that is the explanation of the apparent paradox that the German Prussian State, which once stood for Protestantism, has to-day become the predominant Catholic power in Europe."

In Russia, on the other hand, Dr. Sarolea finds that the vitality of religion has not been a political but a spiritual and democratic miracle.

"Whereas in Western Catholicism, it is the Church which has preserved the religion of the people, in Russia it is the religion of the people which has preserved the Church. So true is this that wherever in the Greek Church the spirit of the people does not sustain the life of the institution, the Greek Church Orthodoxy becomes a decaying body, a whitened sepulchre, as is only too apparent in the degradation of the Orthodox Churches in contemporary Greece and Roumania.

"In Russia alone, owing to the spiritual vitality of the race, Christianity has remained the regenerative influence of Russian life. It has kept the Russian soul untainted by the materialism, by the inhumanity and hypocrisy of Western civilization. It has survived every ordeal. It has survived the political abjection of the days of serfdom. It has resisted the encroachments of the bureaucracy, the ignorance of the clergy, the atheism of the

universities. It continues to remain a national religion. It continues to blossom in a thousand works of charity and self-denial. It continues to express itself in its lavras and monasteries, in its pilgrimages, in the impressive music and the gorgeous ritual of the religious service, in those wonderful frescoes of the Churches which are the Art and Poetry and History of the humble. The tourist is surprised to find that the sacred candles continue to burn before the Holy Images in the tavern and the brothel, in the lowest haunts of drink and vice, even as in the izba of the moujik. The fact is symbolic; for in Russia religion remains an influence even in the most degraded strata of Society."

The great strength, then, of the Russian faith, Dr. Sarolea observes, is that it has remained a purely spiritual and democratic religion. But the Russian Church is weak in methods where the Roman Catholic Church is strong. Unlike Stephen Graham, this writer contends that the two ways not only can be reconciled but must be reconciled. "Mr. Graham disposes of Roman Catholicism in half a dozen contemptuous

lines. He does not even seem to suspect that the whole future of Russian Christianity and the whole political future of the Slav nations, and especially the reconciliation of Russia and Poland, largely depend on a readjustment of the relations between Russian Orthodoxy and Catholicism." I firmly believe, writes Dr. Sarolea, that the preservation of Christianity will largely depend on an interpenetration and fusion between the great Western Church and the Eastern Church.

"From such a fusion the Russian Church and the Russian people will gain much. Russia would enter the Communion of Christendom. The Russian State would be delivered from the most odious of all tyrannies, the tyranny of Cæsaro-Papism, and a liberated Church would be the most efficient means of achieving political liberty.

"But Roman Catholicism and Western Europe would be bound to gain even more. Roman Catholicism needs reform as much as the Russian Church. Roman Catholicism, rejuvenated by the democratic faith of Russia, would gradually shake off that centralization, that bureau-

cratic despotism, which in modern Rome has killed the spirit of Saint Thomas, of Saint Francis, and Saint Theresa."

To bring about this union, says Dr. Sarolea, has been "the cherished dream of the most profound and the most inspiring thinker Russia has produced, Vladimir Soloviev, whose writings have become the philosophical text-books in the universities of the Empire." Dr. Sarolea thinks that despite formidable obstacles to overcome, the fusion is in the irresistible logic of events. He concludes:

"When it does come it will be the greatest revolution of modern history, and it will be the political and spiritual salvation of Europe. For only through a union of Rome and Russia will the spiritual life of the individual soul have at its command the spiritual power of a world-embracing community. Only this combination of the spiritual life of the soul within a spiritually independent and universal Church can save us both from the Tribal God of Germany and from the material and mechanical State Socialism of a Germanized Europe."

SIGNIFICANCE OF THE PANAMA CONGRESS ON CHRISTIAN WORK IN LATIN AMERICA

RELIGIOUS papers give a great deal of attention to the recent Panama Congress. They note that, for lack of a "row" in the proceedings, our daily papers apparently overlooked the news in the congress. Therefore many editors of religious journals publish series of articles about the congress from persons of reputation who were there. The general impression conveyed by these reports is that an extraordinarily significant forward step has been taken in religious strategy, unique in its combination of Christian spirit with efficiency methods in missionary effort.

The statistician Roger W. Babson contributes "a business man's view" to *The Congregationalist*. Having attended the Pan-American Financial Congress in May and the Scientific Congress in December of 1915, Mr. Babson declares that the Congress on Religious Work was the best of all. The delegates were empire builders with big visions, he declares.

"When some man attempts to tell you that the church is 'way behind the times,' tell him of this great meeting at Panama, midway between the two great continents and the two great oceans. Remind him that while the statesmen of Europe will not even speak to one another, the missionaries of the Americas are laying aside all difference, seeking only greater efficiency and cooperation for the good of all. Only as all peoples get this point of view and substitute internationalism for

so-called patriotism, will we make any headway toward world peace."

With this generalization Mr. Babson couples the statement made to him by President Porras of Panama (who had declined to greet the delegates or grant the use of state buildings for the session) as follows:

"You Protestants have set Latin America an example of tolerance from which we all will learn a lesson. We must all get nearer together. We Catholics, I am convinced, are too intolerant. You have done us all good. I hope you will hold another Congress here again. Next time I really believe that you will receive a warm welcome from Catholics as well as Protestants."

There were nearly 500 delegates and participants in the Congress: 177 from Panama and the Canal Zone, 304 from abroad. Of the latter, 159 were from the United States, Canada, England, Spain and Italy, 145 from Latin America. Twenty-one nations and some fifty Protestant denominations were represented, and every American and Canadian board of missions at work in Latin America had representation. Professor Monteverde, of the University of Montevideo, Uruguay, was made president; Robert E. Speer, secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, was chairman. The congress refrained altogether from passing "resolutions," but appointed a Continuation Committee on Cooperation and arranged for regional con-

ferences to follow the congress at Lima, Peru; Santiago, Chile; Buenos Aires, Argentina; Rio de Janeiro, Brazil; Barranquilla, Colombia; Havana, Cuba; and San Juan, Porto Rico, in March and April.

The backbone of discussions at Panama during ten days was furnished by eight Commission reports on Survey and Occupation, Message and Method, Education, Women's Work, Literature, The Church on the Field, Home Base, Cooperation and the Promotion of Unity. These, revised in the light of the Panama discussions, are to be published in book form for the Missionary Education Movement; they represent a new type of informational literature in missions propaganda. In presenting the religious "survey" of Latin America, Mr. Colton, Foreign Secretary of the International Committee of the Y. M. C. A., sounded this keynote:

"Hague tribunals, scientific congresses, student migrations, international communications and intercontinental trade corporations are bringing it about that the people we here represent are, for better or for worse, to live their lives nearer and nearer together. Shall partnership and mutual profit mark business relations while negative criticism, aloofness, suspicion and neglect characterize our duty to one another in the highest concerns of mankind? Is self-interest to carry races farther along the way together than altruism? Is rationalism to enjoy free trade and the intercommunication of faith be interdicted? Are nitrate deposits, grain harvests, rubber forests and sugar planta-

tions of more consequence than the thing for which Jesus Christ lived, died, rose again and ever liveth? The period in which trade is becoming universal is the last time for the forces of Christianity to exhibit insularity and indecision, unless materialism is triumphant and spirituality is to perish in the interconnection of our civilizations."

"Free Trade for Missions in Latin America" is the suggestive caption for Chairman Speer's report of the Congress in the *Sunday School Times*. Of the difficult subject of Cooperation and the Promotion of Unity, he writes:

"Among the evangelical churches and the missionary agencies at work in Latin America it was recognized that there must be cooperation. Delegates who had attended many conferences were agreed that they had never heard the duty of cooperation more impressively proved or more heartily and generously recognized. How could it be otherwise in a field where there are such vast neglected areas as there are in Latin America, both among the Indians to whom Christianity is unknown and among the 'intellectuals' who have discarded religion and to whom the Christian Church is making almost no approach? But there was the more difficult problem of attitude toward the traditional and prevailing forms of religious institutions in Latin America. It was gladly pointed out that there would be and was increasing cooperation with individuals who sought for better things. It was sorrowfully recognized that there could be no present cooperation with organized institutions, and that its impossibility, instead of releasing us from our missionary duty, is the very thing which lays us under obligation to render all the service in our power to our neighbors whose religious forces are not doing for them any such work as our religious forces in the United States and Northern Europe are doing for us."

Professor Harlan P. Beach, who has the chair of theory and practice of missions at Yale, considers that the Congress marks "an epoch-making step in missionary extension." It has furnished "the first clear and comprehensive presentation of the unworked resources of the Evangelical Church as related to the manifold opportunities and very real needs of Latin America." He was surprised to find so much accord in favor of cooperation and unity and predicts wiser redistribution and occupation of fields in the near future like that which is taking place in Mexico, Porto Rico and Cuba. He writes:

"North America's responsibility—a species of spiritual Monroe Doctrine—has been formulated to be exploited among our churches. A strong and convincing view of the justifiableness of Latin-American Missions now exists that should enlist Europeans in the demanding task, unless too closely allied to Rome in their view of the Church and its Sacraments, and should quicken still more every branch of North American evangelical Christian-

ity. Eighty millions of Latin Americans south of the Rio Grande need more than 2,010 missionaries and a larger Latin-American staff than 4,161; and its 257,103 evangelical Christian communicants can be vastly more effective when reenforced and led on to a wider and more efficient campaign of evangelism—for which far better educational facilities are required."

The field editor of the *Christian Endeavor World*, Dr. Ira Landrith, reports that the delegates faced the truth that sectarian divisiveness and doctrinal strife have no allurements for the Latin mind.

"Accustomed for generations to one church called Catholic, it is slow to accept the appeals of bewildering, many-named Protestantism. The existing Roman Church, knowing this, is making the most of it. A rather scurrilous pamphlet was anonymously circulated in Panama before and during the Congress, in which the Roman Catholic author warns his people against these 'differing sects,' 'diverse hosts,' 'compact files of Protestants divided against themselves,' 'dismembered representatives of two hundred and fifty religions and two Bibles.' The Congress itself is called 'the last fantastic enterprise of subdivided Protestantism to prolong its parasitic life in society.' Without specific reply the Congress frankly faced the issue, and uttered a veritable chorus in favor of Christian unity at home and fraternal cooperation abroad, union when possible, communion in service always. This was a chief fruitage of the discussions."

On the other hand it is pointed out by editor Clifton D. Gray, of the Baptist *Standard*, Chicago, that no delegates used language more frank regarding Latin-American Catholicism than that found in one of the Commission reports. It contains these words:

"Scientific candor based on indisputable testimony from both Roman Catholic and Protestant sources compels the statement that in the Roman Church Latin America has inherited an institution which, tho still influential, is rapidly declining in power. With notable exceptions its priesthood is discredited by the thinking classes. Its moral life is weak and its spiritual witness faint. At the present time it is giving the people neither the Bible nor the gospel nor the social uplift which they need. It is weighed with medievalism and other non-Christian accretions. Its propaganda has by no means issued in a Christian Latin America. Its emphasis is on dogma and ritual, while it is silent on the severe ethical demands of Christian character. It must bear the responsibility of what Lord Bryce calls Latin America's 'grave misfortune'—absence of a religious foundation for thought and conduct."

Overwhelming emphasis upon the need of a Christlike spirit of fairness toward the Roman Catholic Church and the need of a socialized Gospel—these Willard Price, editor of the *World Outlook*, picks out as the high marks of the Congress. Among his graphic accounts in various papers, a three-page

article headed "To the Help of a Forward-Looking People" in *The Christian Herald*, New York, is notable. This includes two of the most widely quoted utterances made by speakers at the Congress. Bishop W. F. Oldham, Methodist, "born a Roman Catholic," declared, "I would seek to be evangelical rather than Protestant, in the general trend of my teaching. I would trust the clear light of my positive, constructive Biblical statement to supplant wrong ideas, for it is the very function of light to shine away the darkness." And Emilio del Toro, Judge of the Supreme Court of Porto Rico, said:

"Until a few years ago the Catholic Church was, in my native island, Porto Rico, the state religion. Among the public expenditures those for worship were conspicuous. The influence of the clergy extended everywhere. And what was the result, after four centuries of abundant opportunities? A people for the most part indifferent or unbelieving. There took place a change of régime. The church was separated from the state. A struggle began. Under the protection of the free institutions of North America established in the island, Presbyterians, Methodists, Lutherans, Baptists, Episcopalians, began their work. Faint-hearted Catholic priests accustomed to the enjoyment of special privileges described the ruin of their church. But it was not so. The spirit of the North entered into her, and men accustomed to a life of freedom gave her a new impetus. And to-day, separated from the state, sustained by herself, she is realizing a nobler and more Christian mission than in the times when her power was absolute."

Among the Roman Catholic Journals in the United States, *America*, New York, is one of the most severe critics of "The Pan-Protestant Congress." It is not precisely clear, says that paper, whether the purpose first in the plans of the Congress is the spread of the Gospel or the spread of American commerce. The Latin American may be pardoned, "if he confesses to a slight suspicion of the motives of the apostle who comes to him with a denatured Bible in the one hand and a trade catalogue in the other." Again, the Congress "has delighted scoffers, scandalized Protestants and pained Catholics."

"It is well for South Americans to know what opinion is entertained of them by their self-appointed evangelists. It will put them on their guard against anything like delusion about the character of the friendship which these new apostles will soon profess for them. We advise those who have the interests and the honor of their native land at stake to procure copies of the proceedings of the Congress, to translate them and scatter them broadcast among their people. If they do so, it will ensure for the prospective missionaries the welcome they deserve. It will teach the South Americans to appreciate the self-sacrifice and the zeal that has led their old friends, the priests and the nuns, for more than three full centuries, to leave

home and country and all they held dear and to endure untold privations in order to heal their brethren's wounds, enlighten their minds and point out the way to eternal life. The Catholic Church has never blazoned the shame of its neophytes to an unsympathetic world; their secrets, once confined to its confidence, are sacred. It has given the very flower of its manhood and womanhood to help those whom it found in the shadow of darkness. Never has the Church deemed it right and proper to resort to untruth in order to raise money to buy Bibles and hire missionaries. Her all-sufficient motive has ever been the insistent cry of the Blood of Christ for the saving of souls. These latter-day missionary methods will certainly not have a blessing on their labor. They are an affront to the charity of the all-good God."

The Congress justified none of the apprehensions with which it was viewed in certain widely differing quarters, comments Dr. James R. Joy, editor of the *N. Y. Christian Advocate* (Methodist Episcopal):

"The Protestant Episcopal contingent, whose presence caused such pain to those sensitive churchmen who dread giving offense to Rome, had no occasion to regret their presence, and the missionaries from the Latin lands, who were burning to utter what they had seen and suffered at the hands of idolatry and bigotry, were graciously moderate in their statements. Of course the archbishop of Panama raged, and the people who edit the Jesuit organs have imagined vain things, but the Congress was what it was always intended to be, a body of broad-minded, earnest men and women, more intent upon disseminating the religious principles of the New Testament than upon planting any particular form of church government or extending any ecclesiastical domain. It is the opinion of all of the returning delegates with whom we have come in contact that the Congress accomplished constructive work whose fruits are sure to appear in the early strengthening of all lines of missionary effort in the Southern continent and islands. The abominable misrepresentations of its sayings and do-

ings which some of the Catholic journals are publishing are doubtless intended for southern consumption. But as the men of the Latin lands have lost faith in the old Church, and few of the women of those countries are indulged in such accomplishments as reading and writing, such misleading propaganda will not go far."

Four features of first-rank significance give historic distinction to the Panama Congress, in the opinion of Charles Clayton Morrison, editor of *The Christian Century*, who writes in *The Independent*: first, the beginning of a constructive Protestant program of missionary procedure instead of a negative belligerent attitude toward the Roman Catholic Church; second, the development of a science of missions; third, manifest sympathy with the view of modern scholarship; fourth, recognition of the weakness and shame of the sectarian divisions among the Protestant churches and the need of Christian unity.

PRESIDENT ELIOT PLEADS FOR BETTER SCHOOL TRAINING OF THE SENSES

THE best part of all human knowledge has come by exact and studied observation made through the senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell and touch, declares Charles W. Eliot, President emeritus of Harvard University. It follows that the most important part of education has always been the training of the senses through which that best part of knowledge comes. This training has two precious results in the individual besides the faculty of accurate observation—one the acquisition of some sort of skill, the other the habit of careful reflection and measured reasoning which results in precise statement and record. From this standpoint Dr. Eliot, who was a scientist before he became a college president, discusses defects in the American school system and offers suggestions for overcoming them. His comprehensive paper on the subject, entitled "Changes Needed in American Secondary Education," is published by the General Education Board and has immediately commanded the attention of the press.

The kind of education the modern world inherits, says Dr. Eliot, was based chiefly on literature. Neglectful of the fine arts, it fails to foster the saving element of skill indispensable to artistic creation. Furthermore, in an age turned scientific the schools, for the most part, hold to traditional programs of memory studies. Having attained a scientific conception of truth or the inductive method of arriving at truth, "it should be the great advantage of modern education that it has learned

to combine the training of the powers of observation with an accurate use of language and the best kind of memory work."

"Many highly educated American ministers, lawyers and teachers have never received any scientific training, have never used any instrument of precision, possess no manual skill whatever, and can not draw, sing or play on a musical instrument. Their entire education has dwelt in the region of language, literature, philosophy and history, with limited excursions into the field of mathematics. Many an elderly professional man, looking back on his education and examining his own habits of thought and of expression, perceives that his senses were never trained to act with precision, that his habits of thought permit vagueness, obscurity and inaccuracy, and that his spoken or written statement lacks that measured, cautious, candid, simple quality which the scientific spirit fosters and inculcates. Such a deplorable result ought not to have been possible; but it has been unavoidable by the individual, whether child or parent, because the programs of secondary schools still cling almost exclusively to the memory subjects and the elements of mathematics, and college students are apt to adhere in college to the mental habits they acquired at schools."

In only one profession, that of medicine, does Dr. Eliot think that educational processes have been adequately changed. The successful physician and surgeon must be by nature a naturalist and possess the naturalist's trained senses. He is now trained to use his eyes, ears and hands, and reason from trustworthy observation. He is supplied through the progress of biological, chemical and physical sci-

ence with wonderful new means of accurate diagnosis. What has been done in medical education needs to be done in all other forms of education, whether for trades or professions, whether for occupations chiefly manual or for those chiefly mental.

"The changes which ought to be made immediately in the programs of American secondary schools, in order to correct the glaring deficiencies of the present programs, are chiefly: the introduction of more hand, ear, and eye work—such as drawing, carpentry, turning, music, sewing and cooking, and the giving of much more time to the sciences of observation—chemistry, physics, biology and geography—not political, but geological and ethnographical geography. These sciences should be taught in the most concrete manner possible, that is, in laboratories with ample experimenting done by the individual pupil with his own eyes and hands, and in the field through the pupil's own observation guided by expert leaders.

"In secondary schools situated in the country the elements of agriculture should have an important place in the program, and the pupils should all work in the school gardens and experimental plots, both individually and in cooperation with others. In city schools manual training should be given which would prepare a boy for any one of many different trades, not by familiarizing him with the details of actual work in any trade but by giving him an all-around bodily vigor, a nervous system capable of multiform coordinated efforts, a liking for doing his best in competition with mates, and a widely applicable skill of eye and hand. Again, music should be given a substantial place in the program of every secondary school, in order that all the pupils may learn musical notation and may get much practice in

reading music and in singing. Drawing, both freehand and mechanical, should be given ample time in every secondary school program; because it is an admirable mode of expression which supplements language and is often to be preferred to it, lies at the foundation of excellence in many arts and trades, affords simultaneously good training for both eye and hand, and gives much enjoyment throughout life to the possessor of even a moderate amount of skill."

Music and drawing are not fads, according to Dr. Eliot, but important educational features in the outfit of every human being who means to be cultivated, efficient and rationally happy. Puritanism frowned on enjoyment, it is recalled; it is high time to repair the loss and damage.

Altho considerable improvement in school programs has recently come about since vocational training has been much discussed, Dr. Eliot finds that multitudes of Americans still regard sense-training subjects as fads and superfluities.

"They say the public elementary schools should teach thoroly reading, writing, spelling, and arithmetic, and let natural science, drawing, music, domestic arts and crafts and manual training severely alone. Let the secondary schools teach thoroly English, Latin, American history and mathematics, with a dash of economics and civics, and cease to incurber their programs with bits of the new sciences and the new sociology. This doctrine is dangerously conservative; for it would restrict the rising generations to memory studies, and give them no real acquaintance with the sciences and arts which within a hundred years have revolutionized all the industries of the white race, modified profoundly all the political and ethical conceptions of the freedom-loving peoples, and added wonderfully to the productive capacity of Europe and America."

Provision can be made for these new subjects, Dr. Eliot says, by somewhat reducing the hours for memory subjects and mathematics, lengthening the school day, and reducing long summer vacations. As the new subjects require bodily as well as mental exertion no risk to the student's health is involved. He emphasizes the fact that progressive sense-training throughout the whole range of our educational system will help pupils to earn their livelihood at whatever age that necessity comes upon them.

Dr. Eliot's recommendations approach the idea of true democratic education, in the opinion of the Topeka *Capital*, which says:

"It is in great degree because from earliest childhood they have been trained in these ways that American farm boys, when they have gone into the cities, have captured most of the prizes in business life. It is because they are in a true, if limited, sense educated. From their earli-

est years their senses have been trained and disciplined in observing the laws of the universe and the ways of nature. Hand and eye have been trained to co-ordinate and work together. They have risen early and done work, work that necessitated some knowledge of nature's laws and ways. They have mastered some kinds of work and gained the immense advantage of a sense of mastery. What they knew, they knew that they knew. So confidence and self-reliance were developed.

"All this is education in the truest sense, however limited it may be. Dr. Eliot wants to see city boys and girls educated on the same principles, so far as facilities permit. There is a golden mean between the old-fashioned schooling based on the three R's, a smattering of languages and history, with the modern frills of physiology and diagrammed grammar and a number of fads, all good enough in themselves, perhaps, if there were time for them, on the one hand, and mere vocational training on the other."

One may doubt, comments the N. Y. *Evening Post*, that the sciences and practical arts inculcate a more "measured, cautious, candid, simple" habit of thought than some memory subjects. The possibility of transferring "the power of concentrated attention won in carpentering, forging, and farm work . . . to work in history, literature, and civics," seems over-stated. But in the main, the *Post* agrees, Dr. Eliot does not exaggerate. "Is it possible that the average high school is so wedded to the old narrow routine as to deserve his rebuke? Unfortunately, there is only too much evidence that the larger number of secondary schools are, as he alleges, continuing the work of a generation ago with little reference to the needs of the pupils or community."

The *Post* remarks that this is a period of flux in secondary education; the whole question of what the high school should be is one of the greatest complexity.

"In the urban high schools the movement for relating studies more closely to life will doubtless continue. Innovations in studies based on the practical arts are being tried all over the country: we have courses in the chemistry of the household, of industry, of agriculture, in various new branches of mechanics, in household, shop and commercial mathematics, and in the history and appreciation of music and art. More attention is paid to living languages, and to the revitalizing of the dead ones, as by the presentation of Latin dramas. The text-books in the sciences and in commercial courses would amaze teachers of twenty years ago. In rural districts there are indications that the State will have to come to the rescue by such a system of rewards as is proposed in Massachusetts; or by the provision of centralized senior institutions, to which many of the present struggling schools act as feeders; or perhaps by the Middle Western plan of consolidating school districts and furnishing transporta-

tion. But it is coming everywhere to be realized that the high school exists not merely to offer such courses as prepare the student for college entrance, but that it must also give courses valuable for their vocational and their broadly disciplinary content."

There is danger of a new educational dogmatism based on the senses, in the opinion of the *Springfield Republican*. The prevailing defect is not in sense but in sensibility, and the reform needed should affect mind and heart rather than the bodily sense organs. It pursues this line of thought:

"Perhaps the greatest need of education in the years to come will be tolerance, and specially a recognition that one man's meat is another man's poison; some types thrive as badly on observation and experiment as others on the old grammatical and literary fare. But there is this difference, that whereas the constant pressure of the multifarious world of sense was in some measure a corrective for the narrowness of the old education, nowhere does modern life supply automatically that special training which the old education was meant to give. . . .

"In any case a school reform is inadequate unless it goes with changed habits of life. If that is to be lived on a low level it matters little whether the preparation for it is found in peering into books or in peering into a microscope.

"Undoubtedly, as Dr. Eliot points out, the school course needs enrichment on the sensual side, but it no less needs invigorating on the nonsensual side. Sense training is important, but intellectual and moral training is more important yet, and just at present it is the chief object of solicitude. Tho the schools may lag a little behind, the whole drift of life is so strongly toward the concrete and the material that by the time the schools have caught up they will have gone too far. The great problem, one at which Dr. Eliot barely glances, is to make education and life fit together more happily for a well-rounded development, but the reform needed is not wholly on the side of the school."

Further discussion is courted by Abraham Flexner, assistant secretary of the General Education Board, who proposes a "modern school" incorporating some of Dr. Eliot's ideas. He would discard formal grammar, ancient languages, theoretical studies in modern languages, much of the history and mathematics.

"Aside from reading, writing, spelling, and figuring, the curriculum would be built out of actual activities in science, industry, aesthetics, civics. . . . Every exercise would be a spelling lesson; science, industry, and mathematics would be inseparable; science, industry, history, civics, literature, and geography would to some extent utilize the same material. If children are to be taught and trained with an eye to the realities of life and existence, the accessible world is the laboratory to be used for that purpose."

LITERATURE · AND · ART

Super-Gossip of Literature and Art.

AN ABRIDGED translation of the famous journal of the Goncourt brothers has finally been published in English (Nelson, London), twenty years after the appearance of the last of its nine volumes in Paris. This journal is reputed to be the "spiritual history of the nineteenth century." Describing its attractions, Holbrook Jackson, in *T. P.'s Weekly*, remarks that the Goncourts—Edmond and Jules—were the most complete examples of the literary type. "I sometimes suspect that ink rather than blood flowed through their veins. They lived to write and wrote to live. They were conscious only of those happenings which could be translated into words. Walking abroad or visiting their friends, they had but one aim—that of retaining their impressions until they got back to their book and Japanese-print-lined den, when they could write them down." The Goncourt journal is now considered one of the great diaries of the world, along with those of Saint Simon, Rousseau, Amiel, Evelyn, Pepys, and Greville. It records faithfully the brothers' meetings with all the artistic and literary figures of the latter half of the nineteenth century. It began with the publication of the first novel of the brothers, December 2, 1851, the very day of the Coup d'Etat, and was continued almost to the day of Edmond de Goncourt's death. Trained historians, the Goncourts dared to say everything in their journal, as Professor Arnold Cameron has pointed out, yet they were always refined. And even the grosser things in the journal seem "diagnosis rather than delight." The Goncourts knew everybody who was anybody in the literary and artistic circles of Paris of their day, Mr. Jackson tells us, "and it was not by any means a bad day or a short one." They were super-gossips, as well as great artists. Here is a brief but complete description of the home of the great Théophile Gautier:

"He lives in a street of wretched houses, with yards full of fruit and poultry; the sort of suburban street that Hervier paints with artistically nasty brush. We open the door of a plaster house, and we are in the presence of the lord of epithets. We are in a room with furniture covered in red damask, and gilt heavy Venetian shapes. There are old pictures of the Italian school with pretty yellow flesh-tints; over the mantelpiece is a mirror innocent of quicksilver, decorated with Per-

sian designs, of the Turkish café species. The whole effect is one of odds and ends, like the rooms of an elderly retired actress, who has only become possessed of pictures on the bankruptcy of her Italian manager."

Zola's Nose—Dumas' Eye.

THE humor of Henrik Ibsen, as expressed in "The Wild Duck," is described in the journal of the Goncourts as "a polar imitation of French humor." Mistral, the Provence poet, is likened to "a solid peasant who has taken off his blouse." One of the most penetrating descriptions in the volume is that of Zola's nose: "Zola's nose is quite peculiar; it is a nose which interrogates, approves, condemns; a nose which is gay or sad; a nose which is inhabited by its master's physiognomy; a real hunting-dog's nose, which impressions, sensations, and desires divide at the end into two little lobes which seem to twitch at moments." There is also a striking pen-portrait of the great Dumas père, author of the immortal "Three Musketeers":

"A sort of giant, with a negro's hair now turned pepper-and-salt, with a little hippopotamus-like eye, clear and sharp, which watches even when it seems covered over, and an enormous face with features resembling the vaguely hemispherical outlines which caricaturists introduce into their versions of the moon. There is, I cannot say how, something about him of a showman, or a traveler from the 'Thousand and One Nights.' He talks a great deal without much brilliancy, without much biting quality, and without much color; he only gives us facts, curious facts, paradoxical facts, stunning facts, drawn with a hoarse voice from an immense store of memories. And he talks always of himself, himself, himself, but with a childlike vanity in which there is nothing irritating."

There are references to Oscar Wilde even as early as 1883. The Goncourts record a rather amazing after-dinner story told by Wilde after his return from America. They record it in all seriousness:

"This poet, among other unlikely stories, gave us an amusing picture of a town in Texas, with its population of convicts, its revolver-bred morality, its places of amusement, where one can read on a placard: 'Please don't shoot the pianist; he is doing his best.' He told us about the theater hall, which, as the largest hall in the district, serves for assizes; and where people are hanged on the stage after the performance; and where he saw, he says, a man who was being hanged catch hold

of the scenery uprights, and on whom the spectators shot from their seats."

The Six Worst Books.

A TRULY Worst Book must be not merely neutral in its badness. It must possess the distinction of active and actual viciousness. So Arthur Stringer claims in the *Toronto Booklover*, in presenting his own list of the "six worst books"—as a salutary change from the popular diversion of choosing the "six best." "It must be so bad," he goes on, "so patently or so insidiously bad, that it is worthy of a bell-buoy of warning where it menaces the channels of sanity or merits the flashlight of scorn where it threatens the sea-lanes of health." Mr. Stringer's list of the "six worst," while admittedly not a final one, is none the less surprising. Shaw's play, "The Doctor's Dilemma," is the first one on the list. It is "a diabolically clever book," but "the veneer of sophistication which surrounds its essentially vicious core . . . is startlingly like the blind-pig's Holy Testament which is made the receptacle for half a pint of moonshine whiskey." The second book is George Moore's "Memoirs of My Dead Life." "The great trouble with George Moore is that he is a bounder. He is a rotter cursed with the gift of writing. . . . Nor can his vicious tittle-tattle of Paris ateliers be altogether extenuated as the intimacies of implacable self-revelation. For, instead of standing a second Rousseau, he seems more like a malicious old woman preoccupied with the retailing of backstairs gossip." Third on the list comes "The 'Genius,'" by the American, Theodore Dreiser. "While posing as photographic in its fidelity to detail, it is the 'realism' which venally concentrates its attention on the soul's underworld of passion, the 'naturalism' which prefers to view life only through the leper-squint of the 'licentious.'" Mr. Stringer's fourth selection is Thomas Dixon's "The Leopard's Spots," which he names as a terrible example of "yellow" literature. The fifth book is George S. Viereck's "Confessions of a Barbarian." "Justice compels one to admit that this hyphenated American has the facility of the bi-linguist and the nervous alertness of the Surf Avenue puller-in never sure of his crowd." Last on this list is Elinor Glyn's "Three Weeks," characterized as the leading example of "this new-fangled servant-girl type of fiction,

which, of course, must be full of Art and 'Igh Life.'

The Laughing Satire of
Fielding the Journalist.

THE most important contribution in recent years to the literary history of Henry Fielding, in the opinion of Wilbur L. Cross, is the publication of his *Covent-Garden Journal* (Yale University Press), edited by Gerard Edward Jensen. Fielding the journalist has been strangely overlooked. This newspaper was undertaken at the height of the great novelist's powers, after the publication of "Tom Jones" and after "Amelia" had been prepared for the press (November, 1751). Mr. Jensen characterizes the peculiar quality of Fielding's genius to be found in the quaint old newspaper:

"In his contributions to the *Covent-Garden Journal*, Fielding is at his best. Therein are the most witty of his satirical essays and the most spirited of his serious discussions. Even if we do detect a diminishing vivacity of spirit towards the end of the series, we find no marked deterioration in style. Indeed, throughout these lucubrations there is a uniformly high level of literary workmanship. Despite the fact that Fielding wrote his leaders almost solely for his own times and with a purpose which more closely concerned his own contemporaries than it does us, there are in this collection many essays which will appeal at once to any reader as exceedingly humorous, and several in a serious vein which will immediately hold his attention."

Journalism and Satire.

FIELDING saw both the good and bad in his contemporaries, Mr. Jensen points out. But despite his close contact, as magistrate, with the dregs of London society, he did not regard human nature as utterly depraved, and courageously went about doing good and attempting a reformation in which success seemed quite possible.

"In his *Covent-Garden Journal*, however, there is a stream of satire that flows on almost without interruption. It is difficult, therefore, to stamp any one essay as purely humorous or as quite serious. When he employs the satirical method Fielding is always at his best, for he had gained the mastery of this 'darling Wit and Humor' long before this time. In such essays one rarely finds an offensive note, and never any deep bitterness of feeling. When he ridicules the follies and vices of the age, rarely does Fielding laugh sardonically at his contemporaries, but, rather, laughs sympathetically with them. The true ridiculous, he believed, springs from affectation, and affectation from vanity and hypocrisy. To root out these cardinal failings, Fielding allied himself closely with Lucian, Cervantes, and Swift; and filled his pages with 'laughing satire,' in ridicule of that which seemed obnoxious in his contemporaries. Ridicule was his favorite weapon because he believed in the force of example, and



THE GONCOURTS IN 1851 AS DEPICTED BY GAVARNI

This is a reproduction of the famous Gavarni lithograph of Edmond and Jules de Goncourt, whose famous journal has just been published in English. This book focusses and concentrates all the teeming intellectual and artistic life of the second half of the nineteenth century. The journal was started in 1851 and completed in 1895 by Edmond, who outlived his younger brother Jules.

because he felt that examples of what men should shun were much more effective than examples of what men should follow."

Mrs. Atherton in a New
Field.

MRS. BALFAME had made up her mind to commit murder." Such is the tempting bait dangled before the reader in the opening sentence of Gertrude Atherton's new novel, "Mrs. Balfame" (Stokes). "He goes after it," to quote the *New York Globe*, "is caught, and is not released until he has finished the book." Yet the book is more than a mere "mystery" or "detective" story, according to the more observant critics. Mrs. Atherton has dissected the character of a "leading club woman" in a small town; she has thrown an interesting light upon the worshipful methods of American newspapers in dealing with crime. One of the most interesting bits in the book, for the critic of the *New York Tribune*, is the process by which Mrs. Balfame arrives at her decision to murder her husband:

"At the Friday Club, a lady from New

York reads a paper on 'The War versus Woman.' Here Mrs. Atherton strikes a note worth pondering. Mrs. Balfame suddenly decides to kill her husband.

"Compared with the stupendous slaughter in Europe, a slaughter that would seem to be one of the periodicities of the world, since it is the composite expression of the individual male's desire to fight somebody just so often—what, in comparison with such a monstrous crime, would be the offence of doing away with one obnoxious husband?"

"That thought is germinating in other feminine brains in Elsinore, for later, when Mrs. Balfame is held for trial and all the women of the place believe that she is guilty while presenting a firm front of belief in her innocence, one of her defenders asserts that 'there's this much to be said: A lot of good men may get killed, but when you think of the thousands of detestable, tyrannical, stingy, boresome husbands—well, it is to be imagined that a few widows will manage to bear up. If women all over the world refuse to come forward in one grand concerted peace movement, perhaps we can guess the reason why.' Indeed, there are many reasons why Mrs. Balfame, tho held guilty, must be declared innocent, if necessary with a little jury fixing—the men's part of the affair. As the banker's wife says: 'The men are no more anxious than we are to

have Elsinore disgraced—especially with all those lots on the edge of the West End unsold. They are hoping for a boom every day. The trial will be bad enough.”

Murder as an Irksome Incident.

SOME of the more conservative critics have protested against a “detective” novel from the pen of such a distinguished writer as Gertrude Atherton; but James L. Ford, of the *New York Herald*, writes: “It is a long time since we have had a story of crime and its detection that is quite as interesting as this,” while the *Tribune* finds the crux of Mrs. Atherton’s theme in “the psychology of a woman capable of murder, already a murderer in her heart, yet who is innocent.”

“Murder not as a fine art but as an irksome incidental necessity in the conduct of life for its wider development. And, side by side with this curious study, we have the picture of the community, with all its devious ways and interests, its confused ethics, loyalties and clannishness, a serious collective social phenomenon that is not without its humors. Perhaps Mrs. Atherton would have done better to leave the mystery unsolved—the denouement she furnishes involves another curious study of feminine psychology—but the book arrests attention and holds it. It is packed with observation and significance.”

Another Tercentenary.

ON April 23rd Spain celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the death of Cervantes. The Cervantes tercentenary, in the opinion of Dr. D. Francisco Cobos, writing in the *Ilustración Española y Americana* and quoted by Dr. I. Goldberg in the *Boston Transcript*, in its larger aspects is a bond of union linking all the Spanish-speaking peoples of the new and old world. “It is a call of glory made to ten million persons who speak the same language ennobled by the sovereign fantasy of the prince of geniuses. In this call, there are joined with the name of Cervantes ancestral recollections of legendary greatness; reminiscences of geographical discoveries that changed the face of the globe; accents of historical truth that demonstrate the marvelous unity of action which characterizes the Spanish race in twenty civilizing conquests; brilliant irradiations of a limitless imagination, and spiritual manifestations of a literary tongue that possesses the rotund majesty of Greek, the sonorous strength of Latin and the magnificent sentimental harmony of Arabic.” Nowhere, the Spanish savant adds, is there a greater admiration for Cervantes than in Spanish America. Dr. Goldberg interprets:

“The centenary of Cervantes, says Cobos (and in this he seems to be supported by a host of other writers who are, naturally, at this time flooding the papers and

magazines of Spain with their verbal and pictorial homage), coming at the very time when Spain and its American children are approaching nearer to one another, is an interpenetration of ideas, of sentiments and aspirations. Of ideas, because those expressed so majestically by Cervantes in his golden prose are the very ideas which are preserved intact and pure, more so than even in the mother country, in Venezuela, in Colombia, in Ecuador, Central America, in the Antilles. In all the other regions of America the ideas are also preserved, more or less modified by foreign immigration.

“... The celebration of the Cervantes centenary, in the midst of the world’s greatest crisis, comes like an opportunity to renew the faith in the great destinies of the Spanish people; like an ‘ideal congregation of our race’s souls, across the ocean, in order to continue existing with the power of the past united with the strength of the present,’ like a resurgence of the most human philosophy.”

“Spain’s Chief Glory.”

ONE of the features of the Cervantes celebration has been the opening of *la casa de Cervantes* at Valladolid, which has been restored as a modest memorial to the satirist who has been termed “Spain’s chief glory.” The house was originally built in the seventeenth century. It is owing chiefly to the Hispanic Society of America and to its president, Mr. Archer M. Huntington, that the restoration has been made possible. Writing in the *Ilustración Artística* of Barcelona, the Marquis de la Vega Inclan declares that “neither the investigations of illustrious litterateurs and biographers of Cervantes, nor the good intentions of the city authorities of Valladolid . . . would have prevented these houses going to ruin had it not been for the active efforts of the King and the cooperation of the president of the Hispanic Society of New York, Mr. Archer M. Huntington.” The *New York Sun* explains further:

“As long as June 23, 1866, the city authorities of Valladolid by a decree identified a house on Rastro street as the domicile of Cervantes. The Marquis at the request of King Alfonso recently purchased the house in his name, and acquired Nos. 12 and 16 on either side for the Hispanic American Society. How like old Spain it is that since Juan de la Navas built early in the seventeenth century the house where Cervantes lived for several years ‘no material repairs’ have been made. In the reconstruction planned the exterior is to be exactly restored. A change will be made on the first floor to provide a room large enough to hold about one hundred people; here a professor of the university, or a visiting scholar will give readings from Cervantes. Elsewhere there will be a library for preserving the oldest and rarest copies of his works; also a printing press to reproduce ‘Don Quixote’ and other popular books, also pamphlets to keep the Castilian tongue pure.

“But this is not all. Valladolid has pledged itself not to permit the erection of modern buildings on the lots near by, which are to be set out with a terrace and a garden ‘absolutely Spanish in character,’ together with a classical fountain to symbolize ‘the gushing forth, as from an inexhaustible spring, of the pure and vivifying currents of the Castilian language, into all the countries that owe their culture to Spain.”

Prohibitory Advice to Critics.

FOLLOWING the example of Arthur Guiterman, who recently published a list of striking “don’t’s for young poets, Mrs. Alice Corbin Henderson has compiled a list of forty-six “don’t’s for critics who have to deal with the newer and more modern manifestations of free verse. They are published in *The Little Review*, of Chicago, and may prove of value to critics in all fields. We reprint some of the more striking of Mrs. Henderson’s critical prohibitions:

“Don’t try to speak the last word—you can’t.

“Don’t believe that beauty is conventionality, or that the classic poets chose only ‘nice’ subjects.

“Don’t forget that the age which produced the cathedrals produced also the grotesques.

“Don’t squirm when the poet is a satirist. We need the keen vision. Not all pessimism is unhealthy, and not all optimism healthy.

“Don’t expect a poet to repeat himself indefinitely, however much you may admire his earlier work. You may appreciate his later work in time.

“Don’t wait until a poet is dead before you discover him.

“Don’t forget that prosody is derived from poetry, not poetry from prosody.

“Don’t condemn the work of a man whose books you have not read. Unfortunately, there are no civil service examinations for critics.

“Don’t substitute irritability for judgment.

“Don’t tell the poet what he must or must not write about. He doesn’t hear you.

“Don’t take ten times as much space as the poet to prove that he is a bad poet. Your sin against the public is more grievous and your art less than his.

“Don’t deny the poet his folly, or expect him to appear always pompously on stilts. Think of the poets who have fun in their make-up, and you think of some of the greatest—Shakespeare, Chaucer, Villon—(by no means excepting Lewis Carroll, whose *Jabberwock* is almost ‘pure’ poetry and the poetic prototype of much excellent modern painting). Don’t relax your own appreciation of humor to the soft, easy level of the newspapers.

“Don’t look first at the publisher’s imprint.

“Don’t cling to convictions that you fear to have upset.

“Don’t, because you fail to share the convictions of a fellow critic, think that he is a bigger fool than you are—unless you can prove it.

OUR BELATED RECOGNITION OF THE GREATEST LIVING WRITER OF OUTDOOR LITERATURE

OF ALL living authors, now that Tolstoy has gone, I could least dispense with W. H. Hudson." This is the tribute John Galsworthy pays to the comparatively unknown and neglected author of "Green Mansions." Hudson is further characterized as "a very great writer, and, to my thinking, the most valuable our age possesses." "Green Mansions," which has just been republished in this country by Alfred A. Knopf, with a foreword by Mr. Galsworthy, is a romance of the tropical forests of South America. Another work entitled "Adventures Among Birds" (just published by Mitchell Kennerley) reveals Hudson the naturalist. Mr. Knopf also announces still another volume by Hudson entitled "Birds and Men." Indeed, a Hudson vogue seems imminent.

Mr. Galsworthy explains why the little known and retiring naturalist deserves recognition and appreciation in this country, even tho such recognition now must be belated. "He is, of living writers that I read, the rarest spirit, and has the clearest gift of conveying to me the nature of that spirit." Whether in a pure romance like "Green Mansions" or a romantic piece of realism like "The Purple Land," continues Mr. Galsworthy, or in books like "Idle Days in Patagonia," "Afoot in England," "Adventures Among Birds," or the rest of Hudson's nomadic records of men and beasts, he has a "supreme gift of disclosing not only the thing he sees but the spirit of his vision." Without apparent effort he "takes you with him into a rare, free, natural world, and always you are refreshed, stimulated, enlarged, by going there."

"He is, of course, a distinguished naturalist, probably the most acute, broad-minded and understanding observer of Nature living. And this, in an age of specialism, which loves to put men into pigeonholes and label them, has been a misfortune to the reading public, who, seeing the label Naturalist, pass on and take down the nearest novel. Hudson has indeed the gifts and knowledge of a Naturalist, but that is a mere fraction of his value and interest. A really great writer such as this is no more to be circumscribed by a single word than America by the part of it called New York. The expert knowledge which Hudson has of Nature gives to all his work backbone and surety of fiber, and to his sense of beauty an intimate actuality. But his real eminence and extraordinary attraction lie in

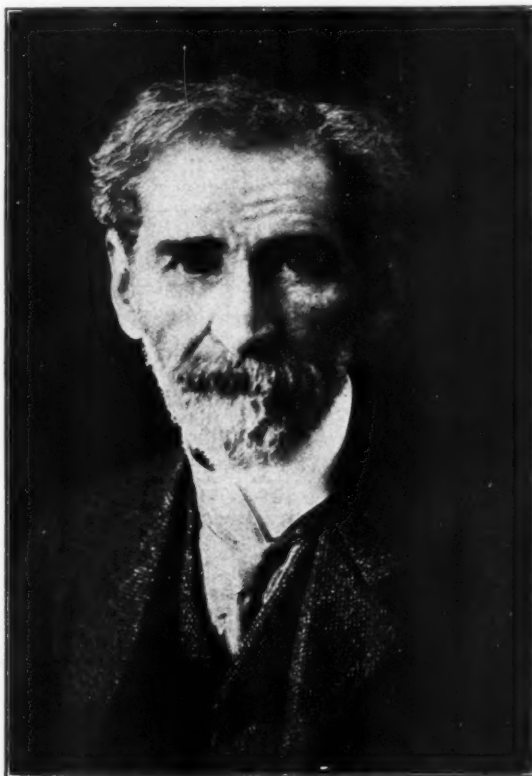
his spirit and philosophy. We feel from his writings that he is nearer to Nature than other men, yet more truly civilized. The competitive, towny culture, the queer up-to-date knowingness with which we are so busy coating ourselves, simply will not stick to him."

The real Hudson ("Who's Who" gives a list of his publications-but no other data) is more adequately revealed, according to Mr. Galsworthy, in a passage in "Hampshire Days," in which the gentle author indulges in this bit of self-revelation:

"The blue sky, the brown soil beneath, the grass, the trees, the animals, the wind

further informed, breathe this spirit of revolt against our new enslavement to towns and machinery, and are "true Oases in an Age so dreadfully resigned to the 'pale mechanician.'" Mr. Galsworthy interprets further:

"But Hudson is not, as Tolstoy was, a conscious prophet; his spirit is freer, more wilful, whimsical—almost perverse—and far more steeped in love of beauty. If you called him a prophet he would stamp his foot at you—as he will at me if he reads these words; but his voice is prophetic, for all that, crying in a wilderness, out of which, at the call, will spring up roses here and there, and the sweet-smelling grass. . . . He is a tonic, a deep refreshing drink, with a strange and wonderful flavor; he is a mine of new interests, and ways of thought instinctively right. As a simple narrator he is well-nigh unsurpassed; as a stylist, he has few, if any, living equals. And in all his work there is an indefinable freedom from any thought of after-benefit—even from the desire that we should read him. He puts down what he sees and feels, out of sheer love of the thing seen and the emotion felt: the smell of the lamp has not touched a single page that he ever wrote. That alone is a marvel to us who know that, to write well, even to write clearly, is a woundy business, long to learn, hard to learn, and no gift of the angels. Style should not obtrude between a writer and his reader; it should be servant, not master. To use words so true and simple that they oppose no obstacle to the flow of thought and feeling from mind to mind, and yet by juxtaposition of word-sounds set up in the recipient continuing emotion or gratification—this is the essence of style; and Hudson's writing has preeminently this double quality."



A SPIRITUAL ADVENTURER

Sunlight, winds, rains, all the freshness of forests and mountains are to be found fragrant and living in the pages of W. H. Hudson, if we may believe the words of John Galsworthy and the late William James.

and rain and stars are never strange to me; for I am in and of and am one with them; and my flesh and the soil are one, and the heat in my blood and in the sunshine are one, and the winds and the tempests and my passions are one. I feel the 'strangeness' only with regard to my fellow men, especially in towns, where they exist in conditions unnatural to me but congenial to them. . . . In such moments we sometimes feel a kinship with, and are strangely drawn to, the dead, who are not as these—the long, long dead, the men who knew not life in towns, and felt no strangeness in sun and wind and rain."

All of the books of Hudson, we are

An unspoiled unity with Nature pervades all the writings of Hudson, we are told. "They are remote from the fret and dust and pettiness of town life; they are large, direct, free." Yet the mind of this writer is subtle and fastidious. "Hudson's fancy is akin to the flight of the birds that are his special loves—it never seems to have entered a house, but, since birth, to have been roaming the air, in rain and sun, or visiting the trees and the grass . . . in sweep of wing, quickness of eye and natural sweet strength of song, he is not unlike a super-bird—which is a horrid image." Hudson has a message peculiarly for our own era:

"Do we realize how far our town life and culture have got away from things

that really matter; how instead of making civilization our handmaid to freedom we have set her heel on our necks, and under it bite dust all the time? Hudson, whether he knows it or not, is now the chief standard-bearer of another faith. Thus he spake in 'The Purple Land': 'Ah, yes, we are vainly seeking after happiness in the wrong way. It was with us once and ours, but we despised it, for it was only the common happiness which Nature gives to all her children, and we went away from it in search of another grander kind of happiness which some dreamer—Bacon or another—assured us we should find. We had only to conquer Nature, find out her secrets, make her our obedient slave, then the Earth would be Eden, and every man Adam and every woman Eve. We are still marching bravely on, conquering Nature; but how weary and sad we are getting! The old joy in life and gaiety of heart have vanished, tho we do sometimes pause for a few moments in our long-forced march to watch the labors of some pale mechanician, seeking after perpetual motion, and indulge in a little, dry, cackling laugh at his expense.'

W. H. Hudson is not to be confounded with William Henry Hudson, the Shakespearian scholar. Many of the former's books are, according to information published with "Adventures Among Birds," almost a generation old. The work just named may prove to be his last work, as the naturalist has failed in health lately. "Do you mean to say," Mr. Galsworthy asks on the cover of this volume, "that America hardly knows him?" If this is indeed so, and it is an impression fostered by the present publishers of Mr. Hudson's books, then discriminating American readers have apparently forgotten that as early as 1899, in his "Talks to Teachers on Psychology," the late William James expressed deep admiration for and called attention to "Idle Days in Patagonia," quoting at length from that fascinating volume. "The intense interest that life can assume when brought down to the non-thinking level," Professor James wrote, "the level of pure sensorial per-

ception, has been beautifully described by a man who *can* write—Mr. W. H. Hudson." After quoting Hudson's strange experiences of suspense and watchfulness, in which he attained a perfect harmony with nature, placing himself, temporarily at least, on a level mentally with the savages and the wild animals, Professor James commented:

"For the spectator, such hours as Mr. Hudson writes of form a mere tale of emptiness, in which nothing happens, nothing is gained, and there is nothing to describe. They are meaningless and vacant tracts of time. To him who feels their inner secret, they tingle with an importance that unutterably vouches for itself. I am sorry for the boy or girl, or man or woman, who has never been touched by the spell of this mysterious sensorial life, with its irrationality, if so you like to call it, but its vigilance and its supreme felicity. The holidays of life are its most vitally significant portions, because they are, or at least should be, covered with just this kind of magically irresponsible spell."

AMERICAN MODERNISTS IN PAINTING TAKE THE PUBLIC INTO THEIR CONFIDENCE

TO PUT before the American public in a large and complete manner the best examples of the more modern American art; to stimulate interest in the really good native work of this movement; to present for the first time a comprehensive, critical selection of the serious painting now being shown in isolated groups; to turn public attention for the moment from European art and concentrate it on the excellent work being done in America; and to bring serious, deserving painters in direct contact with the public without a commercial intermediary,—such was the statement of the purposes to be fulfilled in the Forum Exhibition of Modern American Painters recently held in the Anderson Galleries in New York. The exhibition, organized under the leadership of Willard Huntington Wright, aided by a committee composed of Christian Brinton, Robert Henri, W. H. de B. Nelson, Alfred Stieglitz and Dr. John Weichsel, presented the work of sixteen American "modernists" in art, selected from fifty of "the most deserving very modern American painters." Not only were the paintings of the sixteen shown, but in an imposing catalog published by Mitchell Kennerley each artist was allowed not a mere word of explanation but a full page, while the members of the committee also contributed essays concerning the present condition of modern American art. This method enabled the spectator not merely to look upon the pictures but to have these

complex and diverse manifestations of the modern movement in art interpreted by their creators. However, to search for any definite underlying and basic tendency among all these modern artists seems from their interpretations to be fruitless. We gain the impression that their aims are not one but diverse, and their tendencies centrifugal rather than centripetal.

"I put in my work only the selected essentials of my inspiration," writes the artist who styles himself Ben Benn, "desiring, above all, that my work shall be direct. This I try to obtain by continually editing the first impression un-

til I feel that all unessentials have been eliminated." (Is this not one of the elementary lessons taught to every art student?)

Thomas H. Benton uses color "simply to reinforce the solidity and spacial position of forms predetermined by line." He explains:

"I believe the importance of drawing, of line, cannot be overestimated, because of its control of the idea of form, and I believe that no loveliness of color can compensate for deficiency in this respect. While considering color of secondary constructive importance, I realize, nevertheless, its value in heightening the intensity of volume, and am, to a certain extent, in accordance with all those developments which, emanating from Cézanne, tend to accentuate its functioning power.

"I believe that particular attention to consistency in method is bad, and for this reason employ any means that may accentuate or lessen the emotive power of the integral parts of my work.

"In conclusion I wish to say that I make no distinctions as to the value of subject-matter. I believe that the representation of objective forms and the presentation of abstract ideas of form to be of equal artistic value."

Andrew Dasburg, spurning objectivity and "drawing," confesses that his intention has been "to coordinate color and contour into a phantastic of form that will have the power to stimulate one's sense of the esthetic reality." Painting, for Oscar Bluemner, another exhibitor, may be as varied and novel, as characteristic and personal, as music is. "Free, it is bound only by its



FIGURE

Such is the laconic title Mr. Ben Benn gives to this picture, which suggests not only Van Gogh but possibly Gauguin as well.



FIGURE ORGANIZATION NO. 3

This is by Thomas H. Benton. His talent is really delicate and decorative, in the opinion of Willard Huntington Wright. The bodies depicted are bathed in greens and reds.



NATURE SYMBOLIZED

This interpretation has been made by Arthur G. Dove, who makes of Art a glorious adventure, according to his own confession.

own inner laws." Theories have been outgrown, in the opinion of Arthur G. Dove: "the reality of sensation alone remains. It is that in its essence that I wish to set down. It should be a delightful adventure. My wish is to work so unassailably that one could let one's worst instincts go unanalyzed, not to revolutionize nor to reform but to enjoy life out loud." Marsden Hartley, who is too esoteric to quote, admits that "all expression is illustration—of something." On the other hand, S. Macdonald-Wright, the exponent of "synchronism," seeks to divest his art "of all anecdote and illustration, and to purify it to the point where the emotions of the spectator will be wholly esthetic, as when listening to good music." He adds: "I strive to make my art bear the same relation to painting that polyphony bears to music. Illustrative music is a thing of the past: it has become abstract and purely esthetic, dependent for its effect upon rhythm and form. Painting, certainly, need not lag behind music."

John Marin explains that his pictures are constructed expressions of the inner senses responding to things seen and felt. "One responds differently toward different things; one even responds differently toward the same thing. In reality it is the same thing no longer; you are in a different mood and it is in a different mood." The artist must be free to paint his effect, Alfred Maurer claims. "Nature must not bind him, or he would have to become more interested in the subject-matter before him than in the thing he feels need expression. In my case, where

I am interested in the harmonic relation of color volumes, I consider the tonal values first. This is why my pictures differ from the scene which they might seem to represent."

Henry L. McFee strives to make his canvases not a representation of many objects interesting in themselves, but a plastic unit expressive of his understanding "of the form-life of the collection of objects." George F. Of wishes "to make the canvas live a life

of its own, irrespective of its inspiration; and this can only be accomplished by him who perceives the causes underlying the life of his subject." "Throughout time," protests another exhibitor, Mr. Man Ray, "painting has alternately been put to the service of the Church, the State, arms, individual patronage, nature appreciation, scientific phenomena, anecdote and decoration." But, he points out, "all the marvelous works that have been painted, whatever the sources of inspiration, still live for us because of absolute qualities they possess in common. The creative force and the expressiveness of painting reside materially in the color and texture of pigment, in the possibilities of form invention and organization, and in the flat plane on which these elements are brought to play."

Charles Sheeler defines art as "the perception through our sensibilities, more or less guided by instinct, of universal order and its expression in terms more directly appealing to some particular phase of our sensibilities." A. Walkowitz is more explicit, writing:

"I do not avoid objectivity nor seek subjectivity, but try to find an equivalent for whatever is the effect of my relation to a thing, or to a part of a thing, or to an afterthought of it. I am seeking to attune my art to what I feel to be the keynote of an experience. If it brings to me a harmonious sensation, I then try to find the concrete elements that are likely to record the sensation in visual forms, in the medium of lines, of color shapes, of space division. When the line and color are sensitized, they seem to be alive with the rhythm which I felt in the thing



NEW YORK

A. Walkowitz's is among the most serious and strangest of modern art, says Mr. Wright. "One gets the emotion of form while dispensing with the actual objective model."

that stimulated my imagination and my expression. If my art is true to its purpose, then it should convey to me in graphic terms the feeling which I received in imaginative terms. That is as far as the form of my expression is involved.

"As to its content, it should satisfy my need of creating a record of an experience."

To the layman, perhaps, the eloquent explanations of such authorities as Dr. Weichsel and Willard Huntington Wright may throw more light upon the diverse aims of the young American modernists than the auto-interpretations of the artists themselves. We must bear in mind, Mr. Wright points out, that there is no essential difference between the most representative modernist and the Old Master. He writes in his foreword:

"The enduring qualities of the older

paintings—that is to say, those qualities which give them an esthetic emotion and make one old master greater than another—are the precise qualities which are to be found in all significant modern paintings. Everyone knows, for instance, that of two different Renaissance paintings of a Madonna and Child one may be a great piece of art while the other may be artistically worthless. It is neither the subject-matter nor the painter's approximation to nature which makes his work great: it is the inherent esthetic qualities of order, rhythm, composition and form.

"Now, the modern men, in the main, are striving to divest these fundamental qualities of all superficial matter, to state them purely and, by so doing, to increase the emotional reaction of the picture. True, it is difficult for the average untutored spectator to recognize these qualities without the intermediary of recognizable objectivity. But once he has adjusted his vision, he will find that the pleasure he derives from modern paint-

ing will more than compensate him from the intellectual effort he must exert before he can understand it.

"Therefore, instead of dismissing the new work as incomprehensible and meaningless, let everyone who is interested in progress and intellectual effort try to find the beauty which is here manifest. It is not a new beauty, but an old beauty purified and given a new investiture. Only reactionary and static minds scoff antagonistically at the new and the strange. Every day intelligent men and women are coming in touch with the new vision of art.

"You yourself can find that vision if you will not attempt to approach it through the conventional channels of preconceived ideas, but will give it the serious critical attention it deserves. Scoffing and indifference will injure neither the modern artist nor his work. You alone will be the loser, for you will close to yourself the door which leads to the highest esthetic emotion."

NEW TRIBUTES TO THE IRREPRESSIBLE YOUTH AND VITALITY OF WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

A NEW book of any kind by William Dean Howells is a matter of moment in the world of literature. A new novel, considering how much he stands for in the development of American life and letters, is a sort of national event. The first installment of "The Leatherstocking God" appeared in the *Century Magazine* for April, and "The Daughter of Storage,"

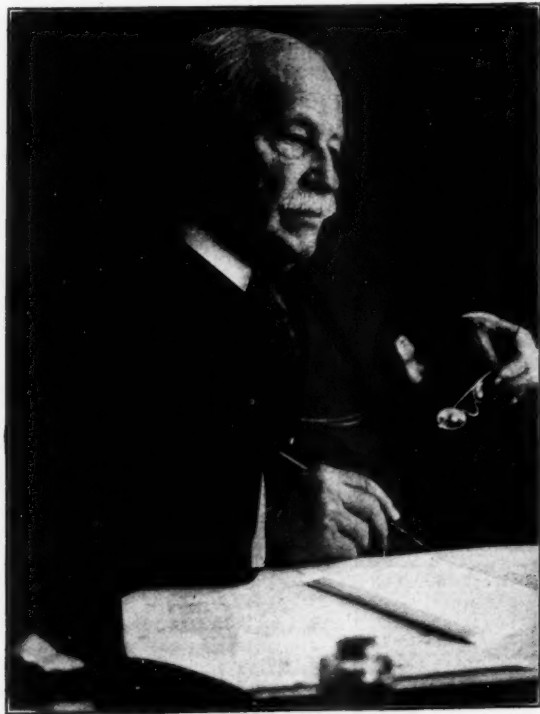
a volume containing some of Mr. Howells's shorter pieces, many of them in verse, has just been published by Harper & Brothers. This double event, coming about at the time our most distinguished living man of letters is entering his eightieth year (he was born March 1, 1837), are offered as a striking evidence of the unflagging vitality of Mr. Howells's art and literary activity. We understand, however, that "The Leather-

stocking God" was conceived and most of it written some thirty years ago. The substance of this narrative was recounted to Mr. Howells by his father, the whole book being derived from actual facts, scenes and people of the early decades in the settlement of Ohio, Mr. Howells's native state. Writing in the *St. Louis Mirror*, William Marion Reedy points out that, in this day of "panic outbursts of new schools of thought and expression," the publication of such a notable contribution to American letters is of special significance. Howells, so Reedy notes, is irrevocably committed to "the old sound standards and the sanctions of that common sense which is the salt preservative of true genius from perversion and decay." Mr. Reedy continues in this vein:

"Only too many of us, perhaps, have forgotten the quiet force and the beautiful finish of Howells in the distraction caused by the strident, plangent, clamorous, banalistic writing of these latter days. Here is a man who writes without haste and even, it may be said, looking over the seventy or more volumes to his credit, without rest. He is a calm at the heart of social, political and economic storm. Yet he is not immune from the stir and urge of his time. Mr. Howells, no matter how far advanced in years, can not be called a reactionary. He is now, as he has always been, a liberal in thought. A careful reader of his works is bound to confess that in all of them Mr. Howells is not only abreast of, but somewhat in advance of, the ordinary thinking of his times.

"It requires no particular clairvoyance on the part of any reader to discern in this veteran's writing and thinking that he is decidedly at variance with the commonly accepted conventions in political, social and economic doctrine and practice. The man who could raise his voice in defense of Altgeld's pardon of the unexecuted anarchists of the Haymarket riot is not the man whose mind can now or ever work backwards. To those who would know where Howells stands with regard to the great issues underlying social unrest and discontent, we need only to say that they must go to his 'Traveler in Altruria.' While Mr. Howells has not written much in direct, open comment upon current issues or affairs for many years, he has never recanted his earlier progressiveness and he is still ranked, in the minds of all those who know, as one of this country's most incorrigible, even if unvirulent, intransigents."

Mr. Howells, we read, suggests both Walt Mason and the immortal Cervantes.



OUR GREATEST NOVELIST

As he enters his eightieth year, William Dean Howells publishes two books which give striking evidence of literary virility, according to many admiring critics.

VOICES OF THE LIVING POETS

WE ARE growing a little tired of this discussion of vers libre. It seems to be so beside the mark.

Everybody ought to know by now that one may write poetry in vers libre and one may write prose. It is not the vers libre that makes it either one or the other. It is something else, something that is irreducible to a formula. If we get the something else, it doesn't much matter whether it is in vers-libre form or in blank verse or in rhyme and rhythm.

In a way it is well to have Miss Amy Lowell define the new-old form for us as "a verse form based upon cadence rather than upon exact meter," and to be told by her that "the unit of vers libre is the strophe" and that the strophe is "a group of words that round themselves satisfactorily to the ear." The definition seems to be a fairly good one. Vers libre is just as legitimate a form in which to write as any other form, if one wishes to use it. We really can't see why there should be any heated argument over it. The vers libristes do not have to vindicate their right to use this form or any other. All they need to do is to produce real poetry in any form and their vindication will follow. They have produced very little of it so far. Have they, in fact, produced anything (unless the "Spoon River Anthology" be rated as free verse) that will live twenty or even ten years? We have our doubts.

When Miss Lowell, in taking up the championship of the new school, casts scorn upon the New England group of poets, declaring that, with the exception of Emerson, they were "cultivated gentlemen with a taste for literature—they never rose above that level," she simply proves the truth of another statement that she makes, that "the thing that we chiefly need is informed and authoritative criticism," and that she herself is too partisan to supply the need. The New England group has ministered to three generations of readers and no one has to use a club to secure access for them even now into the hearts of intelligent readers. The vers libristes have lasted so far about five years in this country. Their newness is, to be sure, nothing against them, and they are entitled to a hearing; but so far their arguments seem to have more emotional value than their poetry has.

Just to show that we have no hard feelings on the subject—we have, in fact, rather a liking for the new form and think it has come to stay—we reprint from the *Poetry Journal* a poem by one of the most promising of the vers libristes. It has no beauty, but it has vividness and power:

POWER-STATION.

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

WITHIN a bare walled and high-ceilinged room
The generator of electricity
Is racing.

The long steel-jointed piston
Thrusts forward and back:
Like a thin loose elbowed arm from its
black sleeve.

It turns the wheel,
And at each tug and thrust of it
The body pants: Whoom! Whoom!

The great wheel spins and whirls itself,
Its perfect arc of steel descending
In faultless beauty, time after time.

The little brushes stroke its axle;
Under the heavy little brushes
Go dancing white-hot joyful sparks.

Above the cylinder, slowly turning,
A funny, solemn ballet dancer,
The governor twirls its endless pirouet.

And out there over miles of streets,
The thin sharp fingers of the light
Start tickling at the fat ribs of the night.

Lovers gather beneath them to say good-
by,
And John Gould Fletcher, prowling soli-
tary,
Hears far away the generator turning:
Whoom! Whoom! its solemn approval.

We find the following in the *Bell-
man*. It has a Browningsque touch
that we like.

A PORTRAIT BY VELASQUEZ.

(The portrait speaks.)

By TUDOR JENKS.

RINALDO DE LA MURCIA—never
mind my titles—
Painted by Velasquez, if that's
the fellow's name.
It took a dozen sittings at least, as I
remember;
As many wasted trials before the like-
ness came.

"Likeness, did I call it? Well, well, there's
some resemblance;
The chin's too sharp, the nose too thin,
the eyes a trifle light;
But still, it has distinction, the Duke and
Duchess told me,
Though Dona Ysabel insists the picture
is a fright.

"I paid a thousand pieces in pity for the
craftsman—
His doublet was worn threadbare, and
he had a hatchet face.
Such creatures should be pensioned and
kept to paint our portraits,
For all posterity should know the men
of mark and race.

"I do not grudge the money, tho it cost
a month's campaigning,

We took the castle, burned it, and car-
ried off the gold.
It may be that this old daub will make
the tale more vivid
When to my children's children that
sharp fray shall be told."

The painted lips were silent. I ber to
scan the canvas.
It bore a date I could not read, and
painter's name alone.
And then I read the label: "A Portrait by
Velasquez;
Recently discovered. The subject is
unknown."

A new volume of poetry by Edgar
Lee Masters appears under the title of
"Songs and Satires." It lacks the sen-
sational novelty that we found in the
"Spoon River Anthology," but it has
much of the same quality in it, the
same clear etching of life and the same
unflinching touch in portraying the un-
pleasant side as well as the pleasant
side of human nature. Those who seek
in poetry a sort of mental anodyne will
not care for him. But those who are
not afraid to face realities will find
him stimulating. There are poems in
this book—"When We Grew To-
gether," for instance—that are better
than any single piece in the "An-
thology"; but the book, as a whole, is by
no means as notable a performance as
that was. The best things in the new
volume are too long to be reprinted
here. We select this:

THE SIGN.

By EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

THERE'S not a soul on the square,
And the snow blows up like a sail,
Or dizzily drifts like a drunken
man
Falling, before the gale.

And when the wind eddies it rifts
The snow that lies in drifts;
And it skims along the walk and sifts
In stairways, doorways, all about
The steps of the church in an angry rout.
And one would think that a hungry hound
Was out in the cold for the sound.

But I do not seem to mind
The snow that makes one blind,
Nor the crying voice of the wind—
I hate to hear the creak of the sign
Of Harmon Whitney, attorney-at-law:
With its rhythmic monotone of awe.
And neither a moan nor yet a whine,
Nor a cry of pain—one can't define
The sound of a creaking sign.

Especially if the sky be bleak,
And no one stirs however you seek,
And every time you hear it creak
You wonder why they leave it stay
When a man is buried and hidden away
Many a day.

Two years ago a volume by William
Butler Yeats was published in Ireland

(the Cuala Press), in a limited edition, which, because of the breaking out of the war perhaps, almost escaped notice. It is entitled "Responsibilities: Poems and a Play," and it has in it some of the best of Yeats's recent work. We quote the following:

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND.

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS.

DANCE there upon the shore;
What need have you to care
For wind or water's roar?
And tumble out your hair
That the salt drops have wet;
Being young you have not known
The fool's triumph, nor yet
Love lost as soon as won,
Nor the best laborer dead
And all the sheaves to bind.
What need have you to dread
The monstrous crying of wind?

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learn'd?
I have found out how despairing
The moths are when they are burned,
But I am old and you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.

O, you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
I could have warned you—but you are
young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

Berton Braley finds themes for poetizing where no one else ever thinks of looking for them, and he gets an audience, too, in places where no other poet finds it. Magazines that never published a poem before fall before his beguiling meters. *System*, the trade journal for business men, is the latest to succumb to him. From it we get this:

THE BUSINESS MAN.

BY BERTON BRALEY.

WHEN the trail is made—where a trail was not—
Through icy passes or deserts hot

By the feet of the Pioneer,
Dame Civilization follows fast
Into the Future, out of the Past,
Bringing her gold and gear;
And ever and ever close beside
Hovers her factor and aid and guide
Ready with scheme and plan,
Smoothing the trail where the trail is made
By dint of science and toil and trade
And brains of the Business Man!

When the shaft is sunk through the rock
and silt,

When the tunnel's bored or the bridge is
built

Or the mountain split asunder,
When the frames of towering structures
rise,

Lifting their roofs to the dizzy skies
Like castles of dreams and wonder,

Man and Master alike have wrought
With sweat and courage, with toil and
thought,

These mighty tasks to span;
But the mind that urges the work they do
And garners the gold that puts it through
Is the mind of the Business Man!

For him the coal is dug and burned,
For him the wheels of the world are
turned,

That he may serve us all;
Bringing the treasures from near and far,
From broad plantation and gay bazar

Which answer his magic call—
Over the earth he holds his reign,
Mine and factory, fleet and train,
Packet and caravan.

Who shall babble of Czars and Kings?
Here is the Boss of the Scheme of Things,
Here is the Business Man!

Five poems by Robert Frost appear in the *Yale Review*, under the title "The Hill Wife." They are poignant little vignettes of loneliness and fear, that deep, ingrowing loneliness that has in the years past produced such a frightful array of statistics of insanity among farmers' wives. We reprint the last poem in the series:

THE IMPULSE.

BY ROBERT FROST.

IT WAS too lonely for her there,
And too wild,
And since there were but two of
them,
And no child,

And work was little in the house,
She was free,
And followed where he furrowed field,
Or felled tree.

She rested on a log and tossed
The fresh chips,
With a song only to herself
On her lips.

And once she went to break a bough
Of black alder.
She strayed so far she scarcely heard
When he called her—

And didn't answer—didn't speak—
Or return.
She stood, and then she ran and hid
In the fern.

He never found her, tho he looked
Everywhere,
And he asked at her mother's house
Was she there.

Sudden and swift and light as that
The ties gave,
And he learned of finalities
Besides the grave.

If we had to depend upon the poetry of the new poets alone—the very newest, such as Frost and Masters and Conrad Aiken—we would all be in imminent danger of melancholia. As a counteractive we recommend the new

collection of modern poems made by Mrs. Waldo Richards and published by Houghton & Mifflin. It is entitled "High Tide: Songs of Joy and Vision From Present-Day Poets." It contains nearly 200 poems by American and British writers, most of them written within the last ten years. They are selected for their inspirational quality and they make a splendid exhibition that will amaze those who think that nothing of consequence has been done since the days of Tennyson.

Luckily the poets who are devotees of beauty have not all been silenced by the newest singers. Here, for instance, is something from *Harper's* by Le Gallienne:

VIOLIN MUSIC.

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

SOMEWHERE to-night among the
hills of heaven
She walks, with all her stars
around her;
And I who lost her here on earth
Grow happy, knowing God has found
her.

So many days along all paths of radiance
Made for her feet to tread I sought her,
Through all the wide lagoons of dawn
And mazy lanes of moonlit water.

Now know I by the path of this strange
music
Beyond the world she went a-straying,
Almost you bring me where she walks—
Ah! for the love of God, cease not your
playing.

There has come to us from Covington, Louisiana, a volume that has no publisher's imprint on it. It has a triple title: "Roses of Shadow; The Dream-Mender; Wild Pear and Maize." Its author is Adrian Schwartz, and if he can not be said to have arrived, he seems to be well on the way. Here is the first poem in the book, and there are others as good:

FROM "ROSES OF SHADOW."

BY ADRIAN SCHWARTZ.

SOME other jonquils in the morning
wind
Will give their yellow lyrics to
the sun,

Seeking another field's battalion,
With the same glory those we leave
behind.

Behold, these daisies languishing unseen
Keep the same poems every pagan
knew;

To-morrow's kingcup waiting for the
dew

Mayhap some tomb made bright in Mitylene.

The precious rose to-day that reappears
Upon the pages of God's sweet romance,
Perhaps, for its divine inheritance,
Still keeps a pearl from Cleopatra's tears;
And every wind that forages the earth
Husbands some loveliness again to birth.

The *Midland*, a magazine published in Iowa City, is worth watching for its poetry as well as for other things. Here is a pleasing poem by one of its writers bearing an unforgettable name:

WITH ISHMAEL.

BY WILLARD WATTLES.

O H, hearts were made for stay-at-homes
Who build a little fire,
But feet were made for wanderers
Whose ankles never tire.

And hands were made for those who love,
And lips for love to press;
But feet were made for gipsy-folk
To know no weariness.

For doors were made for householders
Who sleep the night inside;
But feet were made of knowing flesh
By flinty road-sides tried.

They say that arms are strong to hold,
And yielding lips are sweet;
It may be well for sober folk
Who have forgot their feet.

But I,—I have a going foot,
It will not let me stay;
I bid good morrow to my host,
And buss his dame good-day.

Ishmael had a going foot,—
Under a faery spell,
Out upon the crags of life
I camp with Ishmael.

"Singing Fires of Erin" is the witching title of a new volume of Celtic poetry by Eleanor Rogers Cox (John Lane Company). All the heroes and heroines of ancient Ireland—Finn, Cuchulain, Aengus Og, Deirdre, Queen Maeve and the rest—march through the pages with musical steps and shining faces and noble gestures. It is a goodly company, tho they are all too enshrouded in Celtic mist for us to get as clear a view of their lineaments as we might wish. Miss Cox is steeped in the Gaelic myths and her poetical pen has evidently found it a congenial task putting these myths into English verse. We quote what seems to us one of the best, tho the quality throughout is very even.

THE DREAM OF AENGUS OG.

BY ELEANOR ROGERS COX.

WHEN the rose o' Morn through
the daw was breaking,
And white on the hearth was
last night's flame,
Thither to me, 'twixt sleeping and waking,
Singing out of the mists she came.

And gray as the mists on the specter
meadows

Were the eyes that on my eyes she laid,
And her hair's red splendor through the
shadows

Like to the marsh-fire gleamed and
played.

And she sang of the wondrous far-off
places

That a man may only see in dreams,
The death-still, odorless, starlit spaces
Where Time is lost and no life gleams.

And there till the day had its crest up-
lifted,

She stood with her still face bent on
me,

Then forth with the Dawn departing
drifted

Light as a foam-fleck on the sea.

And now my heart is the heart of a
swallow

That here no solace of rest may find,
For evermore I follow and follow
Her white feet glancing down the wind.

And forevermore in my ears are ringing—
(Oh! red lips yet shall I kiss you
dumb!)

Twain sole words of that May mora's
singing,

Calling to me "Hither!" and "Come!"

From flower-bright fields to the wild lake-
sedges

Crying my steps when the Day has gone,
Till dim and small down the Night's pale
edges

The stars have fluttered one by one.

And light as the thought of a love for-
gotten

The hours skim past, while before me
flies

That face of the Sun and Mist begotten,
Its singing lips and death-cold eyes.

Mr. Bynner seems to have abandoned, for a time at least, the note of whimsicality that marked his poems a few years ago and to have struck a deeper and more earnest note of late. We find this in the *Bellman*:

HOW CAN I KNOW YOU ALL?

BY WITTER BYNNER.

HOW can I know you all, you who
are passing?

You in the crowds, moving so
many ways,

You hundreds and you tens, even you
twos and threes,

How can I hope to know you?

On your faces I have looked and I have
seen each time

Tokens of kinship,

Patents like mine of joy

And signs like mine of proud and piteous
need,

Of pain, of knowledge and of reparation.
I have heard hidden in your voices every
synonym of love.

But O you many faces known to me far-
off

And strange to me when you are near,
How shall I know you whom I need to
know,

Discovering your splendid lonely souls
And mating them with mine?

Out from among you comes a Voice in
answer:

"How can you know

Him whom you will not know?

We are yourself."

Whether you know and care for
Thoreau or not, this (from the Boston
Transcript) ought to "get" you:

BY THE GRAVE OF THOREAU.

BY ODELL SHEPARD.

SOME earth, some grass, and solitude—
Three things he loved, three things
he wooed

Lifelong; and now no rhyme can tell
How ultimately all is well
With his wild heart that worshipped God's
Epiphany in crumbling sods
And like an oak brought all its worth
Back to the kindly mother earth.

But something starry, something bold,
Eludes the clutch of dark and mold—
Something that will not wholly die
Out of the azure of the sky.

No spell in all the lore of graves
Can still the plash of Walden waves
Or wear away the vivid stain
Of Concord skies in heart and brain.
Clear psalteries and faint citoles
Only recall the orioles
Fluting reveille to the morn
Across the acres of the corn.

I see him wandering lonely still
Along the solitary hill,
Each evening building lonelier fires,
Remote from heaven's bright rampires—
A hermit in the blue Beyond

By shores of some celestial pond,
With beans to hoe and wood to hew
And halcyon days to loiter through,
With angel visitors, no doubt,
To shut the air and sunlight out.

And he who scoffed at human ways
And, since we were unworthy praise,
Sang misanthropic peans to
The muskrat and the feverfew,
Will droop those archangelic wings
With praise of how we manage things,
Prefer his Walden tupelo
To all the Trees of Life, and grow
A little wistful looking down
Across the fields of Concord Town.

We hope that the fire that visited
Thomas Mosher, the Portland (Me.)
publisher, last month left the type of
Miss Thomas's new book, "The Flower
From the Ashes," intact. The world
could ill lose such a volume. Here is
a second taste of its contents:

INCLUSION.

BY EDITH THOMAS.

I SHALL not care if I shall live no
more,
As men know life, as I myself have
known.

The waves that race so hard to reach the
shore—

They break, and backward to their deep
are thrown.

They are not, yet they are—become the
Sea. . . .

I lose my life, but Life will not lose me!

I shall not care if I shall love no more,
As time knows love, and, ah, as I have
known!

The fire goes out and open lies the door
When summer's high ascendant sun has
shone. . . .

My little fire of love burned bright,
burned free—

How greater, midst the Sun of Love
to be!

THE HYMN OF HATE—A JOYOUS TALE OF THE TRENCHES

This story has filled our hearts with great glee. It is and it isn't a war-story. There is hardly any fighting in it, no heroics, no pathos, no sentiment. Yet it actually smells of the trenches and gives one an inside view of soldier life and psychology that takes the sting out of the conflict, in a measure, and gives a new association of ideas. It is one of fourteen stories written by Boyd Cable and published by E. P. Dutton & Co. under the title "Between the Lines." The author is a Scot who has done all sorts of things in India, New Zealand and Australia, as stoker, farm-hand, greaser in an engine-room, etc., and has served in this war with the infantry in the trenches, with the artillery, and in other positions. We have abridged the story slightly.

"The troops continue in excellent spirits."—
EXTRACT FROM OFFICIAL DESPATCH.

A BIGGISH battle had died out about a week before in the series of spasmodic struggles of diminishing fury that have characterized most of the battles on the Western Front, when the Tower Bridge Rifles found themselves in occupation of a portion of the forward line which was only separated from the German trench by a distance varying from forty to one hundred yards. Such close proximity usually results in an interchange of compliments between the two sides, either by speech or by medium of a board with messages written on it—the board being reserved usually for the strokes of wit most likely to sting, and therefore best worth conveying to the greatest possible number of the enemy.

The "Towers" were hardly installed in their new position when a voice came from the German parapet, "Hello, Tower Bridge Rifles! Pleased to meet you again."

The Englishmen were too accustomed to it to be surprised by this uncannily prompt recognition by the enemy of a newly relieving regiment of which they had not seen so much as a cap top.

"Hullo, Boshy," retorted one of the Towers. "You're makin' a mistake this time. We ain't the Tower Bridges. We're the Kamchatka 'Ighlanders."

"An' you're a liar if you says you're pleased to meet us again," put in another. "If you've met us afore I lay you was too dash sorry for it to want to meet us again."

"Oh, we know who you are all right," replied the voice. "And we know you've just relieved the Fifth Blankshires; and what's more, we know who's going to relieve you, and when."

"'E knows a bloomin' heap," said a Tower Bridge private disgustedly; "an' wot's more, I believe 'e does know it." Then, raising his voice, he asked, "Do you know when we're comin' to take some more of them trenches o' yours?"

THIS was felt by the listening Towers to be a master-stroke, remembering that the British had taken and held several trenches a week before, but the reply rather took the wind out of their sails.

"You can't take any more," said the voice. "You haven't shells enough for another attack. You had to stop the last

one because your guns were running short."

"Any'ow," replied an English corporal who had been handing round half a dozen grenades, "we ain't anyways short o' bombs. 'Ave a few to be goin' on with," and he and his party let fly. They listened with satisfaction to the bursts, and through their trench periscopes watched the smoke and dust clouds billowing from the trench opposite.

"An' this," remarked a Tower private, "is about our cue to exit, the stage bein' required for a scene shift by some Bosh bombs," and he disappeared, crawling into a dug-out. During the next ten minutes a couple of dozen bombs came over and burst in and about the British trench and scored three casualties, "slightly wounded."

"Hi there! Where's that Soho barber's assistant that thinks 'e can talk Henglish?" demanded the Towers' spokesman cheerfully.

That annoyed the English-speaking German, as of course incidentally it was meant to do.

"I'm here, Private Petticoat Lane," retorted the voice, "and if I couldn't speak better English than you I'd be shaming Soho."

"You're doing that anyway, you bloom-in' renegade dog-stealer," called back the private. "W'y didn't you pay your landlady in Lunnon for the lodgin's you owed when you run away?"

"Schweinhund!" said the voice angrily, and a bullet slapped into the parapet in front of the taunting private.

"Corp'ril," said that artist in invective softly, "if you'll go down the trench a bit or up top o' that old barn behind I'll get this bloomin' Soho waiter mad enough to keep on shootin' at me, an' you'll p'raps get a chance to snipe 'im."

The corporal sought an officer's permission and later a precarious perch on the broken roof of the barn, while Private Robinson extended himself in the manufacture of annoying remarks.

"That last 'un was a fair draw, Smithy," he exulted to a fellow private. "I'll bet 'e shot the moon, did a bolt for it, when 'e mobilized."

"Like enough," agreed Smithy. "Go on, ol' man. Give 'im some more jaw."

"I s'pose you left without payin' your washin' bill either, didn't you, sower-krowt?" demanded Private Robinson. There was no reply from the opposition.

"I expect you lef' a lot o' little unpaid bills, didn't you?—if you was able to find anyone to give you tick."

"I'll pay them—when we take London," said the voice.

"That don't give your pore ol' landlady much 'ope," said Robinson. "Take Lunnon! Blimy, you're more like to take root in them trenches o' yours—unless we comes over again an' chases you out."

AGAIN there was no reply. Private Robinson shook his head. "'E's as 'ard to draw as the pay that's owin' to me," he said. "You 'ave a go, Smithy."

Smithy, a believer in the finer shades of sarcasm, cleared his throat and lifted up his voice. "'Ere, why don't you speak when you're spoke to, you lop-eared lager-beer barrel, you. Take your fice out o' that 'orse-flesh cat's meat sossidge an' speak up, you baby-butcherin' hen-roost robber."

"That ain't no good, Smithy," Private Robinson pointed out. "'Y'see, callin' 'im 'ard names only makes 'im think 'e's got you angry like—that 'e's drawed you."

Another voice called something in German.

"Just tell them other monkeys to stop their chatter, Soho," he called out, "an' get back in their cage. If they want to talk to gen'l'men they must talk English."

"I like your d—d impertinence," said the voice scornfully. "We'll make you learn German, tho, when we've taken England."

"Oh, it's Englan' you're takin' now," said Private Robinson. "But all you'll ever take of Englan' will be same as you took before—a tuppenny tip if you serves the soup up nice, or a penny tip if you gives an Englishman a proper clean shave."

The rifle opposite banged again and the bullet slapped into the top of the parapet. "That drawed 'im again," chuckled Private Robinson, "but I wonder why the corp'ril didn't get a whack at 'im?"

He pulled away a small sandbag that blocked a loophole, and, holding his rifle by the butt at arm-length, poked the muzzle out slowly. A moment later two reports rang out—one from in front and one behind.

"I got 'im," said the corporal three minutes later. "One bloke was looking with a periscope and I saw a little cap an'

one eye come over the parapet. By the way 'is 'ands jerked up an' 'is 'ead jerked back when I fired, I fancy 'e copped it right enough."

Private Robinson got to work with a piece of chalk on a board and hoisted over the parapet a notice: "R.I.P. 1 Boshe, late lamented Soho garçon"

"Pity I dunno the German for 'late lamented,' but they've always plenty that knows English enough to unnerstand," he commented.

HE spent the next ten minutes ragging the Germans, directing his most brilliant efforts of sarcasm against made-in-Germany English-speakers generally and Soho waiters in particular; and he took the fact there was no reply from the Voice as highly satisfactory evidence that it had been the "Soho waiter" who had "copped it."

"Exit the waiter—curtain, an' soft music!" remarked a private known as 'Enery Irving throughout the battalion, and whistled a stave of "We shall meet, but we shall miss him."

"Come on, 'Enery, give us 'is dyin' speech," someone urged, and 'Enery proceeded to recite an impromptu "Dyin' Speech of the Dachshund-stealer," as he called it, in the most approved fashion of the East End drama, with all the accompaniments of rolling eyes, breast-clutchings, and gasping pauses.

"Now then, where's the orchestra?" he demanded when the applause had subsided, and the orchestra, one mouth-organ strong, promptly struck up a lilting music-hall ditty. From that he slid into "My Little Gray Home," with a very liberal measure of time to the long-drawn notes especially. The song was caught up and ran down the trench in full chorus. When it finished the orchestra was just on the point of starting another tune, when 'Enery held up his hand.

"'E goes on Sunday to the church, an' sits among the choir," he quoted solemnly and added, "Voices 'eard, off."

Two or three men were singing in the German trench, and as they sang the rest joined in and "Deutschland über Alles" rolled forth in full strength and harmony.

"Bray-vo! An' not arf bad neither," said Private Robinson approvingly. "Tho I dunno wot it's all abart. Now s'pose we gives 'em another."

They did, and the Germans responded with "The Watch on the Rhine." This time Private Robinson and the rest of the Towers recognized the song and capped it in great glee with "Winding up the Watch on the Rhine," a parody which does not go out of its way to spare German feelings.

"An' 'ow d'you like that, ol' sossidge scoffers?" demanded Private Robinson loudly.

"You vait," bellowed a guttural voice. "Us vind you op—quick!"

"Vind op—squeak, an' squeakin'," retorted Private Robinson.

THE German reply was drowned in a burst of new song which ran like wild-fire the length of the German trench. A note of fierce passion rang in the voices, and the Towers sat listening in silence.

"Dunno wot it is," said one. "But it

sounds like they was sayin' something nasty, an' meanin' it all."

But one word, shouted fiercely and lustily, caught Private Robinson's ear.

"'Ark!" he said in eager anticipation. "I do believe it's—s-sh! There!" triumphantly, as again the word rang out—the one word at the end of the verse . . . "England."

"It's it. It's the 'Ymn of 'Ate!" The word flew down the British trench—"It's the 'Ymn! They're singin' the 'Ymn of 'Ate," and every man sat drinking the air in eagerly. This was luck, pure gorgeous luck. Hadn't the Towers, like many another regiment, heard about the famous "Hymn of Hate," and read it in the papers, and had it declaimed with a fine frenzy by Private 'Enery Irving? Hadn't they, like plenty other regiments, longed to hear the tune, but longed in vain, never having found one who knew it? And here it was being sung to them in full chorus by the Germans themselves. Oh, this *was* luck.

The mouth-organist was sitting with his mouth open and his head turned to listen, as if afraid to miss a single note.

"'Ave you got it, Snapper?" whispered Private Robinson anxiously at the end. "Will you be able to remember it?"

Snapper, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, began to play the air over softly, when from further down the trench came a murmur of applause, that rose to a storm of hand-clappings and shouts of "Bravo!" and "Encore—core—core!"

THE mouth-organist played on unheedingly and Private Robinson sat following him with attentive ear.

"I'm not sure of that bit just there," said the player, and tried it over with slight variations. "P'raps I'll remember it better after a day or two. I'm like that wi' some toons."

"We might kid 'em to sing it again," said Robinson hopefully, as another loud cry of "Encore!" rang from the trench.

"Was you know vat we haf sing?" asked a German voice in tones of some wonderment.

"It's a great song, Dutchie," replied Private Robinson. "Fine song—goot—bong! Sing it again to us."

"You haf not understand," said the German angrily, and then suddenly from a little further along the German trench a clear tenor rose, singing the Hymn in English. The Towers subsided into rapt silence, hugging themselves over their stupendous luck. When the singer came to the end of the verse he paused an instant, and a roar leaped from the German trench . . . "England!" It died away and the singer took up the solo. Quicker and quicker he sang, the song swirling upward in a rising note of passion. It checked and hung an instant on the last line, as a curling wave hangs poised; and even as the falling wave breaks thundering and rushing, so the song broke in of the German trench on that one word—a crash of sweeping sound along the line "England!"

Before the last sound of it had passed, the singer had plunged into the next verse, his voice soaring and shaking with an intensity of feeling. The whole effect was inspiring, wonderful, dramatic. One felt that it was emblematic, the heart and

soul of the German people poured out in music and words. And the scorn, the bitter anger, hatred, and malice that vibrated again in that chorused last word might well have brought fear and trembling to the heart of an enemy. But the enemy immediately concerned, to wit His Majesty's Regiment of Tower Bridge Rifles, were most obviously not impressed with fear and trembling. Impressed they certainly were. Their applause rose in a gale of clappings and cries and shouts. They were impressed, and Private 'Enery Irving, clapping his hands sore and stamping his feet in the trench-bottom, voiced the impression exactly. "It beats Saturday night in the gallery o' the old Brit," he said enthusiastically. "That bloke—blimy—'e ought to be doin' the star part at Drury Lane"; and he wiped his hot hands on his trousers and fell again to beating them together, palms and fingers curved cunningly, to obtain a maximum of noise from the effort. . . .

Each evening after that, for as long as they were in the trenches, the men of the Tower Bridge Rifles made a particular point of singing the "Hymn of Hate," and the wild yell of "England" that came at the end of each verse might almost have pleased any enemy of England's instead of aggravating them intensely, as it invariably did the Germans opposite, to the extent of many wasted rounds.

IT'S BEEN a great do, Snapper," said Private 'Enery Irving some days after, as the battalion tramped along the road towards "reserve billets." "An' I 'aven't enjoyed myself so much for months. Didn't it rag 'em beautiful, an' won't we fair stagger the 'ouse at the next singing o' the brigade?"

Snapper chuckled and breathed contently into his beloved mouth-organ, and first 'Enery and the marching men took up the words:

'Ite of the 'eart, an' 'ite of the 'and,
'Ite by water, an' 'ite by land.
'Oo do we 'ite to beat the band?

(deficient memories, it will be noticed, being compensated by effective inventions in odd lines).

The answering roar of "England" startled almost to shying point the horse of a brigadier trotting up to the tail of the column.

"What on earth are those fellows singing?" he asked one of his officers while soothing his mount.

"I'm not sure, sir," said the officer, "but I believe—by the words of it—yes, it's the Germans' 'Hymn of Hate.'"

A French staff officer riding with the brigadier stared in astonishment, first at the marching men, and then at the brigadier, who was rocking with laughter in his saddle.

"Where on earth did they get the tune? I've never heard it before," said the brigadier, and tried to hum it. The staff officer told him something of the tale as he had heard it, and the Frenchman's amazement and the brigadier's laughter grew as the tale was told.

We 'ave one foe, an' one alone—England! bellowed the Towers, and out of the pause that came so effectively before the last word of the verse rose a triumphant squeal from the mouth-organ, and the appealing voice of Private 'Enery Irving—"Naw then, put a bit of 'ate into it."

THE BUSINESS WORLD

AGNES C. LAUT, Department Editor

PUTTING A BINDER TWINE ROPE AROUND THE FARMER'S NECK

CURIOUS things are happening in the farm world; and tho the farm journals are maintaining a silence that is almost religious, if it is not inspired by the advertising columns, they are things very vital to the farmer's prosperity.

If you deduct the mud and the ground rock mixed in the genuine fertilizer to "make up" the ton for which the farmer pays, fertilizer this year is 300 per cent. higher than last year. German potash is off the market entirely; and Chilean nitrates are just \$75 a ton. If the farmer would buy those Chilean nitrates pure and mix them himself, with the mud for which he formerly paid \$30 a ton to the fertilizer companies, he would still be able to buy fertilizer cheaper than he did last year. The farmer needs 200 pounds an acre, or a tenth of a ton. If he bought pure Chilean nitrate, that would be \$7.50 per acre. If he plants oats and raises 40 bushels worth 50 cents a bushel, that gives him returns of \$20 an acre; but his team work and labor cost him \$7 an acre. His seed costs him \$1 an acre—leaving him a profit of only \$4.50 an acre.

NOW the farmer must make a profit of \$10 an acre plus, or he goes into a hole; so the fertilizer question is terribly vital to the Eastern and Southern farmer. The only way the farmer can circumvent the fertilizer difficulty is to buy the pure Chilean nitrates himself and mix them with the mud, for which he pays nothing.

Take in these points!

Genuine fertilizer is 300 per cent. higher than ever before. German fertilizer cannot be bought at any price.

Freight rates on all the farmer buys and sells have been advanced from 5 to 15 per cent.

Prices for milk are the lowest to the farmer they have ever been in the history of the trade.

Labor is 20 per cent. higher than ever before.

Farm credits, which were to extend cheap money to the farmer, have been allowed to go "on the blink" with Congress while Congressmen and Senators played politics.

The farmer represents one-third of the population. That one-third supports two-thirds of the population.

American wheat has this year fed warring Europe. In fact we have been

told that the farmer is the center board of American prosperity this year. Wheat did it.

Very well. Now, on top of all the farmer's handicaps this year, comes the Binder Twine Monopoly. Wheat was evidently too good a thing. It could stand paying a little extortion. The extortion will cost every wheat-growing State about \$1,000,000 in 1916. That is, the wheat-growers all together will pay about \$10,000,000 this year. To whom? To a junta of American bankers who have "cornered" a junta of Yucatan sisal growers. America may not only spend her blood to pacify Mexico, she will pay extortion to a gang of international tricksters.

LET us see how the little trick is worked. Eighty-five per cent. of American binder twine is made from Yucatan sisal. Yucatan sisal has been "cornered" by a group of American bankers and Yucatan growers.

The sisal monopoly is supported by the military governor of Yucatan, backed by the Carranza government of Mexico. It is financed by a small group of American bankers and their associates who have agreed to lend the "regulating committee" up to \$10,000,000 at one time—enough to carry and withhold from the market an entire season's sisal crop. Besides current interest on all such loans, with ample security, these few financiers are getting a commission, as indicated by the testimony before Congress, of not less than \$400,000 a year on a capital investment of \$1,000,000.

Sisal fiber constitutes 85 per cent. of America's raw material for binder twine, and the monopoly now fixes the price as it pleases. It has already advanced it from an average of five and a half cents to seven and three-eighths cents a pound, f. o. b. New York. Some twine-makers have been informed by the sisal monopoly's agents that the price will be nine cents by July. It has been publicly declared by an officer of the regulating committee that it can raise the price to ten cents a pound if it chooses.

Directly and solely as a result of the increase in the price of sisal made by the monopoly, American manufacturers have been or will be compelled to make corresponding advances in the price of binder twine. The Kansas penitentiary has announced its twine price for 1916

at nine and one-quarter cents a pound as against six and three-quarters last year—an increase of two and a half cents a pound. Upon this basis the farmers of Kansas alone will pay nearly a million dollars more for their twine this year than they did in 1915.

The promoters of the monopoly declare that their one purpose is to benefit the "poor planters" of Yucatan. Their own testimony shows that while the peons, or day laborers, may have been receiving small wages, many of the Yucatan planters are very wealthy. The entire sisal crop of Yucatan is raised by about 200 planters. Its annual gross value is approximately \$20,000,000.

FROM the recent beginnings of sisal production in Yucatan until early last year it was an industry of an open market with prices determined solely by the law of supply and demand. The planters sold freely to local merchants and from these the American makers of binder twine freely bought. Under these conditions the sisal industry and all Yucatan prospered, even when the rest of Mexico was in turmoil and distress. The exports to the United States grew from 528,246 bales in 1902 to 964,862 bales in 1914. The planters grew rich.

Various futile attempts were made by Yucatan organizations to control the production of sisal and its marketing. In 1912 the Legislature of Yucatan established the Comision Reguladora del Mercado de Henequen for a similar purpose. It, too, accomplished little. The sisal planters preferred to continue dealing in the open market that had brought them prosperity.

Then, in February, 1915, came a governmental upheaval in Yucatan that abruptly closed the sisal market. A blockade of Yucatan's one sisal port, Progreso, stopped all shipments. In this crisis the binder twine makers, including the International Harvester Company, the implement dealers and the farmers' associations of the country, appealed to Washington urging upon the government the necessity of immediately opening the port of Progreso if the American grain crop of 1915 was to be saved. Direct representations from Washington to the dominant element in Mexico's government prevailed. After a few weeks of anxiety and peril the blockade was

lifted and the stream of sisal supply began to flow again from Progreso to the United States.

But as an incident of the government upheaval in Yucatan, the sisal market was no longer free. The sisal monopoly, effective for all practical purposes throughout the summer of 1915, was perfected during October and November into an admittedly absolute monopoly, supported by the military government of Yucatan, operating through the *Comision Reguladora*, and by a combination of American bankers.

NO YUCATAN planter now sells a pound of sisal except through the *Comision Reguladora*. The military commander and governor of Yucatan is the head of the *Comision*. He appoints and may dismiss its directors. No legislature has sat in Yucatan for three years. Laws are made, promulgated and enforced by the military government, which stands behind the *Comision Reguladora*. The Yucatan *Comision* is the sole authority in fixing prices of sisal.

The American Banking Corporation has a capital of \$2,000,000—half preferred stock and half common. It was organized by New Orleans bankers, who, as they have testified at Washington, received in exchange for their preliminary contract with the *Comision Reguladora* the entire \$1,000,000 of

common stock, giving the half of it in bonuses to purchasers of preferred stock and retaining the other half for themselves. On the witness-stand at Washington the organizers of the corporation have refused to give the names of the stockholders, except confidentially to the Senate Subcommittee.

This monopoly is on record as claiming exemption from the Sherman Anti-Trust Law because, while the capital is American, the place of conspiracy in restraint of trade, if such is proved, is in Yucatan. Already it has advanced the price of sisal, as already stated, from a long-time average in the open market period of five and a half cents a pound, *f. o. b.* New York, to seven and three-eighths cents, *f. o. b.* New York, and the American manager of the *Comision* has admitted in his testimony that the *Comision* can raise the price to 10 cents if it chooses.

THE effect of the sisal monopoly upon binder twine prices is already apparent to consumers and dealers. A number of manufacturers have announced increases varying from one and one-quarter to two and a half cents a pound. The heads of the sisal monopoly have repeatedly declared that an increase of one cent a pound on twine "would only cost the growers of grain upon 100 acres of land the insignificant sum of from \$2 to \$3."

Competent authority estimates that the advance in twine prices already caused by the sisal monopoly will cost the farmers of North Dakota alone half a million dollars this year.

And for whose profit? Aside from the American bankers and their highly profitable arrangement, the tribute levied upon the American grain farmer is supposed to go to the Yucatan sisal farmer. But it has been testified by Yucatan planters that there are only 200 of them, all told. Two hundred farmers who have already prospered under a price averaging five and a half cents, are now to take an added profit of from \$3,000,000 to \$5,000,000 a year!

A curious and almost ironical feature of the latest attempt to put a noose around the farmer's neck is that the sisal monopolists are accusing the big harvester company of responsibility for the binder twine advances; and the big harvester company has come out in the open to fight.

It is a case of a monopoly fighting monopoly; and the curious, almost comical, aspect to the outsider is—how heinous the crime of monopoly seems to a monopoly when the monopoly has to pay the price. This, however, does not loosen the noose round the farmer's neck, and it will be interesting to watch what comes out of the congressional investigation.

CITY CONGESTION AND THE INCREASING USE OF MOTOR TRUCKS

CITY congestion is such a vague word that it is hard for the householder to realize that it levies a heavier tax on him than is levied by all the railroad freight of the world. I have heard householders who would turn stiff with boredom at the word congestion, berate the groceryman for this increase in price of food, reaching in some cases 300% in the last ten years; and they hadn't the remotest idea that the culprit was not the groceryman at all, but congestion.

And I have heard women who regard congestion in the same category as mental indigestion go out and berate a truckman for letting his horse fall on the slippery pavement, when the fellow was really between the devil and the deep sea—having his wages docked for delay or risking the breaking of his horse's legs—and the real culprit was not the driver at all but congestion.

No lover of animals could watch horses this last winter struggling with heavy loads on the slippery pavements and not hope and pray for the day when motor trucks would relieve the congestion on the city streets.

The conditions are not peculiar to New York alone. They are only an aggravated example, in New York, of

what is becoming an intolerable curse in every city of size in the United States. Traffic has grown too dense and tense for the channels through which it flows.

Let us see just what congestion means.

The railroads bring traffic into the cities in a thousand-fold greater volume than that brought by the old-horse-and-wagon method; yet the wagon is the method of distributing and handling the traffic when it reaches the city. It is like pouring an ocean back into a small river channel.

What is the result?

As to shipping, some cargoes are two months late going out of New York harbor.

OF THE two billion dollars spent on freight in the United States, four-fifths, or \$1,600,000,000, is waste spent on delay at terminals.

For instance, last winter congestion caused by delay kept California fruit products scarce on the Eastern market. The price went up three cents a pound to the Eastern buyer.

Around Greater New York, in the months of January, February and March, were 40,000 cars of delayed freight, which could be neither un-

loaded nor forwarded owing to lack of handling facilities. In the New Jersey Central yards were thirty-five miles of blockaded freight. On the Pennsylvania tracks were 12,000 stalled cars. On the New York Central, 10,000 cars.

Who ever bought that freight, paid for the delay.

What caused the delay?

Congestion. Slow handling at the end of the trip. Blockaded streets, miles of standing teams, fallen horses. Freight coming in too fast, freight going out too slow. At one end of the funnel, shooting in the freight, were electric and steam power. At the other end of the funnel were tired horses and slippery streets.

Secretary Redfield put it very well when he said:

"Railroad tracks, roadbed, bridges, motive power, cars, signals and, in fact, all the mechanical and engineering sides of the railway proper, show the impress of the last word of mechanical development. It is only when we go into the railroad freight shed that we go back into the dark ages of industry. There the human worker still reigns supreme, rolling up an annual payroll of millions and congesting traffic by his cumbersome motions. Here freight is moved by the crudest kind of labor and with an apparent ab-

sence of any attempt at scientific handling. I am absolutely sure that mechanical appliances can be employed for the greater part of the work. Look about you at the great freight terminals! Where are the moving platforms, the mechanical carriers, and the motor trucks? We have almost wholly failed to apply to the handling of package freight the principles of mechanical transferring with which we are quite familiar in other lines. We complain about our freight rates, but nobody seems to worry much about our terminal charges, and yet the terminal charge is as inevitable as the carrying charge, and is by far the largest part of the entire rate. We are to-day paying freight bills without giving a thought to the fact that a part of the work for which we pay is being done in a highly scientific way, while still a larger part of it is being done by methods which it would be complimentary to call medieval."

PUT the thing in figures: A food manufacturer of Philadelphia ships a ton to New York. Here is the actual handling cost as given by the vice-president of the New York Central Railroad:

Labor cost of loading on a wagon..	\$0.25
Unloading at freight station.....	.50
Cost to railroad in billing and other clerical work.....	.40

Actual operating expense of loading and switching freight car, etc...	.25
	\$1.40

The cost of handling in New York is:

Terminal costs on New Jersey side of North River (average of all railroads)	\$0.15
Lighterage80
Terminal cost on waterfront of Manhattan Island.....	.50
Cartage expenses in New York City80
	\$2.25

In all, handling cost \$3.65 a ton of food. The railroad freight charge on that ton was 27 cents! To haul a ton of food from Chicago to New York costs 65 cents less than to handle it at both ends. Congestion again! And you pay for it on your grocery bill.

On the West Side of New York City alone, 40,000 vehicles truck and haul every day. Sometimes so great is the congestion that for two hours two miles of vehicles stand motionless. Figure out each wagon delayed as twenty feet long and the driver's time at 25 cents an hour. Congestion on the West Side, in delay on the streets alone, costs half a million a year.

Would the motor truck relieve this?

The first point about the motor truck is its speed.

Second, it can work day and night.

Third, it can haul a load three to four times greater than horses can haul, and it doesn't need to be sharpshod to grip the slippery streets.

I am not enough of a mathematician to work this out in terms of dollars and days; but I think common sense will pronounce on the problem.

The objection of the motor-owner is that delays for three or four hours a day in a blockade are a heavy expense. It means a loss of \$300 or \$400 a year. But the delay is less likely with the motor truck than with the horse.

At the Cunard pier in New York, an electric truck handled as many boxes in nine hours as twenty-four men would have handled in a day. The cost of the electric labor was \$21. The cost of the man labor was \$87.50. In another test, the result stood \$1 to \$10, reckoning in cost and time. "Electric stevedores" are the next stage in the problems to be worked out. Shall the work be done by "electric stevedoring" companies, by individuals, or by the big freight companies installing "electric stevedores." And how is the electric power to be supplied and paid? As Mr. Redfield says: "We are still in the dark ages." These problems have to be worked out.

SEEING AMERICA BY MOTOR CAR

IN A previous number it was stated that nearly all the great scenic points in America could be approached by motor cars; and it should be remembered that not all the great scenic points are in the West. There is also the East.

More motor roads of almost perfect construction have been laid in the East than in any part of America except California. A more ideal summer tour could hardly be planned than from New York along the old army post roads through New York, Pennsylvania, and New England. These old roads follow two main lines. They follow old river roads and coast highways—these in the East run mainly north and south—and they penetrate the back country by winding valley roads that are not at their best till late in the spring. An ideal trip is to follow the coast road in one direction, say going north, then circle the hills and return through the back country. A dozen such tours could be planned through the Eastern States. As an example of one, take the tour up the Atlantic Coast through Newport and Narragansett to the fishing and seaside resorts of Massachusetts, to the strip of New Hampshire beach connecting with Maine. There is hardly a point of scenic and historic interest along this section of the Atlantic which this tour will not touch. From Port Chester to New Haven and from Narra-

gansett to New Bedford and from Cape Cod to Plymouth and Boston and Salem and Gloucester—this is the summer playground of the East.

YOU can stop at road-houses that are palaces or little wayside fishermen's inns that are havens of rest; and you can hardly choose a jumping-off place that has not been made sacred in American history. There are sections of the coast with as gorgeous residences as those on the Mediterranean; and not ten miles from seaside resorts are hamlets as quiet as those in Newfoundland and as untouched by progress as if set back a hundred years. This section of the tour is too close to sea-winds for comfort before early summer; but in a warm season it may be taken as late as October. June to September are the ideal months.

To come south again, you can head west through New Hampshire Hills, circling up to the Champlain Lake region and home by the Hudson, or round down through the Berkshire Hills and south through the Harlem Valley. Last fall there were one or two bad gaps in the Harlem Valley Road that sent cars around on long detours; but this year, with the exception of about twenty miles of ordinary roads just south of the Pittsfield region, every mile of this tour can be taken over State roads smooth and even as a

floor, amid country estates that will leave you proud to be an American. One of the most satisfying tours in the East for early May is up the Hudson and down the old Boston Post Road half-way between Harlem and the Hudson. In apple-blossom time it is possible to motor literally for miles along roads smooth as pavement with the white showers of apple bloom almost meeting overhead.

In New Jersey, Western New York and Pennsylvania are similar circular tours, which the motor guide books map beyond the chance of a false turn. An ideal circular tour through New Jersey includes the Delaware Gap; and a similar tour in Western New York takes you along the shore of Lake Ontario and back through the Cayuga Lake country. An Englishman who took this tour for the first time and had evidently expected a succession of factory-chimney towns pronounced this verdict: "It begins in the Garden of Eden (the fruit country of Niagara), and ends in Paradise (the Cayuga Lake country)."

ANOTHER favorite tour, for motorists coming from Chicago, is to take their cars off the train at Niagara and motor to New York down the Mohawk and the Hudson. On this route there are next to no bad gaps. Between the Adirondacks and the St. Lawrence, let it be frankly ac-

THIS MAN LOST \$18,000 BY FIDDLING AROUND

By A. R. GRISWOLD

WE went to him first in 1909. We told him that a Grinnell Automatic Sprinkler System in his building would save \$3,083.00 a year in reduced insurance premiums. The equipment would cost him \$10,670. Thus, the System would pay for itself in about three and one-half years.

He was in the midst of his busy season and put off consideration of the matter.

Dodging Savings

He said he could not install a sprinkler system anyway until the slack season. We explained that our System would not be made on the premises, but would be installed without disturbance because it is factory-assembled. We showed him many letters from our former customers telling how we had equipped department stores, hotels and tenanted city lofts without disturbing occupants.

The next slack season, however, he was contemplating an addition to his factory and argued that he would wait till his factory was complete. This plea, too, is familiar to us, and we answered that no factory is ever complete or ever will be, but that a Grinnell System installed now is always readily extended.

Evading Profits

Nevertheless he procrastinated, and another year went by and again he paid a needless extra \$3,000 for insurance.

Once he was sick for a long period and there was no progress. After two years' delay he did build the addition to this factory.

Then he was short of cash assets. We even had a sound answer to that objection. We told him how to get a Grinnell System free, offering to put him in touch with firms who will accept the annual savings in insurance premiums in payment for the System.

One wouldn't suppose that the acceptance of a ten thousand dollar Grinnell System free would require great deliberation. But it did. He certainly deliberated. Our representative inquired periodically whether deliberation would soon result in action. As a matter of fact, our representative always felt that the matter never got a minute's thought between his calls.

Finally there was a year of getting estimates and word came at last that he would sign on the dotted line.

Waking up at Last

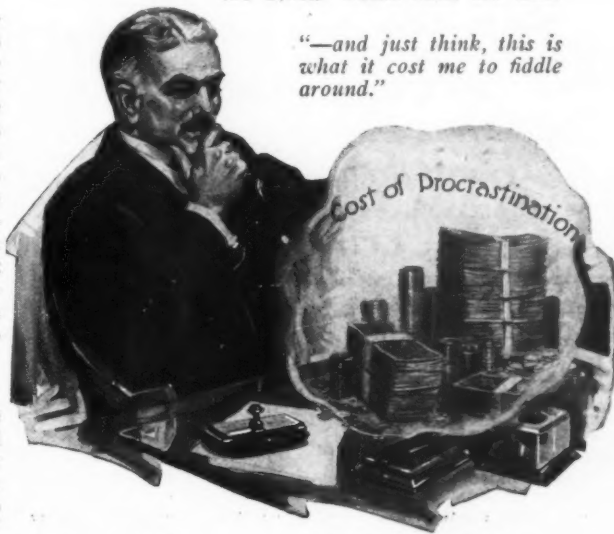
That was in February, 1915. Six years of dilly-dallying and procrastinating. It had cost him over \$3,000 each year or \$18,000—enough to have bought the System and left \$8,000 in the bank!

So our representative started for his factory with the contract for signature. He never reached the factory because the factory was no longer there. On the previous day it had burned down!

Too late and the Cost

To previous wastefulness our representative mentally added \$25,000 for loss through demoralization of business, loss of customers, loss of usual profits, etc., which expensive insurance did not cover. It was not necessary for him to look up the owner. When the new factory was started, he knew the owner would send for him.

"—and just think, this is what it cost me to fiddle around."



Joins the Procession

And the owner did. We put in the Grinnell System this winter. To-day he is one of the 15,000 American business men who have reduced insurance expense to the minimum and increased fire safety to the maximum. To hear him talk about it when he shows people around his new plant, you would think it was he, and not Frederick Grinnell, who invented those wonderful little fire-sentinels that keep his new business a going business.

If you want to know how to reduce your insurance expense 40 per cent. to 90 per cent., write—now—to the General Fire Extinguisher Company, 276 West Exchange St., Providence, R. I., asking for a copy of the Grinnell Information Blank. Or, give the floor area of your building, including basement and attic insurance carried on building, stock and machinery, with insurance rates on each, and we will gladly submit estimate and proposals, without cost or obligation on your part.

knowned, unless you want to lose your religion hauling the car out of mud-holes, there are some very bad gaps, especially in muddy weather.

If the starting-point is Chicago, there are wonderfully beautiful tours through the lake country of Wisconsin and Minnesota. Choose either very dry weather or the middle of the summer for this tour.

South of New Jersey and Pennsylvania are some splendid natural highways; but they are along the line of the nation's winter playground. A traveler setting out to See America First heads either north or to the highlands of the West for the summer.

When you approach the great playground of the National Parks and the National Forests, there are four main motor highways that bring you within camping distance of pretty nearly anything you wish to see. There is the great motor road from Texas to Wyoming. There is a well-defined road with some bad gaps in it from Albuquerque to Los Angeles. There are the most perfect roads in the world from San Diego, California, north to the Mt. Shasta region. There is a good road with some bad sections in it from St. Paul to Seattle.

THE great highway from Texas to Wyoming is one of the most spectacular roads in the world. It begins at sea-level and at Cloudcroft, New Mexico, at La Bahada Hill, out from Santa Fé, and at Raton Pass entering Colorado, it touches altitudes above 10,000 feet. La Bahada Hill out from Santa Fé is a sheer corkscrew up a mountain wall broad enough for three motors abreast on the steepest turns, with an outer girding of stones at the turns and literally blasted or built out of the solid rocks. The grade is very steep. It could not be steeper and be a grade at all. It is one of the most perilous motor roads in the world, demanding a good heart, a steady hand and neither jerks nor jumps in the nerves at the steering wheel; and yet I do not think I am wrong when I say that up to date there has not been a single bad accident among motorists on La Bahada Hill. I have women friends who have steered their cars from bottom to top. As they expressed it to me afterwards, it wasn't the steepness of the smooth grade that bothered them. It was the consciousness of the other lives in the back seat. The turns in the corkscrew are so wide, it is a trick of motorists to stop and picnic behind the stone coping, from which you can look out on the whole world.

The Texas-Wyoming motor road known in the West as "the Camino Real" leads you past the earliest of the

(Continued on page 363.)

Personal Power Means Success, Health and Pleasure

CONSCIOUS EVOLUTION develops sustaining will power, courage power, concentrating power, thinking power, confidence power, dominant power, reasoning power, driving power, health power and personal power. It increases the digestive power, brain power, heart power, lung power, the powers of living, functioning, being and success.

Become master of your mind, nervous system, brain and digestive system.

The Swoboda System makes human beings more alive, more efficient and more capable of responding successfully to their needs and desires. It contains the secret of success, energy and health.

Conscious Evolution makes men and women masters of themselves and others. It can help you to succeed, as it has surely helped others.

Self-Evolution eradicates poverty and disease; makes the weak stronger; the sick well and the strong stronger; the keen keener and the successful more successful.

Have you ever stopped to realize that hard work is relative? What is hard work for one is play for another. Energy makes hard work easy. Conscious Evolution creates energy. Fatigue is proof that you need energy. Conscious Evolution reduces the friction, troubles and burdens of life to a minimum, and increases the pleasures and successes to the maximum.

'WHAT OTHERS HAVE TO SAY

"Can't describe the satisfaction I feel."

"Worth more than a thousand dollars to me in increased mental and physical capacity."

"I have been enabled by your system to do work of a mental character previously impossible for me."

"I was very skeptical, now am pleased with results; have gained 17 pounds."

"The very first lessons began to work magic. In my gratitude I am telling my croaking and complaining friends: 'Try Swoboda.'"

"Words cannot explain the new life it imparts to both body and brain."

"It reduced my weight 29 pounds, increased my chest expansion 5 inches, reduced my waist 6 inches."

"I cannot recommend your system too highly, and without flattery believe that its propagation has been of great benefit to the health of the country."

"My reserve force makes me feel that nothing is impossible, my capacity both physically and mentally is increasing daily."

"I have heard your system highly recommended for years, but I did not realize the effectiveness of it until I tried it. I am glad indeed that I am now taking it."

"Your system developed me most wonderfully."

"I think your system is wonderful. I thought I was in the best of physical health before I wrote for your course, but I can now note the greatest improvement even in this short time. I cannot recommend your system too highly. Do not hesitate to refer to me."

"I note from your System a marked strengthening of my will power and concentration. I feel the interest of life much more keenly."

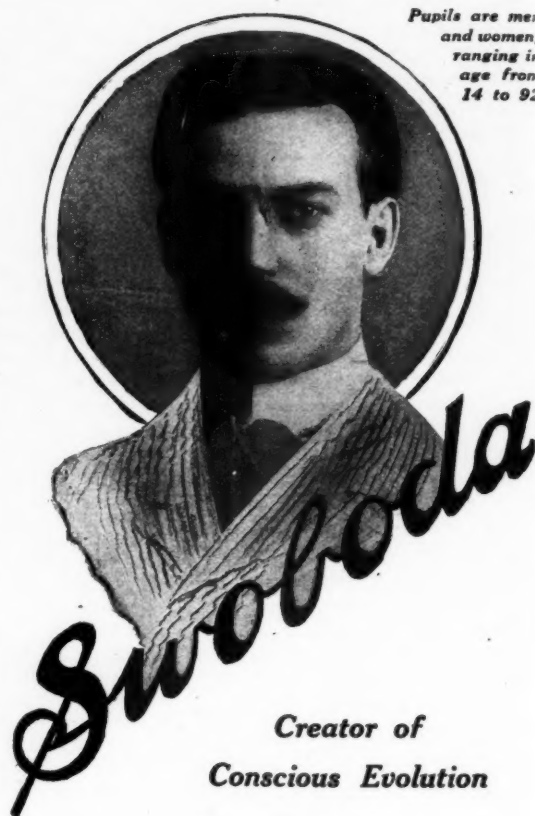
"The cigarette habit has been completely mastered. Your System has removed the craving entirely."

"Conscious Evolution did more for me than all of the tobacco cures in the country."

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 1937 Aeolian Building, New York City, N. Y.

Anyone pretending to be my representative is a fraud. Beware of impostors.

Pupils are men
and women,
ranging in
age from
14 to 92



Creator of
Conscious Evolution

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My book explains my new theory of the mind and body. It tells, in a highly interesting and simple manner, just what, no doubt, you, as an intelligent being, have always wanted to know about yourself.

You will cherish this book for having given you the first real understanding of your body and mind. It shows how you may be able to obtain a superior life; it explains how you may make use of natural laws to your own advantage.

My book will give you a better understanding of yourself than you could obtain from a college course. The information which it imparts cannot be obtained elsewhere at any price. It shows the unlimited possibilities for you through conscious evolution of your cells; it explains my discoveries and what they are doing for men and women. Thousands have advanced themselves in every way through a better realization and conscious use of the principles which I have discovered and which I disclose in my book. It also explains the dangers and after-effects of exercise and of excessively deep breathing.

Write to-day for my FREE BOOK and full particulars before it slips your mind.

You owe it to yourself at least to learn the full facts concerning the Swoboda System of conscious evolution for men and women.

old Spanish missions in Texas, the Alamo of heroic fame in San Antonio, and that wonderful playground in the sky known as Cloudcroft. The year I was there, you could not ascend Cloudcroft by motor; but you could leave your car in the town and go up by the little railroad. Is it worth going up? That depends on what is worth while to you. San Antonio is famous as the meeting place of the old and new, the cowboy and the millionaire who comes south to play; and a beautiful frieze round the rotunda of one of the hotels commemorates the days of the Long Trail. The missions here are in better preservation than in New Mexico; and there is no schoolboy who does not thrill at the memory of the Alamo Fight. These things may be worth while to you. If so, they are down on the level in San Antonio; but if you wish to climb to the very top-most tip of the earth, as straight up as a railroad can climb, without blowing like a whale or feeling the stab of new growing pains in unusual muscles—to climb to the top of earth and come out among the evergreens and look through the yellow pines on a vista of sands white as the sea, rolling and heaving in a pearly glare, to look across the lavender mists of the purpling desert to far snow peaks in a pure aerial world—then Cloudcroft will be worth while, too.

NOT the least pleasure of the highway is the transformation of desert to garden. When you cross the New Mexico line, you are among the irrigated ranches; but if you leave the Pecos and follow the Rio Grande, you are in the ranch country; and before you go very far north of Albuquerque, you are in the sage-brush sheep country, where you see herds of sheep and goats by the thousands browsing amid the pinions and junipers and sage-brush, tended by a silent peon with his dog, or by a little girl on an Indian pony.

On the Upper Pecos, where, by the way, you can go by motor, or on the Upper Rio Grande, where you can also go by motor, and off the beaten track in Colorado and Wyoming, you will find the best trout fishing in the world, and big game when it is the season.

It is worth while always to stop in Santa Fé. Santa Fé is the most unique foreign thing in America. It is a bit of old Spain dropped by Time in the lap of modern life. As the capital of the old Spanish régime, you find it redolent of traditions going back as far as the history of the white man in America, and back yet farther to the days of the cave man, whose cities of the dead you can see to this day by a short motor ride out from Santa Fé. The



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Governor's Palace at Santa Fé has become the center of archeological research in America and of a new school of distinctly Southwestern Art. Yearly archeologists and artists from all parts of the world flock to Santa Fé to catch something of the glamor of the old days and something of the hint of wonder in the marvelous atmospheric coloring of the desert. Stop at Santa Fé and go out and see the cave city at Frijoles Canyon.

Up in Colorado, the Texas-Wyoming highway takes you past Pike's Peak and the Estes Park. These marvels need no description. They are as famous as the Yellowstone or Yosemite.

THE great motor highway westward from New Mexico to California is not a graded road-bed like the road from Texas. It is a road following mainly the line of the railroad over the silt and sand of the desert. In dry, calm weather, it is as good a road as the most ardent motorist could desire. In windy weather it is troublesome. The sand drifts wipe out the trail. In wet weather—and the wet weather in the desert comes towards the end of summer—the road in sections of Arizona is very difficult. I do not think it is a safe road in this season for amateurs to follow unguided; but local guides can always be picked up for the difficult sections.

The famous points along this road are the Indian villages, Acoma, Laguna, the Three Mesas in the Desert, the Petrified Forests, Grand Canyon, the Arizona missions and the Arizona irrigated valleys. These places need no description. It need scarcely be told here that excellent hotels exist all along the Texas-Wyoming highway and also along the Western Desert road; and if they did not exist and you did not travel in the rainy season, it would not matter; for you could sleep under the stars camped beside your car. Water is the thing you must always arrange for in this southwestern country. Stopping-places must always be timed either at known settlements or at springs. This is imperative.

The motor highways of California are without peer in America, either for excellence in themselves or for the scenery on each side. The soil of California seems to afford a natural road-bed; and the universal use of oil has resulted in roads soft and firm and fine as a circus tan bark. California could give pointers on road work to any State in America. The best-known motor highway of California follows a sea that is blue as the Mediterranean with the forested mountains on the other side of the road. Do you want mountain and forest life? You will find it

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You Should**

You can, I know you can, because I have reduced 32,000 women and have built up that many more—scientifically, naturally, without drugs, in the privacy of their own rooms.

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So Well!**

—if you only knew how well! I build up your vitality—at the same time I strengthen your heart action; teach you how to breathe, to stand, walk and relieve such ailments as

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One pupil writes: "I weigh 83 pounds less, and I have gained wonderfully in strength."

Another says: "Last May I weighed 100 pounds, this May I weigh 126 and oh! I feel SO WELL."

Won't you sit down and write now for my interesting booklet? You are welcome to it. It is FREE. Don't wait, you may forget it. I have had a wonderful experience and I should like to tell you about it.

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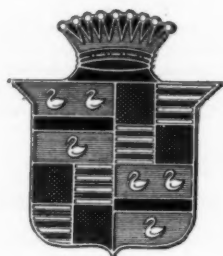
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It is a grippingly fascinating journal of the woman who had more power than any king of to-day. But it is more than that, it is a human document, the bearing of a soul. Never having been intended for publication, it gives the gossip of the kitchen and the back stairs and the "boudoir cabinets" which Jeanette Du Barry dominated as mistress of Louis the XV. It puts you into the heart and mind of this extraordinary woman and indirectly of all such women. Perhaps to-day some such woman is swaying your state, your community, unknown, as Du Barry was unknown to the French people of her time. This is a book for all times. You must read it.

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It is apt, therefore, to interfere with calm, deliberate judgment.

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We should dwell upon unwelcome possibilities, as well as immediate pleasant prospects.

We should look at the shining, beautiful thing before us, in the light of twenty, or fifty, or a hundred thousand miles of service.

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What do I know about this car; and especially, what do I know of the company that builds it?

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Is there another car of which I know more—built by a company of higher and wider repute?

You should be able to recall such a car instantly—a car of which all men think well, and none speak ill.

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You say to yourself: In choosing this car I cannot make a mistake.





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The knobs are big enough and are so scientifically placed, that they add still more resiliency to an already marvelously resilient tire.

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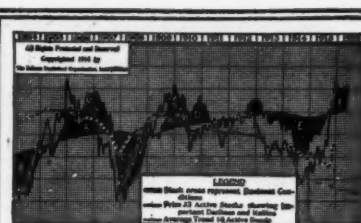
'Nobby' 'Chain' 'Usco'
'Royal Cord' 'Plain'
"INDIVIDUALIZED TIRES"



in the San Barnadinos, in the Cleveland and Los Angeles forests, in the mountain gorges behind Santa Barbara. Do you want civilization's luxuries and refinements? You will find them in a dozen resorts from San Diego to Santa Barbara. Frankly, it should be stated that in the border country between Oregon and California, where you go to see Crater Lake and the Siskiyou Caves and Shasta Mountain, the roads are passable for motors only in the dry season; and even then you may have tribulations. These roads are being improved every year by the Federal Government under the Forestry and National Park men.

THE highway west from St. Paul to Seattle, from which you can strike off to Glacier Park or the Yellowstone, is the most ambitious motor road in America. Owing to the heavy fall of winter snows, it is also the most difficult to protect from spring washouts. This is a road good only for the dry summer mid-season. There is no use pretending you can go into the Yellowstone or Glacier Park by motor, for you can't; but you can leave your car at the entrance to each park and go in by stage or camp. Every year more and more sections of this road are being improved; and in a few years it will be as feasible to go from St. Paul to Seattle by motor as from Texas to Wyoming. Oddly enough, the railroad men are the leaders in agitating the improvement of the motor roads. Louis Hill's car was one of the first to essay the trip. Columbia River Gorge now has a motor track as fine as Riverside Drive, New York.

The gorge has always been impassable for automobiles until the highway was completed from Portland to the Multnomah county line in the fall of 1915. Where the pioneers trudged over mountains, forded streams and scaled the precipice in early days entering the Oregon country, automobiles now speed in a few hours over a modern boulevard, hard-surfaced and representing the highest type of road work to be found in the world. A maximum grade of five per cent. has been maintained and some idea of the work of construction is realized when at Crown Point the highway makes a turn 700 feet above the river and then drops 500 feet in less than two miles. At Crown Point is being built a monument to the pioneers of the State. When the Tenth Annual Rose Festival opens at Portland June 7, the Columbia River highway and the Crown Point memorial will receive national dedication. Oregon has placed its faith in the highways as one of the world's great attractions and expended more than \$2,000,000 to complete the first forty miles of the new road.



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In making passable the gorge of the Columbia for automobiles, there has been opened up the realization of a dream of years by many Oregon residents.

FOR miles there are cliffs, waterfalls and hemlock forests through which the new highway winds. In many places it hangs to the cliffs hundreds of feet above the Columbia, its concrete and steel bridges spanning turbulent streams. In early days of Oregon's history the gorge was the home of Indian tribes. It was the scene of the fabled Bridge of the Gods. Leaving Crown Point, the highway enters a district which has been given the title "The Road of Falling Waters," since in ten miles of travel more than eleven waterfalls are passed, including Multnomah Falls, 740 feet in height and the second highest in the United States. It is at this point that the national dedication of the highway will take place June 7, when the Tenth Annual Rose Festival opens. The United States Government recently set aside more than 14,000 acres of land from the Oregon National Forest for park and recreation purposes. This land parallels the highway as a national park. Tourists who journey west over the Lincoln Highway, or in fact any of the roads through Utah, Idaho or Montana, will find good automobile roads leading to the new Columbia River highway. While the highway already reaches west from Portland to the Pacific Ocean beaches, and east to Central Oregon, the forty miles of hard-surfaced roadway through the gorge near Portland has made possible a near view of the picturesque wonders from the seat of an automobile and opened up a new wonderland of surprises for the tourist.

Can the West be toured as cheaply by motor as by train? That is a problem of mathematics in luck and tires and gasoline; and with gasoline threatening to soar to 40 cents, it's a pretty chancy problem even in mathematics.

You know what your own car usually drinks up in gasoline. Try it on hard hills. Multiply the cost by 3,000 miles in the West, and figure it out for yourself.

CHANGING THE GAS STANDARDS

IT is interesting to note that since CURRENT OPINION took up the subject of changing gas standards, the Public Service Commission of New York State has been holding inquiry on the subject. The chief gas engineer for the Commission put on record two of his convictions, which, shorn of technical terms, may be set down, first, as his belief that the standard should be



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"Just think, in 20 minutes I have thoroughly cleaned all the rugs and drapes downstairs and I'm not a bit tired!"

Cleans without fatigue!

Every woman wants results — few work for the love of work. But, if all woman's work could produce quick and easy results like ARCO WAND cleaning, then it might be said that "woman's work is always done."

ARCO WAND VACUUM CLEANER

The ARCO WAND has banished fatigue, and its magical results give the whole house a new complexion. There is no longer occasion for being "utterly exhausted" or "worked to death" by house cleaning, because you couldn't make hard work out of ARCO WAND cleaning if you wanted to. ARCO WAND cleaning means 100% clean — dirt, dust, grit, lint, and cob-webs, instantly suctioned out and away — not just distributed or wafted to out-of-the-way places to reappear for next cleaning day. It takes only an instant to attach the light hose and cleaning tool, to turn the switch, give a few gentle strokes with the ARCO WAND and the job is done. This becomes a delightful reality now possible to every housewife, whether she lives in an old house or a new residence, in city or country. The ARCO WAND machine is piped from basement or side-room through central partition of the house with convenient lid-openings at each floor to which a light hose and ARCO WAND is attached. The ARCO WAND cleans everything — ceilings, walls, floors, upholstery, carpets, rugs, stairs, pictures, books, shelves, portieres, curtains, furs, clothing, mattresses — in fact, everything that could collect or hold dust or dirt. The steady suction immediately draws all dust, dirt, etc., into the large sealed-bucket of the machine. Putting in the ARCO WAND increases selling or rental price of your building.

An Unfailing, built-in Cleaner at \$150

For the average size home we recommend our No. 341, at \$150. Other larger sizes at proportionate prices. Four years of steady use in many thousands of houses, clubs, hotels, apartments, theatres, hospitals, schools, factories, etc., have demonstrated its efficiency and the fact that it will last a life-time. The ARCO WAND is standard value and fully guaranteed. Costs about a penny a day and runs noiselessly from regular electric current — also made for gasoline-engine power.

Send for booklet containing 32 pages of valuable information and illustrations and full details of these successful ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners. Write today. Puts you under no obligation to buy.

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Machine is set in basement or side-room. A suction pipe runs to each floor. ARCO WAND Vacuum Cleaners, hose and tools, are sold by all Heating and Plumbing Trade, in sizes at \$150 up. Price does not include labor, connections and freight.

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This plan has saved the company \$37,000

A YOUNG department head with his plan enabled his company to eliminate certain costly parts of the business which the directors had not known were unprofitable. As a result the president appointed him his assistant.

This young man tells us that it was by applying to his own business the principles and methods presented in the Modern Business Course and Service, that he was able to work out one plan that saved his company \$37,000.

This Course and Service is Based Upon the Actual Experience of Thousands of Successful Business Men

The Institute collects, classifies and transmits to you, through the Modern Business Course and Service, the best thought and practice in modern business. It will give you a thorough and sound training in the fundamental principles underlying all departments of business—it will give you a knowledge that could be otherwise obtained only by years of bitter experience—if at all.

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The Advisory Council includes Judge E. H. Gary, Chairman of the United States Steel Corporation; Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank; John Hays Hammond, the great engineer; Joseph French Johnson, Dean of New York University School of Commerce; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the statistician and economist.

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changed from candle power to thermal units; second, that the change in standards would result in reduced rates to the public.

Naturally, as predicted in these pages, the officers of the old entrenched companies oppose a change. To them it does not seem possible that 30- and 40-cent gas can bring as big dividends as 80-cent and \$1-gas. The reason that the old companies oppose a change and that the new ones advocate it is not hard to explain. In the old eastern cities, gas is still used as light. In the newer districts, gas is used almost solely as heat and power. Reduce heating gas to 30 and 40 cents, and would the public pay 80 cents and \$1 for lighting gas?

The New York Times put the case succinctly: "It is to be regretted that the Public Service Commission has been obliged to add heat qualifications to candle power instead of substituting heat for candle power. In the interests of economy, the direct lighting quality should be ignored altogether, for then it would promptly be omitted, as it costs a lot of money."

The Government Bureau of Standards in Washington maintains that it has stood for "substituting heating value for candle power as a standard for gas quality"; but the contention of the most progressive engineers is that the thermal units required in the heating standard still leave gas higher in cost to the public than is necessary. This phase of the question is too technical for detailed discussion. Besides, the experts of the country are now working out a fair basis to both producer and consumer; and while the experts are at work, it would seem unwise to precipitate acrimony in any discussion. As soon as the experts have come to conclusions, CURRENT OPINION will be glad to give both sides of the case.

SELLING FURS ON OUR OWN MARKETS

WE ARE making our own dyes. We are manufacturing our own nitrates. We are weaving and dyeing our own silks. And it looks as if in a few years, instead of shipping our own cotton abroad to be manufactured and sent back to the United States, we would have looms enough to manufacture American cotton at home. Gradually, tho hardly conscious of it, we are winning independence of Europe industrially, tho many a young girl running to the fad of white boots does not realize that it is because her country is still experimenting on leather dyes; and hardly a woman wearing fur trimming on summer dresses will pause to guess that she is following a new fashion because,

Judge This Value For Yourself

Men's tastes in cigars differ. If they did not there would be no reason for growing so many different tobaccos. Because men disagree in what makes a good smoke, I ask them to try mine thoroughly before they buy. So many men have found that their taste agrees with mine, that I am able to let all try "J.R.W." panetelas without buying a single cigar. You are to judge for yourself FREE.

A Cuban Leaf

Several years ago, I had only the same interest in tobacco that all smokers have. During a trip to Cuba my attention was called to a leaf that grew in the famous Vuelta district of the island. It made up into a deliciously cool, sweet smoke, and on my return I imported a small amount for my personal use. My friends soon found out what a valuable discovery I had made and insisted that I furnish them with some of the same delightful cigars. I now import each year the cream of the crop. In 40 years of smoking I have not found the equal of my "J.R.W." cigars. Last year I supplied more than 2,000,000 cigars to men whose taste agreed with mine.

Smoke Five Free

If my "J.R.W." were sold in stores you would pay 10c. straight for them.

Through me you get the lowest price at which such cigars could possibly be sold. I am going to pay for your first five. Send me only 10c. to cover packing, postage and revenue, enclose your business card or letter-head, and I will send you the cigars at once, prepaid. When you have smoked five, mail me a check for the box and I will replace the five smokes. My price is \$5 per hundred, \$2.60 for fifty. Send to-day for the free cigars.

J. Rogers Warner 130 Lockwood Bldg. Buffalo, N. Y.



THE war in Europe again proves the value of First Aid. Fewer men are dying of wounds than in any war in history, and that in the face of the horrible conditions of trench life.

Every soldier has his First Aid package and knows how to use it.

First Aid keeps little hurts from getting big and big ones from getting bigger.

Dioxogen

is perhaps the best First Aid, it is in a good many of the soldiers' packages and is doing its bit.

The Oakland Chemical Co.
10 Astor Place, New York, N. Y.

for the first time in the history of the country, the world's great auction sales of furs are being held in the United States.

A PECULIAR romance has always attached to fur sales. In the old days, it was barter between the Indian and some white adventurer who penetrated the wilds. Then came the time when whole fleets of fur dealers ascended the Missouri and Saskatchewan, and at great fur rendezvous, such as Edmonton or Athabasca or the Three Tetons or old Fort Vancouver on the Columbia, met and bartered for furs with the Indians in gay powwow or wild drunken orgy.

These furs would then be shipped to Europe. London, Leipzig and Nijni Novgorod gradually became the great fur centers of Europe. These markets drew supplies and buyers from all parts of the world because the workers in these parts were expert fur dressers and dyers. In London, the furs were sold twice a year at auction by "light or candle," that is, a candle was lighted, a pin stuck in it and bids received till the flame burned down to the pin. In Leipzig and Nijni, the furs were displayed in great fairs. In Nijni, the fairs were gorgeously oriental and picturesque, caravans winding in from Persia and Siberia with pelts of Persian lamb and sea-otter and rare sables. To these centers came buyers from all parts of the world.

Then came the railroad and, with the railroad, subtle changes. Through her wonderful knowledge of dyeing, Germany gradually became the middleman of the world for furs. We Americans and Canadians would ship our mink and fox and martin and otter and fisher out to Germany by way of St. Paul and St. Louis at, say, an average of \$9 to \$10 a pelt, and then, when we wanted good furs, we would send our buyers abroad, import our own furs, pay a duty on made-up coats and sacques and pay for those self-same furs an advance of 200 to 300 per cent. It was almost as foolish as what we are still doing on cotton.

Furs became so expensive they were a luxury. All that was before the War. The War has literally knocked the bottom out of the fur market. Indians who came in to Athabasca and Edmonton in the season of 1914-15 could not sell their furs at a price to pay for the hunt. In New York, furs were a drug on the market. The Leipzig fur fair was declared off. There were no buyers at Nijni, and the Government was discouraging people in London from such extravagances as expensive furs. Russian furs came on the New York market by way of the Pacific and around the Horn. For a month or two



The Kingdom of the Subscriber

In the development of the telephone system, the subscriber is the dominant factor. His ever-growing requirements inspire invention, lead to endless scientific research, and make necessary vast improvements and extensions.

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In the Bell System you have the most complete mechanism in the world for communication. It is animated by the broadest spirit of service, and you dominate and control it in the double capacity of the caller and the called. The telephone cannot think and talk for you, but it carries your thought where you will. It is yours to use.

Without the co-operation of the subscriber, all that has been done to perfect the system is useless and proper service cannot be given. For example, even though tens of millions were spent to build the Transcontinental Line, it is silent if the man at the other end fails to answer.

The telephone is essentially democratic; it carries the voice of the child and the grown-up with equal speed and directness. And because each subscriber is a dominant factor in the Bell System, Bell Service is the most democratic that could be provided for the American people.

It is not only the implement of the individual, but it fulfills the needs of all the people.



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The "Commercial" duplicates anything, but there is no duplicate of the "Commercial."

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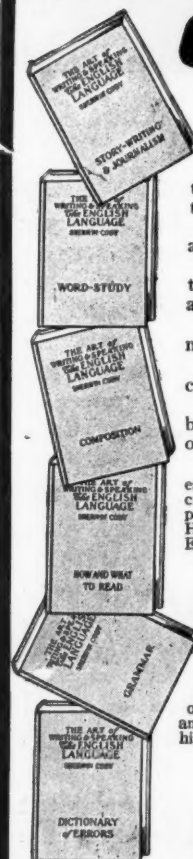
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Jack London rose to riches in a few short years from among the toughs of San Francisco Bay, because he learned to transfer his ideas to the printed page in virile, compelling phrases.

Arthur Brisbane, with his incisive style, commands, in a single year, a salary amounting to a comfortable fortune.

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All around you the hundreds of men who are climbing higher and higher with each day's work are the ones whose speech compels attention, and whose clean-cut, crisp and interesting letters, stories, advertisements, etc., win clients, followers, patrons, checks and dollars—SURELY FORTUNE IS WITH THE MAN WHO HAS DEVELOPED HIS POWER OF EXPRESSION. You can improve your English and increase your income.

These Great Books Point the Way for You to Advancement—Success—Prosperity in Commercial and Professional Life

With the mighty advances which are being made in every branch of business and professional life there has come a demand for a higher standard of intelligence—of proficiency. The time is past when illiteracy or slipshod methods of speech and correspondence are looked upon with tolerance. The man who can express himself with force and clearness is the man who is in demand everywhere.

"The Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language"
By Sherwin Cody

Aside from their great value in widening a man's mental perspective—putting him in a position to appreciate and enjoy all the beauties of literature—these six books have an intrinsic value far beyond their cost. They have put thousands of men and women into the path that leads to increased business, promotion, and higher salary. They are simple, practical, valuable for Business Managers, Correspondents, Advertisement Writers, Stenographers, Story Writers, Authors, Public Speakers, and Others.

"Your course is rich and fine. You seem to have condensed the experience of years into a few sentences that a business man can use immediately," says W. P. WARREN, Marshall Field & Co.'s Advertising Manager, in speaking of these books.

Worth their weight in gold, but they're yours for a trifle

These six books include many chapters covering such subjects as Spelling, Punctuation, Word-Study, Grammar, Capitalization, Punctuation, Letter-Writing, All kinds—Use of Words, Style and Diction, Description, Dialog, Advertisement Writing, How to Write a Story, Character Study, Verse Writing, Novel Writing, Essay Writing, Best Poetry—How to Read it—How to Study Shakespeare and Other Great Authors.

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In typewritten form this course of study, as now published in these cloth-bound books, was sold for \$25.00. There are over 800 pages. Sign and mail the coupon with 50 cents and the set of books will be forwarded to you, carriage prepaid; 50 cents a month for five months pays for them. This is the biggest \$3.00 worth of books you ever bought.

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FUNK & WAGNALLS COMPANY, New York

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354-60 Fourth Ave., New York.

I want to look over Sherwin Cody's "Art of Writing and Speaking the English Language," which please send me for 5 days' free examination. I enclose 50c stamps and, if I decide to keep the books, will send five further monthly payments of 50c each, \$3 in all. Otherwise will return books in 5 days and you are to refund the 50c paid. C.O. 6-16

NAME.....

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Dig. 1-15-16 P. O......

the slump became an avalanche. You could buy otter or beaver coats in New York at one-third the price of other years.

THEN the idea came home to American dealers—why not manufacture and market our own furs? America is the greatest importer of finished furs in the world and also the greatest exporter of raw furs. The Secretary of Commerce announced that the U. S. Government would sell its seal skins by open public sale. New York and St. Louis led the pace and arranged fur auctions. Since the 1st of January, 1916, more than five million dollars' worth of furs have been sold at the fur auctions of St. Louis and New York. Silver fox brought the highest price—\$1,000 for a pelt. The sales in both places had not been given sufficient publicity and suffered from small attendance till the second day of sale. This was bad management. A little forethought and prearrangement would have added to the occasions a romance and glamor that would have crowded the auction-room with buyers.

Now that the experiment has succeeded, "the festive touch" will probably be given to future sales. It is observable that home sales of home furs have led to the greatest use of fur trimmings ever known in American fashions. After the War, if facilities are provided, it is almost certain that Russian furs will continue to find their way direct to the American market instead of through Germany. What the result will be on prices cannot yet be told.

A CRISIS IN THE MILK TRADE

DID it ever strike you as curious that while city people are paying from nine to eleven cents a quart for milk, the farmers themselves are receiving only from two to three cents a quart?

In Northern Ohio, farmers are feeding milk to hogs because it does not pay to ship it to the cities.

The milk producers of Illinois and Indiana and Wisconsin threaten they will not ship a quart of milk to Chicago unless the rate is raised from \$1.33 per 100 pounds (or 23-5 cents a quart) to 31-10 cents a quart. Yet some of the milk companies are paying dividends of 48 per cent. on watered stock.

One sometimes wonders why there are abandoned farms in the fertile dairy country of the East.

Listen to the testimony of a Nebraska man, who came from the West two years ago and bought cheap lands in New York State:

"Personally, I like New York State

very much, but I think I have never seen a State where the farmers were so at the mercy of corporation combines and trusts as good old New York is. I have a dairy of 52 head of cattle and sell, or rather partly donate, milk to a milk company. If present conditions continue, I shall either sell or trade my splendid productive farm of 240 acres and return to the West. My milk barely pays my feed bills, leaving absolutely no profit. I am very sure that 75 per cent. of Western people are desirous of returning to the West on account of the robbery of farm products. If you can't get relief, farm land will be cheaper in New York than it is now. In Nebraska, when you deliver a can of cream you get your money then and there. Here the farmer furnishes the milk man capital to do business with."

IN AN investigation of the milk trade in Boston, a farmer of New Hampshire testifies: "The only profit we have made from the milk business during the past year on twenty cows is \$15 and six heifer cows. If it were not for other lines of business, I should be at the county house."

In Chenango County, New York, the farmers put on record in formal resolution that "there is little or no profit in the dairy business," and that the only remedy is for the New York Department of Foods and Markets to undertake State marketing of milk.

In Wisconsin, when an investigation was made of furious attacks on the dairy interests of the State, it was found the attacks had been written, financed and paid for by the milk trust. *Hoard's Dairyman* and *The Rural New Yorker* have exposed the fake attacks on State marketing. The majority of the other agricultural journals have taken an advertisement from the milk trust and kept quiet, or issued "straddling" articles that put up theories instead of facts.

Says *The Rural New Yorker*, edited by that dean of agricultural authorities, Collingwood:

"The cost of producing milk has increased. Farm labor is higher. It costs more for feed. At no time in thirty years has the producer of milk for the New York market received a fair return for his labor. Farmers who produce wheat and cotton are prosperous. The milk producer alone is growing poor in the midst of general prosperity. The result is reflected in the decline of values of dairy farms. Dealers frankly admit the farmer is not getting a fair price for his milk. An open central market under State supervision is a recognized necessity. The plan of the Department of Foods and Markets is endorsed by the Dairyman's League. The State could do this at trifling expense and with profit to itself. While milk is produced at a loss, the value of farm lands must be low. Elections are approaching. Write to your governor and assemblyman and senator. Force a pledge from them before the elections."



"Pa's Got His New B.V.D.s On"

HE had old-fashioned notions, until the Boys went out, bought B.V. D. and made him put it on. Look at him! Now, Pa joins right in the young folks' fun, because he's cool.



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CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES

IN DETAIL, what is the plan of the New York State Department of Foods and Markets?

To eliminate 48 per cent. dividends on watered stock. To cut out the middleman. To handle milk as a State job at only cost. The consumer is paying from nine to eleven cents a quart for milk. The farmer is receiving from two to three cents. The milk companies are paying 48 per cent. dividends on watered stock. And the area of abandoned farms is increasing in the East.

If the farmer could obtain five to six cents a quart for milk, it would transform his poverty into prosperity. If the city man could buy his milk at seven to eight, instead of nine to eleven cents, it would save on 2,000,000 quarts \$40,000 a day in the cost of living to New York alone.

That, in a word, is what the Department of Foods and Markets is aiming at.

Is it worth while to you as a city consumer? Write to your governor or assemblyman!

Is it worth while to you as a farmer? Exact a written pledge from your representative before you cast your vote. Will he support the Department of Foods and Markets?

Conditions are not peculiar to New York alone. Ohio farmers are feeding milk to pigs. Illinois farmers are refusing to ship. Massachusetts and New Hampshire farmers are being driven out of business. This year there has been a shortage of milk in New York and Boston.

There is not a dairy country in the world except the United States where such extortion would be permitted. There is not a dairy country in the world except the United States where the dairy farmer is not the most prosperous member of the community.

Juvenile Nature Study.

Willie, according to the Chicago *Daily News*, was on a visit to his uncle in the country and was watching him milking one evening. When he returned to the house his aunt asked him: "Is Uncle Hezzie through milking yet, Willie?"

"Not yet," answered Willie. "He's finished two faucets, and has just commenced on the other two."

A practical teacher, according to the New York *Times*, taught natural history from every-day illustrations and comparisons.

"Take a bear," he said. "Look at his fur."

The boys had no bear to take, but they had a picture of one, and they looked at that.

"His fur," the teacher went on, "is the bear's overcoat, the same as your big coats are your overcoats."

"He can't take it off, tho, same as we can our," said one contentious youngster.

"That is true," said the teacher. "The bear cannot take off his overcoat. But why can't he take it off?"

Every boy thought hard.

"I guess," said the contentious youth, finally, "that it is because nobody but God knows where the buttons are."

SHEAR NONSENSE

Bits of War Humor.

First in a group of "best war stories" sent to the *Strand Magazine* appears this one: A man presented himself at the recruiting station. The sergeant eyed him with approval.

"Married?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir."

"Any children?"

"Yes, sir."

"How many?"

"Twelve."

"Great Scot! Clear out of this. We can get a general for what you would cost us."

Another of the same group tells an officer's story of a cockney's wit:

He was in a trench facing one held by Germans. The latter simply gave his men no rest, tormenting them in every possible way. The persecuted ones ached to go for their neighbors, and when the chance came they got a bit of their own back. During the skirmish the officer saw one of his men corner four Germans in a small yard. When calm had settled he asked what had happened in that particular spot.

"Well, sir, you see it was like this: They all threw up their hands, so I shot two and then I hadn't the heart to go on—I really hadn't, sir; so I bayoneted the other two!"

Out at the front, "somewhere in France," says the *Royal Magazine*, two regiments were returning to the trenches when they chanced to meet. At once there was the usual exchange of wit. "When's this bloomin' war goin' to finish?" asked one Devonshire lad. "Dunno," replied one of the South-shires. "We've planted some daffodils in front of our trench." "Giddy optimists!" snorted the man from the West. "We've planted acorns!"

Recruiting and the "slackers" in England apparently furnish the largest quota of humorous incidents. London *Tidbits* printed these two:

THE RECRUITING OFFICIAL: "One gran'-father living? Is he on your father's or mother's side?"

THE RECRUIT: "Oh, 'e varies, sir; 'e sticks up for both of 'em—a sort o' nootral."

An anaemic elderly woman, who looked as if she might have as much maternal affection as an incubator, sized up a broad-shouldered Cockney who was idly looking into a window on the Strand, and in a rasping voice said to him:

"My good man, why aren't you in the trenches? Aren't you willing to do anything for your country?"

Turning around slowly, he looked at her a second and replied contemptuously: "Move on, you slacker! Where's your war baby!"

Tidbits also relates this story of a quick-witted young officer at a training camp:

A Burnley mill-owner's son had been granted a commission in the — Regiment. He was down at Aldershot for his training, and after a month was leaving to go to his regiment.

On arriving at his new quarters to take up his duties he was met by a bluff old colonel, who, seeing his youth, thought he would try and puzzle him.

He said, "What would be your next order, sir, if you were in command of a regiment passing over a plain in a hostile country and you found your front blocked by artillery, a brigade of cavalry on left flank, and a morass on your right, while your retreat was cut off by a body of infantry?"

"Halt! Order arms, ground arms, kneel down, say your prayers," replied the young officer.

The case with which all sorts of trouble in civilian life can be blamed on the war,

gives a freshness to paragraphs like these:

The new maid was entirely a war-time makeshift, says *The Treasury*, and the mistress bore with her patiently at first. But on the third day she placed a very unclean dinner plate on the table, and patience broke down. "Really, Mary, you might at least see that the plates are clean." "Well, mum," Mary rejoined, "I owns to them thumb marks, but that dried mustard was there afore I come."

"Would you bring a cake of soap for this room, please?" said the new lodger. The gaunt landlady, continues *Pearson's*, sternly pointed to a minute and well-worn fragment reposing in the soap-dish. "That is all the

soap I can allow for this room in war-time," she said. "Well, then," he replied, "I will take two rooms. I sometimes like to wash my face in the morning."

Talk About Seasickness!

Two business men, London *Tidbits* relates, once found it necessary to visit New York. Relating the events of the trip afterwards, one of them remarked:

"Talk about seasickness! Had I known that Casey was afflicted that way, we never should have gone abroad. The very first hour out Casey collapsed, and refused to brace up again. I tried all sorts of remedies on him, but without avail. All he would mutter was:

"Oh, I'm so ill!"

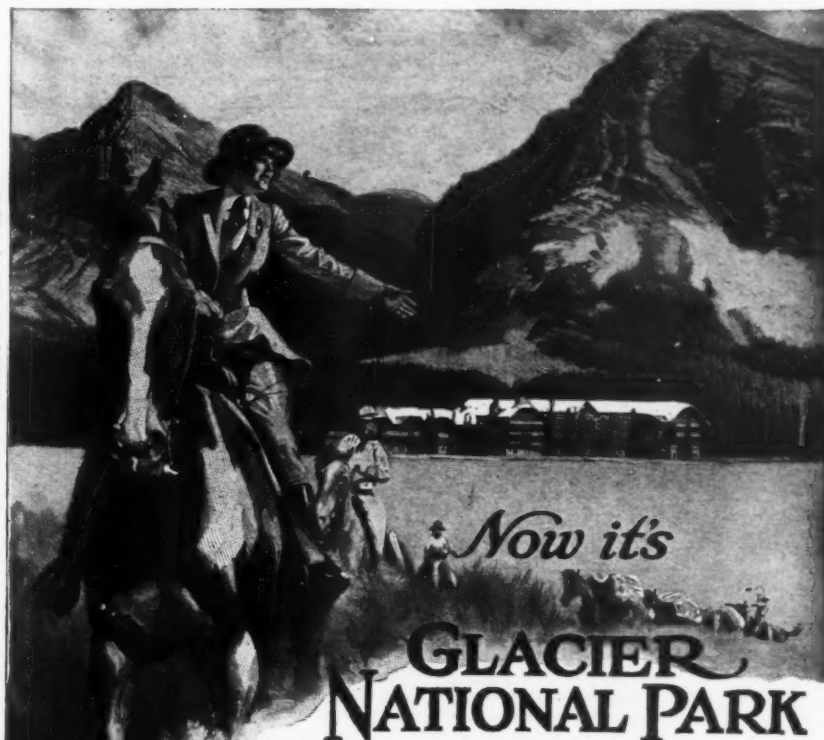
"Finally, I cried out:

"Can't you keep anything on your stomach, man?"

"Only my hands, George," he groaned; 'only my hands.'"

Prayer Divided by the Red Sea.

Immediately following the close of the



Established as America's Vacation Paradise

Discovered by thousands of American tourists, who, deprived of the Old World, found a still greater wonderland at home. They came last year to Glacier National Park, Uncle Sam's greatest playground, twenty thousand strong. Many of them were second- and third-timers—answering again the call irresistible of the "land of shining mountains."

YOU step into a new world at Glacier Park. You measure Nature with a newer, bigger vision. Above you rise the towering Rockies—the far-stretching Continental Divide—cloud-piercing peaks and glistening glaciers; skyland lakes of turquoise and emerald.

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C. E. STONE, Pass. Tr. Mgr., Great Northern Ry., Dept. 334, St. Paul, Minn. Please send me Walking Tours Book, Aeroplane Folder and other descriptive literature on Glacier National Park, Free.

Name.....Address.....City.....State.....

Civil War, J. G. Butler, then a young man living in Youngstown, Ohio, and destined to become notable as a steel magnate, left home to go South on a visit to his brother, who had been a Union soldier and who, after the close of hostilities, had settled among the mountains, in a remote section of East Tennessee.

Part of the journey, as the *Saturday Evening Post* tells the story, was made upon horseback. One night the traveler secured accommodations at the only dwelling in sight—the log cabin of an old negro.

"When bedtime came," said Mr. Butler, "the old darky asked me to join in the family prayers. So I knelt down with the members of his household upon the hard puncheon floor, and he closed his eyes and threw his head back and opened his mouth and began.

"He began with Genesis and worked gradually downward. When he had prayed for twenty minutes without a pause, and my knees were hurting me like the toothache, I got desperate. I nudged the person nearest to me—a twelve-year-old boy, who had his head on a chair seat and was peacefully dozing through the ordeal.

"Whut is it, Boss?" whispered the pickaninny, waking with a start.

"How long is this prayer goin' to last?" I whispered back.

"Has Daddy done tuck de Chillen of

Israel 'crosst de Red Sea yit?' he asked me under his breath.

"Not yet," I said.
"Well, den, w'en he git to de Red Sea he's jest half done."

A Pretty Girl's Logic.

The waltz was over, we are informed by the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and the partner of the pretty girl, a serious youth with spectacles, said to her: "Let us go and walk in the garden."

"Oh, no," she said, "I don't want to go into the garden without a chaperon."

The bespectacled youth was mildly shocked. "I assure you," he exclaimed, "that you will not need a chaperon."

The girl tossed her head. "Then," she replied, "I don't want to go into the garden."

Not an Extra Hazardous Profession.

A burly man, the picture of perfect health and strength, walked into the office of a prominent accident insurance company the other day, says the *Chicago Herald*, and wanted to be insured.

"Are you engaged in any hazardous business?" asked the secretary.

"Not in the least," replied the applicant.

"Does your business make it necessary for you to be without sleep at night?"

"No, sir."

"Would your business ever require you to be where there were excited crowds—for instance, at a riot or a fire?"

"Never, sir."

"Is your business such as to render you liable to injury from carriages or runaway horses?"

"Oh, no, sir."

"Does your business throw you in contact with the criminal classes?"

"Good gracious! No, sir."

"I think you are eligible. What is your business?"

"I am a policeman."

Preparedness.

The *Organist and Choirmaster* relates that a Highland minister, of the old school, who was rather pompous, came to a shepherd's house to baptize the son and heir. "Are you prepared?" he asked the fond parent. "O' ay, munister; I have got a grand ham for tea." "I mean *spiritually* prepared," thundered the cleric. "Af coorse I am; oh, yes, I got a jar o' whusky from the inn," replied the imperturbable Scot.

The Introduction of Slavery.

The dull boy in the class unexpectedly distinguished himself in a recent history examination, says *The Youth's Companion*. The question ran, "How and when was slavery introduced into America?" To this he replied:

"No women had come over to the early Virginia colony. The planters wanted wives to help with the work. In 1619 the London Company sent over a ship-load of girls. The planters gladly married them, and slavery was introduced into America."

Making Some One Happy.

"I told you last Sabbath, children," said the Sunday-school teacher discovered by the *Boston Transcript*, "that you should all try to make some one happy during the week. How many of you have?"

"I did," answered the boy promptly.

"That's nice, Johnny. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she's always happy when I go home again."

One on Billy Sunday.

Billy Sunday stopped a newsboy in Philadelphia the other day (our authority is the *Western Christian Advocate*), and inquired the way to the post office.

"Up one block and turn to the right," said the boy.

"You seem a bright little fellow," said Sunday. "Do you know who I am?"

"Nope!"

"I'm Billy Sunday, and if you come to my meeting to-night I'll show you the way to heaven."

"Aw, go on!" answered the youngster; "you didn't even know the way to the post office."

No Further Argument.

A Northern attorney, after acquiring a large South Carolina estate, formed the Eureka Debating Society to encourage free speech among the negroes of the neighborhood. On his next trip South, according to *Everybody's Magazine*, he was confronted by the proud winner of the Society's prize.

"Now, what was the subject of the debate, Sam?" asked the attorney.

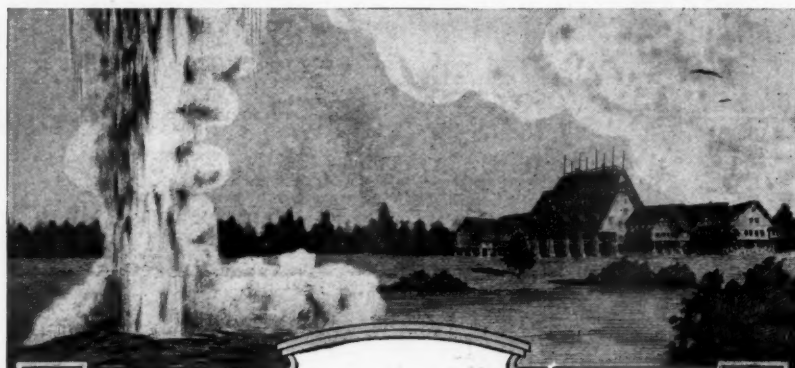
"De subject were, What is de mos' benefit to mankind, sah, de sun or de moon?" answered the negro.

"And which side did you uphold?"

"De moon, sah. I jes' argued dat de sun shines by day, when we doan' need de light, but de moon it shines by night, when dat light certainly am needed. An' dey couldn't answer dat, sah!"

Breaking it Gently.

Speaking of breaking the news gently, the *Saturday Evening Post* tells the story of a well-shooter who operated in the oil fields in Southeast Kansas ten or twelve years ago. While he was going from one well to another with a load of nitroglycerin the wagon fell over the side of a bridge and landed on the rocks fifteen feet below. The



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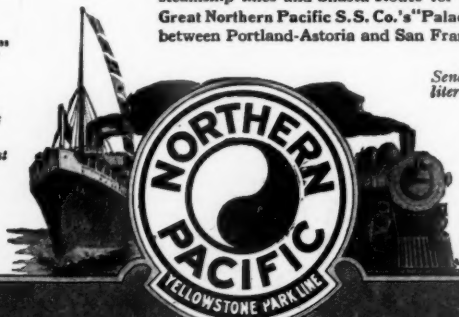
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well-shooter, his wagon and his team were immediately distributed over the surrounding country.

A friend, who happened to see the accident, felt that he ought to notify the unfortunate well-shooter's wife, but he wanted to break the news as gently as possible. He called her up over the telephone and said:

"My opinion is, Mrs. Loop, that your husband won't get back home in time for supper, and I reckon you might as well not wait for him."

"Which way did he go?" asked Mrs. Loop.

"Well, ma'am," said the tool-sharpener who was breaking the news, "he was goin' purty nigh straight up when I last saw him, though I think he was headin' a trifle to the northeast, and I should say at the rate he was travelin' that it won't be possible for him to make it back by supper time."

Motor Economy.

Economy was the text of Mr. Jones' discourse one evening after he had been settling some household bills, while Mrs. Jones listened with true wifely interest. The *Sunday Fiction Magazine* proceeds:

"I don't want to make you unhappy, darling," finished the husband, "but really we must be a bit more careful in future. For instance, look at the bill for petrol. That motorcar is costing us rather too much for the time being."

"Yes, Henry, dear," agreed Mrs. Jones. "I'm afraid it is."

Then her sweet young face brightened as she went on:

"But just think what it saves us in car-fares and boot leather!"

Her Ready Reminder.

In "Tom Daly's Column" of the *Philadelphia Ledger* we read:

"I wrote this," says H. H. H., "had it typewritten, framed and hung it in various places about the house. Now, whenever I do anything wrong I turn to the nearest one, and somehow when the storm breaks it's always a mild, gentle little storm, that passes away almost before it is begun."

I am, indeed, a very beautiful woman.

My face shows, too, that I am intellectual, learned and refined.

My figure is perfect; it is of beautiful curves, yet it is motherly, and neither am I too slender. My carriage is the acme of grace and dignity.

My voice is soft and sweet, yet powerful when I will. It thrills the multitude, yet soothes my child to sleep.

My mind is such that it communes with savants, yet it responds to the whisperings of my child.

My disposition is sweet and loving; my manner charming.

I am tactful, I am witty, I am brilliant.

I am a perfect wife.

I am a perfect mother.

I am a perfect woman.

My only weakness is my husband, the poor shrimp!

Henrietta Hermione Hopkins.

A Disavowal.

The *Lutheran Survey* cites a colored brother's experience as an illustration of the grim humor of modern statecraft:

"Yassah! Brudder Tump sho' flogged me, and flogged me plenty! He knocked me down and drug me around and beat and mauled me twell muh tongue hung out."

"What yo'-all gwine to do 'bout it, sah?"

"Do? What kin I do? De gen'lman done disavow de whole incident!"

Where Poetry Will Be Read.

The *New York Tribune* assumes the responsibility for this story of first aid to poetry.

Albert B. Kelley, an advertizing expert of Philadelphia, sat in the Markham Club turning the seventy or eighty pages—mostly advertizing matter—of a weekly.

"Advertizing is such an art," he said, "that many people actually buy periodicals as much for the advertizements as for the reading matter."

Mr. Kelley smiled.

"I sat in an editor's office the other day," he continued, "when a poet entered."

"Glad to see you've accepted that sonnet of mine," the poet said, feverishly pushing back his long hair. "I do hope it will be widely read."

"It's sure to be," said the editor. "It's sure to be. I've placed it next to one of our most striking ads."

A Light Comedian.

Two washerwomen, says the *Saturday Journal*, were one day telling of the progress made by their various lads in their chosen work. "Tell me, Mrs. Casey," asked Mrs. Clancy, "what's your son John doing now?"

"John 's on the stage—he's a light comedian," answered Mrs. Casey.

"Ye don't tell me!" exclaimed Mrs. Clancy, "an' would ye moind tellin' me what a 'light comedian' is?"

"Well," explained Mrs. Casey, "in me son's case it's this: He plays a silent part behind a black curtain with his mouth to a hole, and in front is a candle, and when Alkali Al shoots at the candle John blows it out."

A Tender Conscience.

Molly and Minnie, according to the *New York Times*, were two little girls who had

been very carefully brought up. Particularly had they learned that they must never tell a lie—not even a "white" lie—nor deceive any one.

One day these small girls met a large cow in a field they were crossing. They were much frightened and stopped, not knowing what to do. Then said Minnie:

"I know, Molly! Let's go right on and pretend we're not afraid of it."

But Molly's conscience was wide awake. "Wouldn't that be deceiving the cow?" she objected.

Not a Disease, a Gift.

"Some un sick at yo' house, Mis' Carter?" inquired Lila (in *Everybody's*). "Ah seed de doctah's kyar eroun' dar yestiddy."

"It was for my brother, Lila."

"Sho! What's he done got de matter of'm?"

"Nobody seems to know what the disease is. He can eat and sleep as well as ever, he stays out all day long on the veranda in the sun, and seems as well as any one; but he can't do any work at all."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't wuhk?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Mis' Carter, dat ain't no disease what you brothe' got! Dat's a gif'!"

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on Ocean, Sound and Bays will give you a continual round of pleasure this summer. Summer-Homes, Hotels & Boarding-Houses on the shore and overlooking the water. Send ten cents to G. P. A., Long Island R.R., Pennsylvania Station, N.Y., for book showing actual pictures and describing just what you will find.

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You will enjoy the invigorating breezes of the ocean at this time of the year. Stop with us at the St. Charles, where you will find everything conducive to a pleasant sojourn.

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National Defense and International Peace



What the Engineers are Doing

THIRTY thousand American engineers are making a card index survey of American industry so that it may be prepared for its vital part in defending the Country, if need comes. The past eighteen months have taught us here in America what lack of industrial preparedness has meant to some of the countries now at war. These nations had the ships and they had the men; but when the hour struck, their factories were not able to furnish the colors with arms and shells and powder. Their factories were not prepared. And our factories are not prepared.

But it is not enough to draw a moral. In the United States five great Engineering Societies — Civil, Mining, Mechanical, Electrical and Chemical — have pledged their services to the Government of the United States, and are already working hand in hand with the Government to prepare industry for the national defense. They receive no pay and will accept no pay. All they seek is opportunity to serve their country, that she may have her industries mobilized and prepared as the basic line of defense.

All elements of the nation's life — the manufacturers, the business men, and the workingmen — should support this patriotic and democratic work of the engineers, and assist them cheerfully when asked. There can be no better national insurance against war.

The Associated Advertising Clubs of the World, representing all advertising interests have offered their free and hearty service to the President of the United States, in close co-operation with these five Engineering Societies, to the end that the Country may know what the engineers are doing. The President has accepted the offer. The engineers have welcomed the co-operation.

This advertisement, published without cost to the United States, is the first in a nation-wide series to call the country to the duty of co-operating promptly and fully with the Engineers to prepare industry for



NATIONAL DEFENSE AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

The Significance of Eyebrows.

This is a true story, begins the *Congregationalist*. Little Walter, whose father is a professor in a Middle West University, was scrutinizing his parents closely, and said: "Father, you have such heavy eyebrows, and Mother has hardly any! What are eyebrows for?" The father replied, impromptu, "Why, eyebrows are—er—eyebrows—they are to keep the sweat from getting into people's eyes when they work hard." "But, Father," protested Walter, "I don't see how that can be, for Mother's would need to be many times heavier than yours." And Father was lost in thought.

Before and After Marriage.

We group four stories for the benefit of after-dinner speakers whose topic allows the introduction of marriage jokes:

From the *Western Christian Advocate* (Methodist).—One man said to another: "But, on your income, are you justified in marrying?"

"Not at all," the other admitted.

"The girl has no money, I understand?"

"Not a bob."

"And they tell me she's got rather extravagant ideas?"

"That's the truth."

"Then, my dear fellow, what reason have you for taking this very serious step?"

"Reason? No reason whatever. I'm in love."

From the *Watchman-Examiner* (Baptist).—At the wedding breakfast the bridegroom, an exceedingly bashful young man, was called upon to speak, in spite of the fact that he had pleaded to be excused. Blushing to the roots of his hair, he rose, intending to say that he was no speechmaker, but, unfortunately placing his hand on the bride's shoulder, he stammered these opening (and closing) words:

"This-er-this thing has been thrust upon me."

From the *Truth Seeker* (Agnostic).—Ethel Barrymore tells this as a leap-year story of timely notice:

"A girl," she said, "looked calmly at a caller one evening and remarked:

"George, as it is leap year—"

"The caller turned rather pale.

"As it is leap year," she continued, "and you have been calling regularly now four nights a week for a long, long time, George, I propose—"

"I'm not in a position to marry on my salary," George broke in, hurriedly.

"I know that well, George," the girl pursued, "and so, as it is leap year, I thought I'd propose that you stay away and give some of the more eligible boys a chance."

From *Cassell's Magazine* (British).—A newly married lady was being interviewed by the reporter of the local newspaper just after the ceremony. "And after the honeymoon, where do you intend to settle down?" was his final question. "At the old manse," said the bride, as she hurried away. The reporter thought it sounded unusually familiar, but he decided to use it, so when it appeared in print the report finished up: "After the honeymoon the happy couple intend to live at the old man's."

Praying to be Right.

Marion was saying her prayers. (We quote *The Public*.) "And please God," she petitioned, "make Boston the capital of Vermont."

"Why, Marion," said her shocked mother, "what made you say that?"

Marion settled herself in bed. "'Cause," she answered, "I made it that way in my zamination paper to-day an' I want it to be right."

Acceptance by Telegraph.

He had but recently met an elderly maiden lady while in the country, and on his return home he wrote asking her to marry him, and requesting an answer by telegraph. On receiving the letter, *Cassell's Magazine* relates that the lady rushed to the telegraph office. "How much does it cost now to send a telegram?" she demanded. "Ninepence for twelve words," answered the clerk; and this was the telegram her suitor received: "Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes."

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK— KIPLING'S DESCRIPTION OF LIFE ON A DESTROYER

When an old favorite who has gone a little off on his work comes back into his old form there is rejoicing like that among the angels over the sinner that repenteth. In "The Fringes of the Fleet" (Doubleday, Page & Co.), Rudyard Kipling, describing the operations of Great Britain's auxiliary fleet, every now and then gets into his old joyous, swinging stride. Here are some extracts that show him in the act.

THE easiest way of finding a mine-field is to steam into it, on the edge of night for choice, with a steep sea running, for that brings the bows down like a chopper on the detonating-horns. Some boats have enjoyed this experience and still live.

There was one destroyer (and there may have been others since) who came through twenty-four hours of highly compressed life. She had an idea that there was a mine-field somewhere about, and left her companions behind while she explored. The weather was dead calm, and she walked delicately. She saw one Scandinavian steamer blow up a couple of miles away, rescued the skipper and some hands; saw another neutral, which she could not reach till all was over, skied in another direction; and, between her life-saving efforts and her natural curiosity, got herself as thoroly mixed up with the field as a camel among tent-ropes.

A destroyer's bows are very fine, and her sides are very straight. This causes her to cleave the wave with the minimum of disturbance, and this boat had no desire to cleave anything else. None the less, from time to time, she heard a mine grate, or tinkle, or jar (I could not arrive at the precise note it strikes, but they say it is unpleasant) on her plates. Sometimes she would be free of them for a long while, and began to hope she was clear. At other times they were numerous. But when at last she seemed to have worried out of the danger zone, lieutenant and sub together left the bridge for a cup of tea. ("In those days we took mines very seriously, you know.")

As they were in act to drink, they heard the hateful sound again just outside the wardroom. Both put their cups down with extreme care, little fingers extended ("We felt as if they might blow up, too"), and tip-toed on deck, where they met the foc'sle also on tip-toe. They pulled themselves together, and asked severely what the foc'sle thought it was doing. "Beg pardon, sir, but there's another of those blighters tap-tapping alongside, our end."

They all waited and listened to their common coffin being nailed by Death himself. But the things bumped away. At

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Send for booklet G

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A mountain country of thrilling beauty transformed into a wonderful summer playground.

Exquisite scenery, glorious air, new zest in living. Golf, tennis, motoring, mountain climbing among the clouds.

Most desirable social life.

Finest of hotels, best of boarding houses.

Send for booklet C

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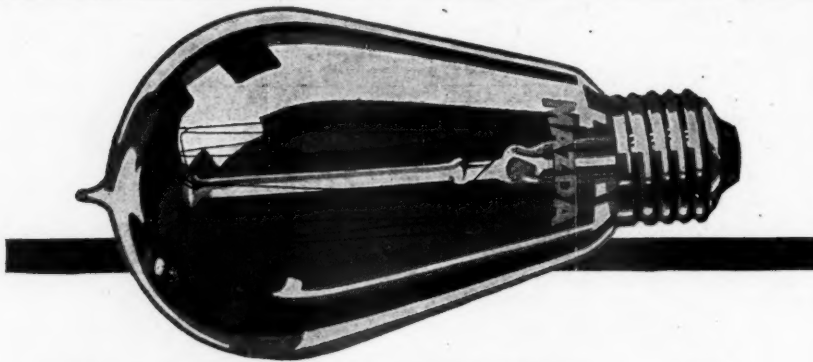
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**RESEARCH LABORATORIES OF
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this point they thought it only decent to invite the rescued skipper, warm and blanketed in one of their bunks, to step up and do any further perishing in the open.

"No, thank you," said he. "Last time I was blown up in my bunk, too. That was all right. So I think, now, too, I stay in my bunk here. It is cold upstairs."

Somehow or other they got out of the mess after all. "Yes, we used to take mines awfully seriously in those days. One comfort is, Fritz'll take them seriously when he comes out. Fritz don't like mines."

"Who does?" I wanted to know.

"If you'd been here a little while ago, you'd seen a Commander comin' in with a big 'un slung under his counter. He brought the beastly thing in to analyze. The rest of his squadron followed at two-knot intervals, and everything in harbor that had steam up scattered." . . .

PERSONALLY, tho they have been true friends to me, I loathe destroyers, and all the raw, racking ricocheting life that goes with them—the smell of the wet "lammies" and damp ward-room cushions; the galley-chimney smoking out the bridge; the obstacle-strewn deck; and the pervading beastliness of oil, grit, and greasy iron.

Even at moorings they shiver and sidle like half-backed horses. At sea they will neither rise up and fly clear like the hydroplanes, nor dive and be done with it like the submarines, but imitate the vices of both. A scientist of the lower deck describes them as: "Half switchback, half water-chute, and Hell continuous." Their only merit, from a landsman's point of view, is that they can crumple themselves up from stem to bridge and (I have seen it) still get home.

But one does not breathe these compliments to their commanders. Other destroyers may be—they will point them out to you—poisonous bags of tricks, but their own command—never! Is she high-bowed? That is the only type which over-rides the seas instead of smothering. Is she low? Low bows glide through the water where those collier-nosed brutes smash it open. Is she mucked up with submarine-catchers? They rather improve her trim. No other ship has them. Have they been denied to her? Thank Heaven, we go to sea without a fish-curing plant on deck. Does she roll, even for her class? She is drier than Dreadnoughts. Is she permanently and infernally wet? Stiff, sir—stiff: the first requisite of a gun-platform.

THUS the Cæsars and their fortunes put out to sea with their subs and their sad-eyed engineers, and their long-suffering signallers—I do not even know the technical name of the sin which causes a man to be born a destroyer-signaller in this life—and the little yellow

shells stuck all about where they can be easiest reached. The rest of their acts is written for the information of the proper authorities. It reads like a page of Todhunter.

But the masters of merchant-ships could tell more of eyeless shapes, barely outlined on the foam of their own arrest, who shout orders through the thick gloom alongside. The strayed and anxious neutral knows them when their searchlights pin him across the deep, or their sirens answer the last yelp of his as steam goes out of his torpedoed boilers. They stand by to catch and soothe him in his pajamas at the gangway, collect his scattered lifeboats, and see a warm drink into him before they turn to hunt the slayer.

The drifters, punching and reeling up and down their ten-mile line of traps; the outer trawlers, drawing the very teeth of Death with water-sodden fingers, are grateful for their low, guarded signals; and when the Zeppelin's revealing star-shell cracks darkness open above him, the answering crack of the invincible destroyers' guns comforts the busy mine-layers.

Big cruisers talk to them, too; and, what is more, they talk back to the cruisers. Sometimes they draw fire—pinkish spurts of light—a long way off, where Fritz is trying to coax them over a mine-field he has just laid; or they steal on Fritz in the midst of his job, and the horizon rings with barking, which the inevitable neutral who saw it all reports as "a heavy fleet action in the North Sea."

THE sea after dark can be as alive as the woods of summer nights. Everything is exactly where you don't expect it, and the shyest creatures are the farthest away from their holes. Things boom overhead like bitterns, or scutter alongside like hares, or arise dripping and hissing from below like otters.

It is the destroyers' business to find out what their business may be through all the long night, and to help or hinder accordingly. Dawn sees them pitch-poleing insanely between head-seas, or hanging on to bridges that sweep like scythes from one forlorn horizon to the other.

A homeward-bound submarine chooses this hour to rise, very ostentatiously, and signals by hand to a lieutenant in command. (They were the same term at Dartmouth, and same first ship.)

"What's he sayin'? Secure that gun, will you? 'Can't hear oneself speak.' The gun is a bit noisy on its cone, but that isn't the reason for the destroyer-lieutenant's short temper.

"Says he's goin' down, sir," the signaller replies. What the submarine had spelt out, and everybody knows it, was: "Cannot approve of this extremely frightful weather. Am going to by-by."

"Well!" snaps the lieutenant to his signaller, "what are you grinning at?" The submarine has hung on to ask if the destroyer will "kiss her and whisper good night." A breaking sea smacks her tower in the middle of the insult. She closes like an oyster, but—just too late. *Habet!* There must be a quarter of a ton of water somewhere down below, on its way to her ticklish batteries.

"What a wag!" says the signaller, dreamily. "Well, 'e can't say 'e didn't get 'is little kiss."

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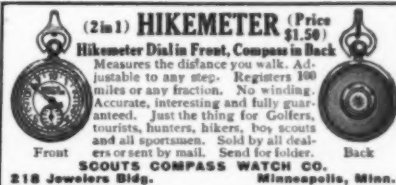
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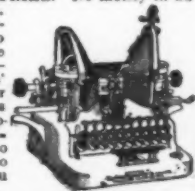
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(Signed) "Cora Caudle."



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(Signed) "Clarissa Gibson."



SHE EARNED \$500.00

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(Signed) "Mamie Jongewaard."
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Current Opinion
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Current Opinion Scholarship Fund

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The Highest Endorsement

is of course these successful candidates, yet part of their success is due to the fact that educators and public men of known integrity approve the Fund and the work it is doing, and have consented to serve on the Scholarship Fund Committee. Here is the list.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT,

Ex-President of the United States

HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE,

Secretary of the Interior

ETHELBERT D. WARFIELD, LL.D.,

Ex-President Lafayette College

DAVID STARR JORDAN, LL.D.,

Chancellor, Leland Stanford Jr. Univ.

JOHN H. FINLEY, LL.D.,

Commissioner of Education, State of N. Y.

MARY E. WOOLLEY, L.H.D.,

President, Mt. Holyoke College



HE EARNED \$300.00

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(Signed) "Arthur Peterson."



HE EARNED \$300.00

"During a working period of less than nine weeks my gross proceeds amounted to about three hundred and forty (\$340.00) dollars, and by working in my native city and State at very little expense, I am able to report a clear profit of over three hundred dollars for my summer's work."

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(Signed) "Francis S. Harmon."



HE EARNED \$2,000.00

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(Signed) "Mayer P. Ross."

Current Opinion Scholarship Fund

134 WEST 29th ST.,

NEW YORK CITY

